★May 8,1948

THE NEW YORKER

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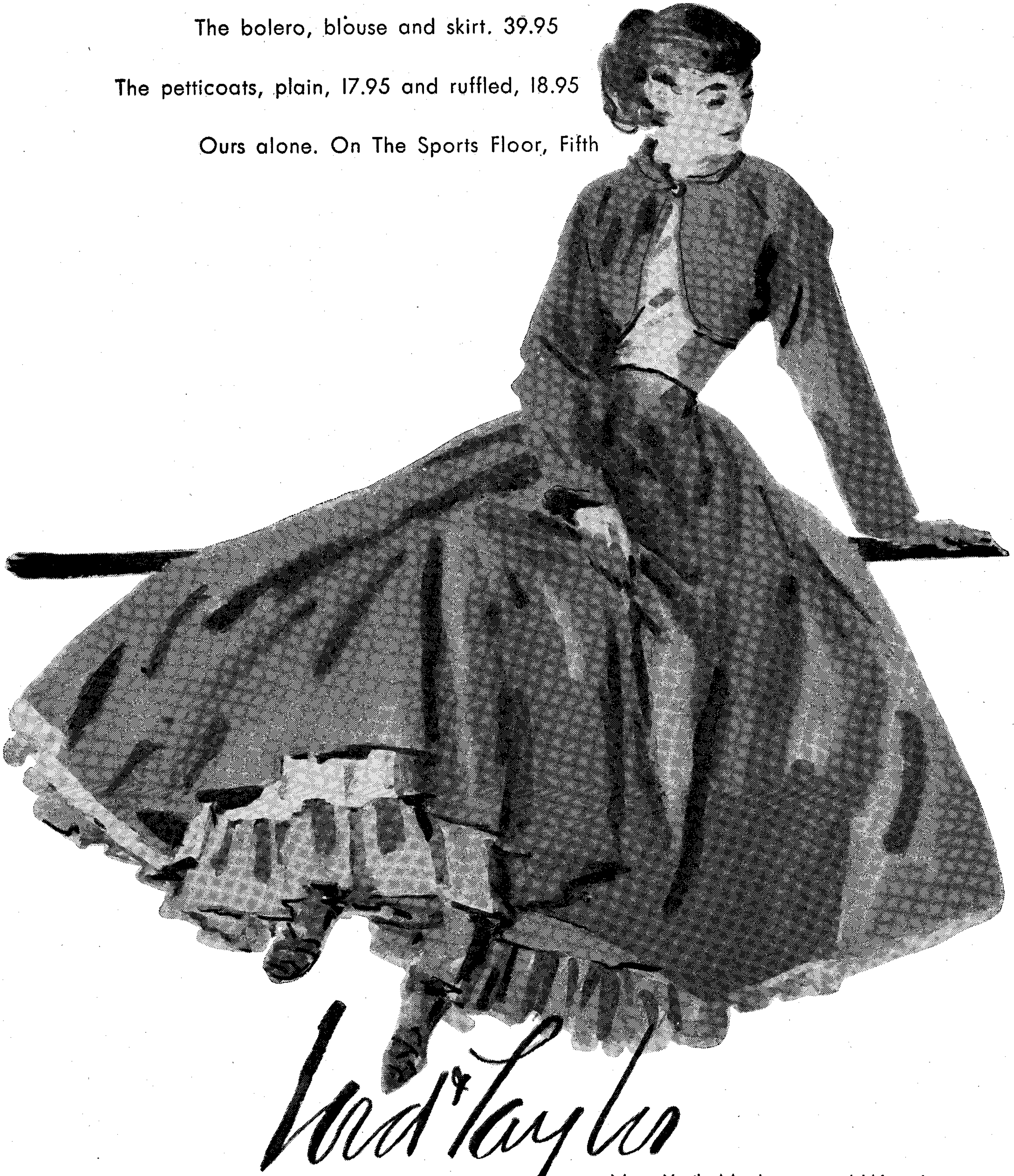

Lord & Taylor

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Command Decision—A taut and expert drama having to do with our Air Forces in England and their difficulties with the boys in the Pentagon. Paul Kelly, Jay Fassett, Paul McGrath, and Edmon Ryan. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

The Cup of Trembling—Elisabeth Bergner does all she can, but this account of a lady columnist's descent into dipsomania is never more than tiresome. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

For Love or Money—June Lockhart's unusual charm does a great deal to alleviate a somewhat mechanical play. Also with John Loder, Vicki Cummings, Paula Trueman, and Mark O'Daniels. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Habimah—This Hebrew company's first offering, "The Dybbuk," is a little hard to follow, even with the synopsis in English thoughtfully furnished by the management, but you'll see some very fine acting. The schedule for this week and next is as follows: "The Dybbuk," Thursday, May 6. . . . ¶ "David's Crown," Saturday through Thursday, May 8-13. . . . ¶ "The Golem," starting Saturday, May 15. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Fridays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Heiress—An adaptation of Henry James's "Washington Square" that is both a penetrating study of New York society in 1850 and a heady play. Wendy Hiller is magnificent in a cast that includes Basil Rathbone and Patricia Collinge. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Joy to the World—Standard but quite funny ribbing of Hollywood, combined with a social message that could hardly be delivered more childishly. Alfred Drake and Marsha Hunt do nice, decorative jobs as the hero and heroine, and Morris Carnovsky, Myron McCormick, and Mary Welch are also on hand. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Man and Superman—It's probably no news these days that women chase men, but Maurice Evans has given this Shaw play devoted to the theme a very pleasing production. He also stars in it, and is aided by Frances Rowe, Carmen Mathews, Malcolm Keen, and Chester Stratton. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Me and Molly—A comedy distilled from a radio serial. It still sounds too much like a radio serial for its own good, but may entertain you spasmodically. The cast is led by Gertrude Berg, who wrote it, and Philip Loeb. (Belasco, 44th St., E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Medea—Judith Anderson is overpowering as the bloodiest heroine in literature. Robinson Jeffers did the "free adaptation," and in the supporting cast are Dennis King and Florence Reed. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, May 15.)

Mister Roberts—A fine, funny, compelling job, by Joshua Logan and Thomas Heggen, based on Mr. Heggen's book. Henry Fonda is at the top of a remarkable cast, which includes David Wayne, Robert Keith, and William Harrigan. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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The Play's the Thing—A rather attractive revival of Molnar's comedy about sex on the Italian Riviera and a play within a play. Louis Calhern, Arthur Margetson, Faye Emerson, Ernest Cossart, and Claud Allister are in the highly satisfactory cast. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Respectful Prostitute—Sartre's melodrama concerning a harlot who is driven to betray a Negro and, consequently, herself has its weaknesses, but it has more to say than most plays on the subject of lynching in the South. Meg Mundy's performance is superlative. "The Happy Journey," a monotonous bit by Thornton Wilder, serves as a curtain-raiser. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

Strange Bedfellows—Ladies of tolerance and suffragettes are wildly mixed up in this comedy, and the total effect, unfortunately, is quite strained. Joan Tetzel and John Archer lead the big, enormously active cast. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

A Streetcar Named Desire—Tennessee Williams' play about a woman's disintegration is one of the best things to appear this season. Jessica Tandy gives a lovely performance in the major role, and Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Kim Hunter assist her superbly. Winner of this year's Drama Critics Circle Award. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**Born Yesterday:** Judy Holliday as an enlightened tramp and Paul Douglas as a scheming junk dealer. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **Harvey:** Jack Buchanan, Josephine Hull, and that invisible, now aging rabbit. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Hold It!—A musical comedy with a book by Art Arthur and Matt Brooks, a score by Gerald Marks, and lyrics by Sam Lerner. The cast includes Johnny Downs, Red Buttons, and Jet McDonald. Produced by Sammy Lambert and directed by Robert Perry. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursday and Saturday this week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Allegro—A play with music, and two jokes, about the first thirty-five years of a doctor's life. Richard Rodgers' score is all right, but Oscar Hammerstein's book and Agnes de Mille's ballets don't help at all. Annamary Dickey, John Battles, John Conte, and Roberta Jonay. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Angel in the Wings—Paul and Grace Hartman have six highly amusing numbers in this revue, but the rest of the program is fairly discouraging. With Hank Ladd, Nadine Gae, and Peter Hamilton. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

High Button Shoes—Some nonsense concerning the 1913 Rutgers football team and a couple of confidence men, turned into a highly agreeable confection by Nanette Fabray's stylish performance and Jerome Robbins' wonderful Mack Sennett ballet. With Phil Silvers, Lois Lee, and Joey Faye. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Inside U.S.A.—In spite of rather uninspiring material, Beatrice Lillie is extremely comic in this big, handsome revue. She is assisted by Jack Haley and by Valerie Bettis, who is one of the best dancers you ever saw. Arthur Schwartz, the producer, wrote the music, Howard Dietz the lyrics, and Arnold Auerbach, Moss Hart, and Arnold Horwitt contributed sketches. (New Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'!—This comedy about a wandering troupe of ballet dancers is handicapped by a silly story, but some of Jerome Robbins' choreography is very attractive, and Nancy Walker is a nice, indignant comic. Also with Harold Lang, Janet Reed, Katharine Sergava, and Alice Pearce. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Make Mine Manhattan—Arnold B. Horwitt's sketches, a couple of which are marvellously funny, make a really engaging evening out of this revue. Richard Lewine wrote the songs, and the leading comedians are David Burns and Sid Caesar. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**Annie Get Your Gun:** The renowned Miss Oakley, polished to a shine by Ethel Merman and Irving Berlin. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **BRIGADOON:** Fanciful doings in a Scottish village. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) ... **FINIAN'S RAINBOW:** The one about a leprechaun. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **OKLAHOMA!:** Now and, apparently, forevermore. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Tuesday through Saturday evenings at 8:30; Sunday evenings at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2:40.)

OPENINGS

(Since there are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, it's a good idea to investigate further before going to the theatre.)

SALLY—Willie Howard and Bambi Linn in a revival of the Jerome Kern musical. The lyrics are by P. G. Wodehouse and Clifford Grey, and the book is by Guy Bolton. Produced by Hunt Stromberg, Jr., and William Berney, and directed by Billy Gilbert. Opens Thursday, May 6. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE ALCHEMIST—Ben Jonson's comedy, the first of three plays to be presented by the New York City Theatre Company, which includes José Ferrer, George Coulouris, Ezra Stone, Hiram Sherman, and Nan McFarland. Opens Thursday, May 6. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

HOPE'S THE THING—An evening of three short plays, "Hope Is the Thing with Feathers," "Home Life of a Buffalo," and "Gone Tomorrow," written by Richard Harrity and produced by Eddie Dowling, with a cast headed by Will Geer, E. G. Marshall, Ray Dooley, and Dan Reed. Opens Tuesday, May 11. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—Last chance. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Performances daily at 2:15 and 8:30 P.M. The doors open at 1 and 7, to accommodate those who like to amble around among the sideshows in the basement. Closes Sunday, May 9.)

BALLET THEATRE—Final performances—Thursday evening, May 6: "Les Sylphides," "Fall River Legend," "Pas de Deux," and "Les Patineurs." ... ¶ Friday evening, May 7: "Petrouchka," "Interplay," and "Giselle." ... ¶ Saturday matinée, May 8: "Interplay," "Petrouchka," and "Theme and Variations." ... ¶ Saturday evening, May 8: "Romeo and Juliet," "Pas de Deux," "Fall River Legend," and "Theme and Variations." (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Evenings at 8:30. Matinée at 2:30.)

THE LAMBS GAMBOL—The Lambs' first public performance since 1941. (Waldorf-Astoria. Friday evening, May 14, at 8. For tickets, call BR 9-8020.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room, which offers you the dulcet strains of Lary Siry's reliable dance band, will close on Tuesday, May 11. On Wednesday, May 12, the summery, though subterranean Garden will open, with Jules Lande's orchestra. No dancing on Sundays.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Carlos Molina's and Harold Nagel's orchestras play, one after the other, for dancing in the lofty Bowman Room. Closed Sundays.

DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Fifty violins working their way through an old Victor Red Seal catalogue. The impish dances of Mata and Hari and the dance music of Billy Banks' band make up for a lot of it.

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LE DIRECTOIRE, 128 E. 58th St. (MU 8-2150)—Songs, dances, and funny sayings by Kay Thompson and the Williams Brothers in a very luminous new setting. Ted Straeter's orchestra and Gao's rumba band for dancing, and a moving stage for lagniappe.

LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—Still Yale's and Princeton's favorite urban *pied-à-terre*. Eddie Davis's and Bernie Dolen's chipper orchestras. Closed Sundays.

MONTE CARLO, Madison Ave. at 54th St. (PL 5-3400)—The longest bar on the continent, and probably the most uninhibited décor. Peter Walters is at the piano during cocktails, and (except Mondays) Dick Gasparre's orchestra and José Curbelo's rumba band play for dancing after nine.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Rainbow's end for a certain breed of relentless night owls. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—A decorous show, as well as Charles Reader's orchestra and a rumba band, adorns the Cotillion Room. Closed Mondays.... ¶ A small orchestra plays daily for tea dancing and during dinner and supper in the Café Pierre.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 3-1740)—In the Persian Room, Florence Desmond, aided by Stuart Ross at the piano, making impersonation a fine art. Also, the dance team of Artini and Consuela, plus Mark Monte's and Florian ZaBach's orchestras. Closed Sundays, and winds up for the season on Saturday, May 15.... ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, pretty as a picture and a lot more frisky, has perpetual dance music by Payson Ré's and Nycola Matthey's orchestras. Closed Mondays.

RITZ-CARLTON, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (PL 3-4600)—In the Oval Room, Emery Deutsch's orchestra plays its lighthearted dinner music; no dancing.

ST. REGIS ROOF, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Penthouse life with its best foot forward. Milt Shaw's and Pepito Arvelo's bands. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—The customers in the Café Lounge may be mostly Continental, but Irving Conn's orchestra makes the room sound quite Manhattan. The accompanying show is sort of somnambulant. Tea dancing daily. No show Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Some of our most decorative youngsters returning night after night to the scenes of their childhood. Ernie Warren's orchestra and a rumba band. Tea dancing on Sunday afternoons.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Carl Brisson, an extremely unmelancholy Dane, taking those lush songs of his at a light canter. Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band. Dancing after nine.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—At suppertime, in the Sert Room, songs and guitar-strumming by Tito Guizar, and dancing all evening to the smart orchestra of Emil Coleman. Mischa Borr's band helps out at suppertime. No show Sundays. On Thursday, May 13, the Starlight Roof will come to life again; opening night is a benefit for the George Junior Republic. Donald Richards, of "Finian's Rainbow," will sing, and a dance team will do just about what you would expect. Emil Coleman's orchestra and Mischa Borr's band will be there, too.... ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (WI 2-0600): Except on Sundays, Cy Walter plays some nimble piano after nine o'clock and Les Crosley does the same at cocktails and dinner.... **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra and a rumba trio for dancing (after eight-thirty) in this plushy nook, and Beverly Paterno sings. Closed Sundays.... **DORSET BAR**, 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): A sightly and peaceable spot to listen (after eight-thirty every night but Sunday) to Les Crosley's piano.... **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131): Soft lights and soft Roger Stearns piano music. Closed Mondays.... **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Earl Fox plays the piano after ten-thirty. No music Sundays.... **CAFÉ TROUVILLE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): One of the best of the old-timers, with Bunty Pendleton at the piano during cocktail time and Harry Taylor taking over after nine. Closed Sundays.... **PENTHOUSE**, 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): Maxine Sullivan is now chirping merrily after ten-thirty, except Sundays, on this Manhattan hilltop.... **LITTLE CASINO**, 243 Sullivan St. (OR 4-9583): Jimmy Daniels as *régisseur* of a prewar, snug-as-a-bug, Montmartre-type hideaway, offering Garland Wilson, Norene Tate, and Mae Barnes. Closed Mondays.... **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A worldly but chummy alcove, with Faconi's violin at dinner and the Sonny Kendis Trio after ten.... **PERROQUET**, Second Ave. at 58th St. (PL 5-7761): One of the neater new establishments, offering (after ten, except Mondays) Hugh Shannon, playing piano and doing a skillful job on some choice tears-in-your-eyes songs. ... **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): A placid haven, with Jacques Thaler at the piano after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Latin-American life in its jauntiest and most neighborly form; dancing. Closed Sundays. ... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Every evening but Sunday, a rather cheerful show, headed by Patricia Bright and Tony Craig. On Monday, May 10, Hope Emerson takes over Miss Bright's portfolio.... **ENCORE**, 9 E. 48th St. (EL 5-8226): Some high spots (Mervyn Nelson singing a song called "Eu" and Pierre Cartier juggling eggs) and some rough spots. The Deep River Boys and the Cedric Wallace Trio are also there. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Glib, rampageous work by a couple of smart gagmen named Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, and, after the theatre, some amiable singing by Lisa Kirk. Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band for dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Alice Pearce, Irwin Corey, and Phil Gordon, doing very promising postgraduate research in humor. The Ellis Larkin Trio provides a bright background.... **RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): Paula Drake departs on Saturday, May 8. On Monday, May 10, a new show, involving, among others, Patricia Bright and Julius Monk. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at

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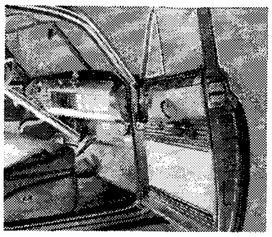

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

11th St. (CH 2-9355): Louise Howard supplies the merriment and Pete Seeger provides the folk songs. The Ram Ramirez Trio for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): A typical show, with Gene Rodgers and Timmie Rogers; the real star of the evening is Ed Hall's orchestra. Cliff Jackson is at the piano now and then. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): Spivy and a few songs that demonstrate what a wicked, wicked world some of us live in. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison, playing trumpet in his devil-take-the-hindmost style, plus Joe Sullivan, Georg Brunis, Peanuts Hucko, and other virtuosos. Anything goes Tuesday nights, when other masters of the art drop in for a busman's holiday. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Billy Butterfield, Bob Haggard, Ernie Caceres, and friends, all in a house-warming mood. Sunday afternoon is jam time here. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes' trio is on hand every night but Sunday. Dancing. A jam session on Monday nights. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT**, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Wilbur de Paris's septet, which includes Sidney de Paris and Buster Bailey, playing subtle dance music in a place that really affords room to dance. No music on Mondays. . . . **FAMOUS DOOR**, 56 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-8148): Art Tatum doing his celebrated fancywork on the piano. . . . **ROYAL ROOST**, Broadway at 47th St. (CI 6-9559): A lot happens in this underground Broadway resort, but the main event is the Three Flames, playing their homemade silly symphonies. Tuesday nights, some pretty special piano by Thelonious Monk, and at eleven every evening some not too special bebop bandwork by Symphony Sid's outfit. . . . **ONYX**, 57 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-7835): Harry the Hipster Gibson, tampering with a piano in hilarious fashion.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

COMMODORE, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (MU 6-6000): Woody Herman's orchestra. On Mondays, dance music until nine only, by a fill-in orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Ted Steele's orchestra. No dancing on Mondays and only after eight-thirty on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. . . . **NEW YORKER**, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000): Ray Eberle's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Larry Clinton's orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Lawrence Welk's orchestra. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5 and 6 P.M. Mondays through Saturdays.)

GALLERIES

DRAWINGS—Some outstanding work by Peter Blume, Kurt Seligmann, Stephen Greene, and other moderns. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through May 28.)

PHILIP EVERGOOD—New paintings, ranging in subject from vociferous social commentary to wholly delightful wry fantasy. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through May 8.)

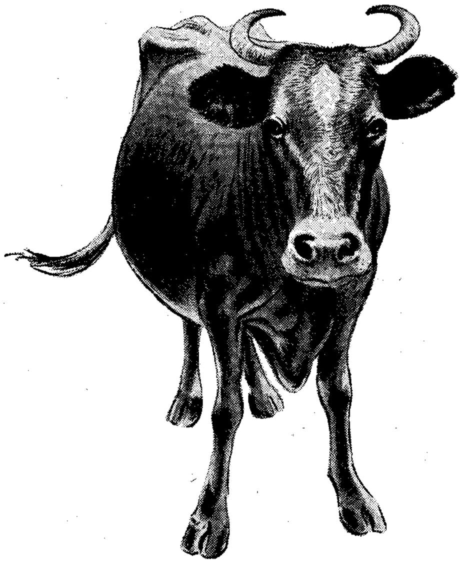
JAN GELB—Mild-mannered mysticism exemplified in a show of paintings, drawings, and prints. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.; through May 19.)

MICHEL G. GILBERT—American scenes by a young Frenchman, done with restraint and taste. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.; through May 7.)

DAVID HARE—New sculptures, wiry, airy, and energetic, by an American Surrealist. (Kootz, 15 E. 57th St.; through May 8.)

RICHARD PETER HOFFMAN—Crisp, stylish abstractions based on Pennsylvania Dutch themes. (Salpeter, 128 E. 56th St. Weekdays, noon to 6 P.M.; through May 8.)

SIV HOLME—Stately and serene abstract figure



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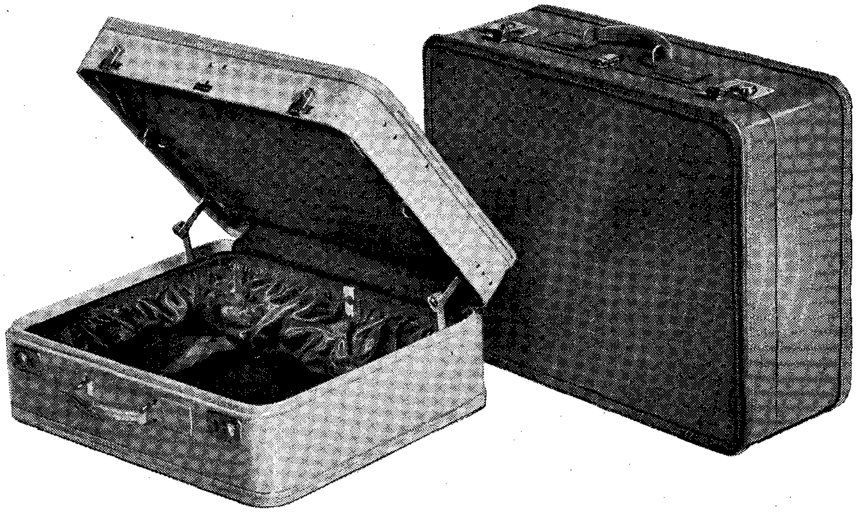

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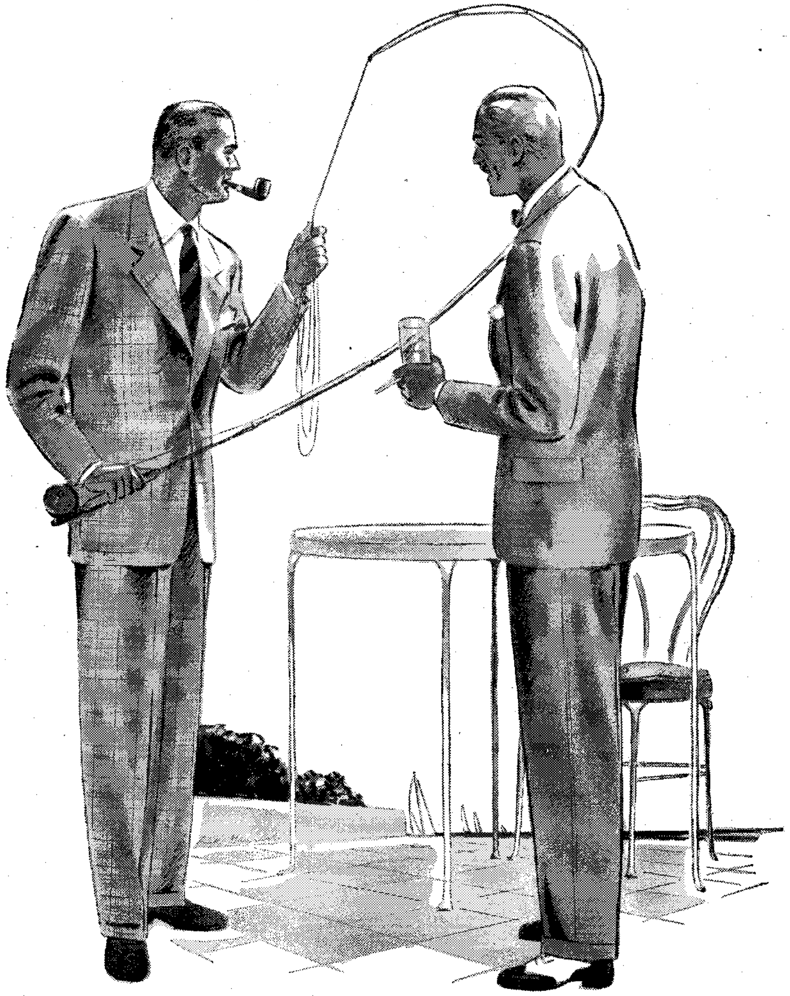

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

paintings in muted tones. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.; through May 8.)

Paul Klee—Forty paintings, most of them newly brought to this country, by this master of delicate simplification. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through May 22.)

John LaFarge—A loan exhibition of works by the nineteenth-century romantic painter, many of them the product of a trip he made, late in his career, to the South Seas. (Macbeth, 11 E. 57th St.; through May 15.)

Wifredo Lam—The Cuban abstractionist, in a new set of savagely oracular paintings. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.; through May 8.)

Jacqueline Lamba—Abstractions, done in sharply segmented patterns, sometimes a little awkward in their arrangement. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.; through May 8.)

Richard Lippold—Abstract wire sculptures in a fragile and unusual style. (Willard, 32 E. 57th St.; through May 8.)

Seymour Lipton—Lead and bronze sculptures, mingling the baroque and the abstract with considerable power, in his first show in five years. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through May 8.)

Modern French—At the NIVEAU, 63 E. 57th St.: Utrillo, Bombois, Vlaminck, and other contemporary painters; through May 28. . . . CULTURAL DIVISION OF THE FRENCH EMBASSY, 934 Fifth Ave., at 75th St.: Recent prints by Matisse, Picasso, Braque, and others; through May 22.

George Morrison—Massively designed abstractions in an effective combination of sombre and fierce colors. (Grand Central, 55 E. 57th St.; through May 8.)

National Association of Women Artists—The annual exhibition of paintings, drawings, and sculptures. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 23.)

Clifford Odets—Small, bright paintings, whimsical and fairly trivial. (New Art Circle, 41 E. 57th St.; through May 8.)

Frederick Papsdorf—The Detroit primitive, in his first exhibition here in some years, shows paintings that are almost Dutch in their neatness. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through May 22.)

Marjorie Phillips—Sketchily Impressionistic landscapes and flower paintings. (Bignou, 32 E. 57th St.; through May 8.)

Anne Poor—New paintings, showing this young artist's progress toward a fresh and perceptive style. (American British Art Center, 44 W. 56th St.; through May 15.)

Post-Impressionists—A generous, carefully selected loan show of works by Cézanne, Gauguin, van Gogh, Seurat, Toulouse-Lautrec, and Rousseau, for the benefit of the Girl Scout Council of Greater New York. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through May 8.)

Charles Seliger—Abstract oils and water colors, labyrinthine in design, based on microscopic studies of plant and animal life. (Carlebach, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.; through May 8.)

Vlaminck—Eighteen oils and a couple of water colors, some early, some recent, and all of them worth while. (Lilienfeld, 32 E. 57th St.; through May 8.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the KNOEDLER, 14 E. 57th St.: Eugene Berman; through May 22. . . . DURAND-RUEL, 12 E. 57th St.: Picasso; through May 29. . . . ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Archipenko; through May 22. . . . ROSENBERG, 16 E. 57th St.: Le Corbusier; through May 22. . . . DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: Jack Levine; through May 29. . . . LEVITT, 16 W. 57th St.: Rudolph Weisenborn; through May 29.

MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Museum's second annual show of prints. (Tuesdays, 1:30 to 9:30 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 23.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show by eighty contemporary photographers; through July 11. . . . ¶ Art work by children

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Reflections of sunlight on golden sand, two colorful variations of lithe, clean line. Left, a scalloped border rims the skirt of our two-piece suit, finds matching response in the straps. Sizes 10 to 18. Right, symmetrical gores provide the simple contrast. Sizes 12 to 20. Each 16.95, and available in white with aqua, too.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of eight countries, including Jewish children who were in concentration camps; through May 23. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.)

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings by Kandinsky, Hilla Rebay, and others. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 12 noon to 6 P.M.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—The Museum has inaugurated a policy of occasional one-man showings by contemporary artists with an excellently arranged retrospective of works by Yasuo Kuniyoshi. (Daily, 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 9.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, and for Town Hall it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

EVANGELINE—The first performances of an opera by Otto Luening, presented by the Columbia Theatre Associates and the Music Department. (Brander Matthews Theatre, Broadway at 117th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 502. Thursday through Saturday evenings, May 6-8, at 8:40, and Saturday afternoon, May 8, at 2:40.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

CARNEGIE HALL POP CONCERTS—Thursday, May 6: An evening of Latin-American music, with Nestor Chayres, tenor; Yolande Diaz, contralto; and others.... ¶ Friday, May 7: An all-Tschaikowsky program, with Tatiana Pobers, soprano; William Horne, tenor; and others.... ¶ Saturday, May 8: Walter Hendl conducting Chopin and Schubert.... ¶ Sunday, May 9: Music of Rodgers and Hammerstein, with Annamary Dickey, soprano, and others.... ¶ Monday, May 10: An evening of jazz, with Benny Goodman's sextet and others.... ¶ Tuesday, May 11: Gian-Carlo Menotti's "The Telephone," with Jean Carlton, soprano, and Eddy Michaels, baritone. Giuseppe De Luca, baritone, and others will fill out the evening.... ¶ Wednesday, May 12: Iva Kitchell in an evening of her dances.... ¶ Thursday, May 13: Viennese music, with Elaine Malbin, soprano, and others.... ¶ Friday, May 14: Italian music, with Rosalie Maresca, soprano; Guido Bussinelli, tenor; and others.... ¶ Saturday, May 15: Mozart and Mendelssohn, with Adelaide Bishop, soprano, and Maurice Wilk, violin. (Nightly at 8:30.)

JUILLIARD ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS—Serge Koussevitzky conducting Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday afternoon, May 9, at 2:30.)

DOCTORS ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY—Ignace Strasfogel conducting. (Hunter College Auditorium, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday evening, May 13, at 8:30.)

COLUMBIA MUSIC FESTIVAL—Thursday evening, May 13, at 8:30: A program of organ and choral music by Carl Weinrich and the Princeton University Chapel Choir. (St. Paul's Chapel, Amsterdam Ave. at 117th St.) ... ¶ Friday evening, May 14, at 8:30: A chamber-music program by the Juilliard String Quartet, with Beveridge Webster and Leonid Hambro, pianists. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St.) ... ¶ Saturday evening, May 15, at 8:30: A program of folk music, with Pete Seeger, Brownie Maghee, and others. (McMillin Theatre.) For tickets to any of these concerts, call UN 4-3200, Ext. 773.

BRANSCOMBE CHORAL—Gena Branscombe directing. (Town Hall. Thursday evening, May 6, at 8:30.)

BELL CHORUS—Thomas Richner directing. (Town Hall. Friday evening, May 7, at 8:30.)

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY TEACHERS COLLEGE CHOIR—Dr. Harry R. Wilson directing, plus a chamber orchestra conducted by Ernest E. Harris, with Richard A. Carpenter, piano, and others. (Town Hall. Tuesday evening, May 11, at 8:30.)

SARAH LAWRENCE COLLEGE CHORUS AND DANCE GROUP—The chorus directed by Norman

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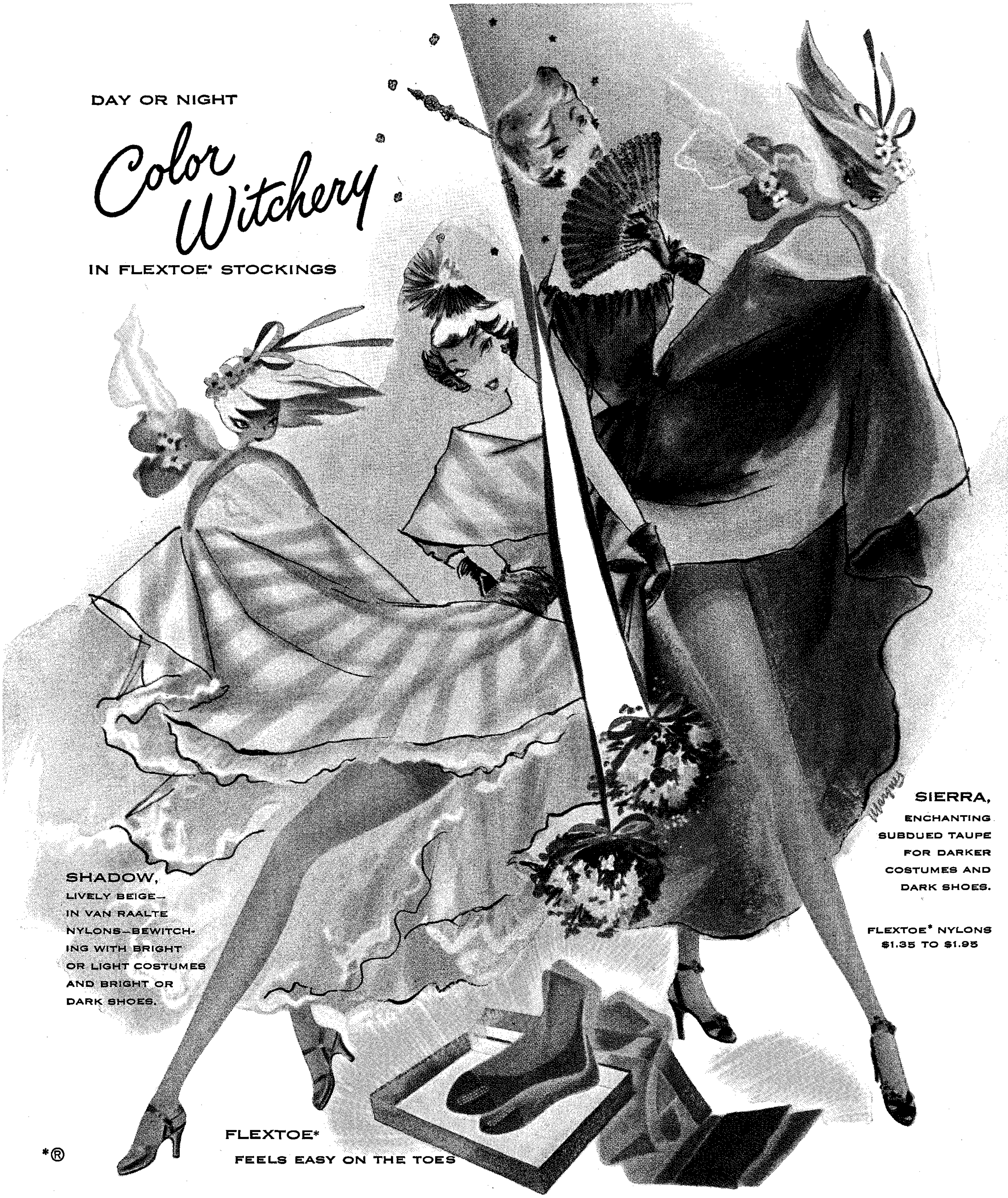

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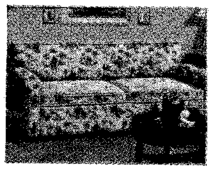
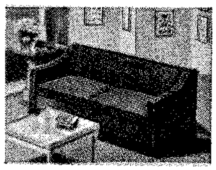
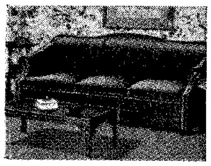


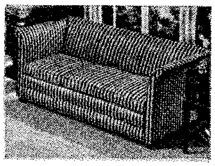
Lawson



Mayfair



Chippendale



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Lloyd and the dance group by Bessie Schoenberg. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362. Thursday evening, May 13, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—Dizzy Gillespie and his orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday evening, May 8, at 11:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **ebbets field:** Dodgers vs. Boston, Friday, May 14, at 8:30 P.M., and Saturday, May 15, at 2 P.M. . . . **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. St. Louis, Thursday, May 6, at 2:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday, May 7, at 2:30 P.M., and Saturday, May 8, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Sunday, May 9, at 2 P.M., and Monday, May 10, at 2:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Tuesday and Thursday, May 11 and 13, at 2:30 P.M., and Wednesday, May 12, at 8:45 P.M. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Friday, May 14, at 2:30 P.M., and Saturday, May 15 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M.

Crew—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Regatta. (Charles River, Cambridge, Mass. Saturday, May 15.)

Dog Show—Ladies' Kennel Association of America. (Garden City, L.I. Saturday, May 15.)

Golf—Goodall Round Robin Tournament. (Wykagyl Country Club, New Rochelle, N.Y. Thursday through Sunday, May 6-9.)

Horse Shows—Bucks County. (Doylestown, Pa. Thursday through Sunday, May 6-9.) . . . ¶ Secor Farms. (White Plains, N.Y. Saturday and Sunday, May 8-9.) . . . ¶ Rice Farms. (Lake Success, N.Y. Sunday, May 9.) . . . ¶ New York Military Academy. (Cornwall, N.Y. Friday through Sunday, May 14-16.)

Hunt Racing—Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. Saturday, May 8.) . . . ¶ Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, May 15.)

Racing—At **jamaica:** Weekdays at 1:30 P.M.; through Saturday, May 15. The Firenze Handicap, May 8; the Gallant Fox Handicap, May 15. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11:15 A.M. and 1:10 P.M. and Saturdays between 10:47 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.) . . . **pimlico:** Weekdays at 2:15 P.M.; through Saturday, May 15. The Dixie Handicap, May 8; the Preakness, May 15.

Indoor Tennis—Bobby Riggs vs. Jack Kramer, and Dinny Pails vs. Pancho Segura. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Wednesday, May 12, at 8:30 P.M.)

Trapshooting—Amateur Trapshooting Championships, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham, N.Y. Friday and Saturday, May 7-8, at 9 A.M., and Sunday, May 9, at 11 A.M.)

FOR CHILDREN

King-Coit Children's Theatre—Presenting "The Rose and the Ring." (Cosmopolitan Club, 129 E. 65th St. Wednesday, May 12, at 8:30 P.M.; Thursday and Friday, May 13-14, at 2:45 and 5 P.M.; and Saturday, May 15, at 2:45 P.M. For tickets, call BU 8-6877.)

Movies—Films of interest to small fry are shown on Saturday mornings at 11 at the Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre. (Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—A special session of the General Assembly, to discuss the Palestine question, is now in progress at Flushing Meadow. Four or five hundred seats for each plenary meeting are available to the public. For tickets, call FLushing 8-2000, Ext. 92, the day before you want to go. . . . ¶ Meetings of the Security Council and of General Assembly committees occur from time to time at Lake Success. For information, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126.

Gardens—Some upper East Side gardens and penthouse terraces will be open to visitors on Wednesday, May 12, in a benefit exhibition

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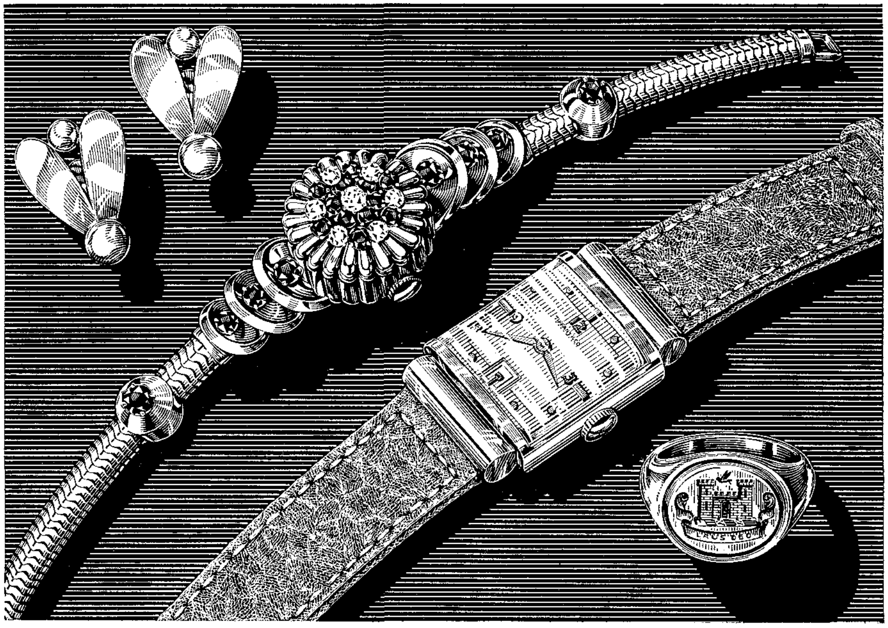

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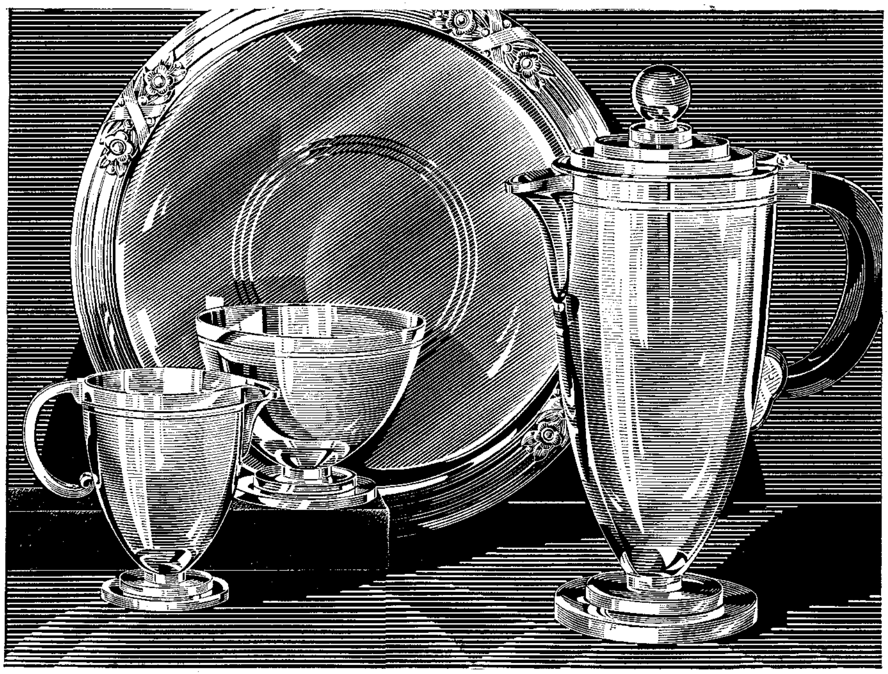

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

arranged by the City Gardens Club. The gardens on display will be those of Dr. and Mrs. Carl Binger, 165 E. 94th St.; Mr. and Mrs. R. Keith Kane, 121 E. 78th St.; Mr. Douglas Allen, 130 E. 75th St.; Miriam Miner Wolff, 15 E. 69th St.; Mrs. Edwin C. Feigenspan, 37 Beekman Pl.; and Mr. Joseph Holland, and Mr. Vincent Newton, 171 E. 62nd St. (For tickets, call PL 8-2695, between 10 A.M. and 5 P.M.)

SOCIAL LIFE IN THE EIGHTIES—About a hundred of the earliest candid photographs on record, showing picnics, buggy-riding, lawn-tennis matches, and other jolly times that took place sixty years ago in Cherry Valley, New York. (New-York Historical Society, Central Park W. at 76th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.; Saturdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.)

SCENES OF BROADWAY—Prints, drawings, paintings, and photographs of life along Broadway from its cowpath days to the present. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

THEODORE ROOSEVELT HOUSE, 28 E. 20th St.—An exhibition of Victorian furniture, most of it belonging to the Roosevelt family, as well as last-century toys and bric-a-brac, and figures in costume; a benefit for the Women's Theodore Roosevelt Memorial Association. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 12.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The current show is called "Men and Stars." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M. Extra performances Fridays and Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57th St.—English and American antique furniture, and British paintings, including work by Constable and Turner, from the collection of Marsden J. Perry. (Exhibition, Thursday, May 6, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Friday, May 7, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ French and English eighteenth-century furniture and objects of art, owned by the late James W. Barney. (Exhibition, Thursday and Friday, May 6-7, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Saturday, May 8, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ Oriental objects of art, collected by Alexander G. Mosle and others. (Exhibition, Saturday, May 8, and Monday and Tuesday, May 10-11, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Wednesday and Thursday, May 12-13, at 2 P.M.)

NOTE—Mother's Day is Sunday, May 9.

ON THE AIR

UNITED NATIONS—The most important open meetings are broadcast over WNYC. . . . ¶ Résumés of the day's proceedings can be heard Mondays through Fridays, at 6:45 P.M. over WNYC and at 10:45 P.M. over WMCA.

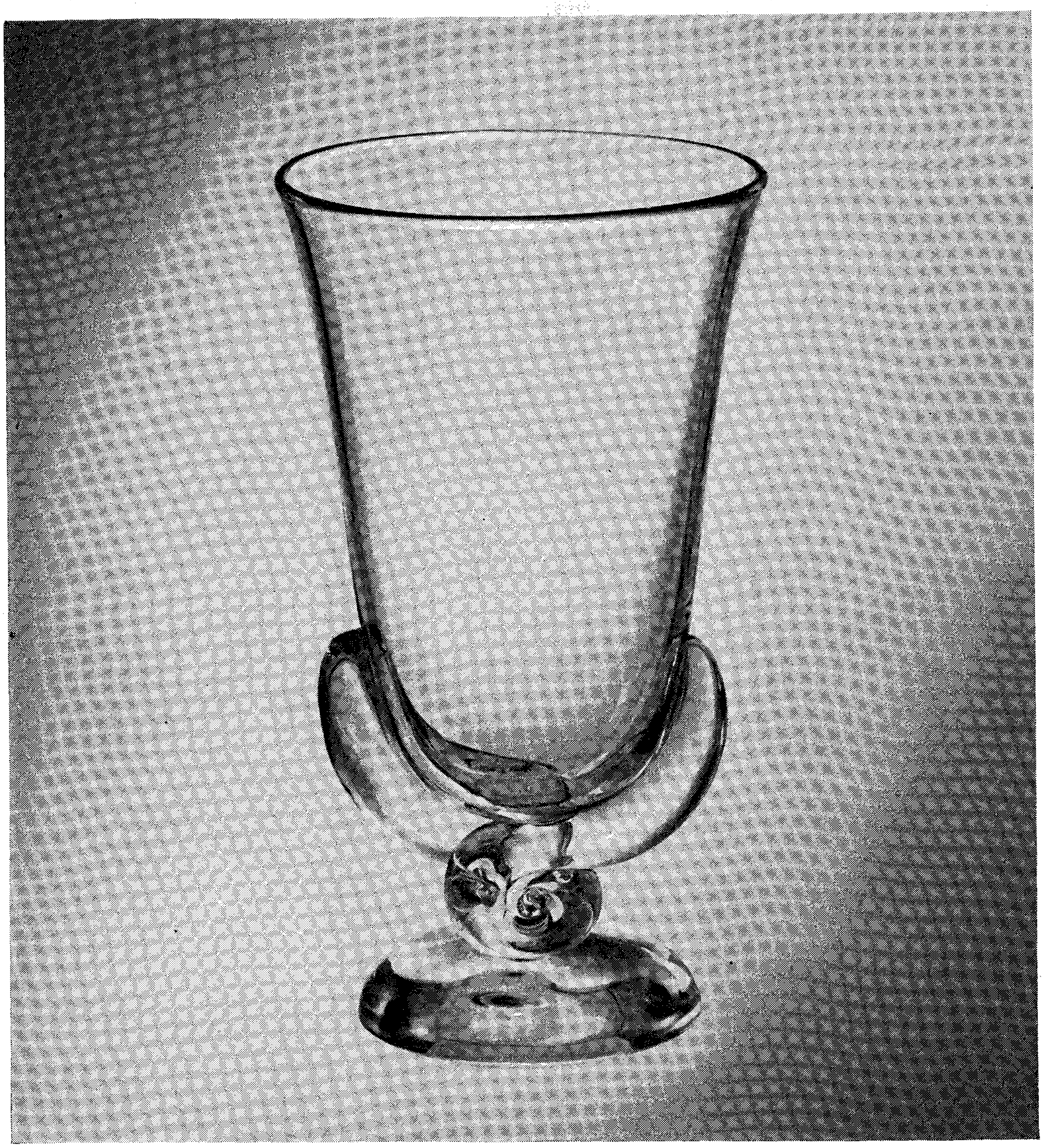
MUSIC—N.B.C. Symphony, Milton Katims conducting, Saturday, May 8, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ The Juilliard String Quartet, Friday, May 14, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . ¶ Licia Albanese, soprano, Monday, May 10, at 9 P.M., WNBC.

SPORTS—Racing: The Firenze Handicap, from Jamaica, Saturday, May 8, at 4 P.M., WOR. . . . ¶ The Dixie Handicap, from Pimlico, Saturday, May 8, at 5 P.M., WCBS.

DRAMA—Sarah Allgood, Kenny Delmar, and Una O'Connor in Lennox Robinson's "The Whiteheaded Boy," presented by the Theatre Guild, Sunday, May 9, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Elmer Davis, Mondays through Fridays at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Edward R. Murrow, Mondays through Fridays at 7:45 P.M., WCBS.

TELEVISION—Newsreel, daily, except Saturdays, at 7:50 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ "Author Meets the Critics," Sunday, May 9, at 8 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Baseball: All home games of the Dodgers are shown on WCBS, of the Yankees on WABD, and of the Giants on WNBT. . . . ¶ Racing: The Firenze Handicap, at Jamaica, Saturday, May 8, at 3:25 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Tennis: Bobby Riggs vs. Jack Kramer, at Madison Square Garden, Wednesday, May 12, at 8:30 P.M., WCBS.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

The Big Clock—Weird and stimulating doings in a publishing office. The editor of a detective magazine tries to keep his publisher from discovering that he spent several boozy hours with a handsome blonde whom the head man later had occasion to kill. Ray Milland is the editor and Charles Laughton the publisher. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, BR 9-8738.)

The Brothers—A first-rate English film that explores the mores of some peasants who go in for whiskey, feuds, and sex on an island off the west coast of Scotland. Patricia Roc does well as an orphan who makes the hearts of the lads hop, and Will Fyffe, Duncan Macrae, Maxwell Reed, and Finlay Currie wear their tartans with a lively and authentic air. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520.)

Call Northside 777—A pseudo-documentary recording the efforts of a scrubwoman to get her son out of a penitentiary. Not as taut as some films of this type, but often exciting. With James Stewart, Richard Conte, Lee J. Cobb, and Betty Garde. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting May 11.)

The Fugitive—There is some excellent photography in this adaptation of Graham Greene's novel "The Labyrinthine Ways," but the story, which concerns a priest badgered by the agents of a Central American government, has been almost entirely whittled away. John Ford's direction is somewhat cumbersome, and so is the screen play, provided by Dudley Nichols. With Henry Fonda, Dolores Del Rio, and J. Carroll Naish. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, VO 5-3320; and Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-5566; through May 7....¶ 77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; through May 9....¶ Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; through May 11....¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; May 7-11.)

Gentleman's Agreement—A Hollywood assault on anti-Semitism that, unfortunately, never squares off to the subject. The cast includes Gregory Peck, John Garfield, and Dorothy McGuire, who are often compelled to forgo acting for preaching. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House—Mildly diverting fun involving architectural difficulties in town and country. Myrna Loy, Cary Grant, and Melvyn Douglas figure pleasantly in the proceedings. (Astor, B'way at 45th, CI 6-4642.)

Not Guilty—A French film, with Michel Simon, explaining the hellish predicament of a doctor who commits three perfect crimes and can't get anybody to believe in his criminal genius. Quite diverting. (Little Met, 6th Ave. at 39th, LO 4-0583.)

Paisan—An Italian piece, directed by Roberto Rossellini, who created "Open City." It strings together six episodes showing how the Italian people reacted to the Germans, English, and Americans during World War II, and demonstrates once again that Italy is supplying just about the best films visible today. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Search—An examination of some of the more horrifying effects of war upon the lives of children in Europe. The cast is led by a nine-year-old boy named Ivan Jandl, whose capital performance is matched by that of another youngster, Leopold Borkowski. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, PL 7-4966.)

Sitting Pretty—Clifton Webb, as a baby-sitter, and Richard Haydn, as a nosy gossip, combine talents in this one to transform a thin script into quite a funny business. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting May 12.)

State of the Union—Spencer Tracy as a Presidential candidate no brighter than average and Katharine Hepburn as his wife, who worries about his being corrupted by some wicked professional politicians led, in this case, by Adolphe Menjou. Most amusing when it follows the Lindsay-Crouse play from which the movie was put together. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

To Live in Peace—Another Italian film, this time recounting the adventures of an Italian peasant who shields a pair of G.I.s (one of them colored) from the Nazis. Simple, moving, and distinguished by masterly acting. (77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; May 10-11.)

Volpone—Ben Jonson's comedy about a miser, done to a hilarious turn by a French cast headed by Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th, CI 7-0760.)

REVIVALS

The Adventures of Robin Hood (1938)—Errol Flynn as the outlaw. With Olivia de Havilland, Basil Rathbone, and Technicolor. (77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; starting May 12.)

Bambi (1942)—Walt Disney's interpretation of the Felix Salten story. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through May 7....¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through May 9....¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; May 7-9....¶ Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; May 11-12.)

Blithe Spirit (1945)—Ghostly nonsense cooked up by Noel Coward. An English picture, with Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, and Constance Cummings. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; May 8-10.)

Camille (1937)—Greta Garbo, coughing delicately and looking fragile. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

Cloak and Dagger (1946)—Gary Cooper, working for the O.S.S. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; May 9-10.)

Great Expectations (1947)—The Dickens novel. An English picture, with Valerie Hobson and John Mills. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; May 6.)

Henry V (1946)—Laurence Olivier's version of Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

I Married a Witch (1942)—About a man who married a witch. (Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; May 10-11.)

The Mikado (1939)—Kenny Baker, along with Martyn Green and other D'Oyly Carte people. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242.)

Open City (1946)—An account of the operations of the Roman underground. In Italian. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; May 6.)

The Overlanders (1947)—An Australian semi-documentary about moving a great herd of cattle out of reach of the Japanese during the war. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; May 6.)

This Happy Breed (1947)—Noel Coward's hymn of praise to the British middle classes. An English film, with Celia Johnson and Robert Newton. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; May 8-12.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The Museum (11 W. 53rd) is presenting "Le Million" (1931), with Annabella, directed by René Clair, daily at 3 and 5:30 P.M. Reservations can be made at the Museum.

● ● ●

THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
MR. BLANDINGS BUILDS HIS DREAM HOUSE.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"Homecoming," Clark Gable, Lana Turner.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
"Casbah," Yvonne DeCarlo, Tony Martin, Peter Lorre.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"Arch of Triumph," Ingrid Bergman, Charles Boyer.

Gotham, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-9516)
Through May 7: "Kings of the Olympics," documentary film of the 1936 Olympics.
From May 8: "Whispering City," Helmut Dantine, Paul Lukas.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
STATE OF THE UNION.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through May 11: "The Miracle of the Bells," Fred MacMurray, Valli, Frank Sinatra; and "Dangerous Years," William Halop.
From May 12: **SITTING PRETTY**; and "My Girl Tisa," Lilli Palmer, Sam Wanamaker.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
THE BIG CLOCK.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Letter from an Unknown Woman," Joan Fontaine, Louis Jourdan.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through May 11: "Anna Karenina," Vivien Leigh, Ralph Richardson.
From May 12 (tentative): "The Iron Curtain," Dana Andrews, Gene Tierney.

State, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
Through May 11: "Unconquered," revival, Gary Cooper, Paulette Goddard; and "Who Killed 'Doc' Robbin," Virginia Grey.
From May 12: To be announced.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
May 6: "To the Victor," Viveca Lindfors, Dennis Morgan.
From May 7: "The Woman in White," Eleanor Parker, Alexis Smith, Sydney Greenstreet.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-4966)
THE SEARCH.

Warner, B'way at 51st. (CI 7-5545)
"Winter Meeting," Bette Davis.

Winter Garden, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
May 6: "Are You With It?," Donald O'Connor, Olga San Juan.
From May 7: "Dear Murderer," Eric Portman, Greta Gynt.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Ambassador, 215 W. 49th. (CI 7-0760)
VOLPONE.

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
HENRY V, revival.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
"Jenny Lamour," (in French), Louis Jouvet.

Elysée, 202 W. 58th. (PL 7-4294)
"Antoine and Antoinette" (in French).

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
"Dreams That Money Can Buy," Hans Richter Surrealist film.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
"Beauty and the Beast" (in French), Jean Cocteau film.

Golden, 252 W. 45th. (CI 6-6740)
"The Lost One" (in Italian).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
CAMILLE, revival.

Little Met, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-0583)
NOT GUILTY.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
THE MIKADO, revival.

Rialto, B'way at 42nd. (WI 7-0206)
"The Damned" (in French).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
THE BROTHERS.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
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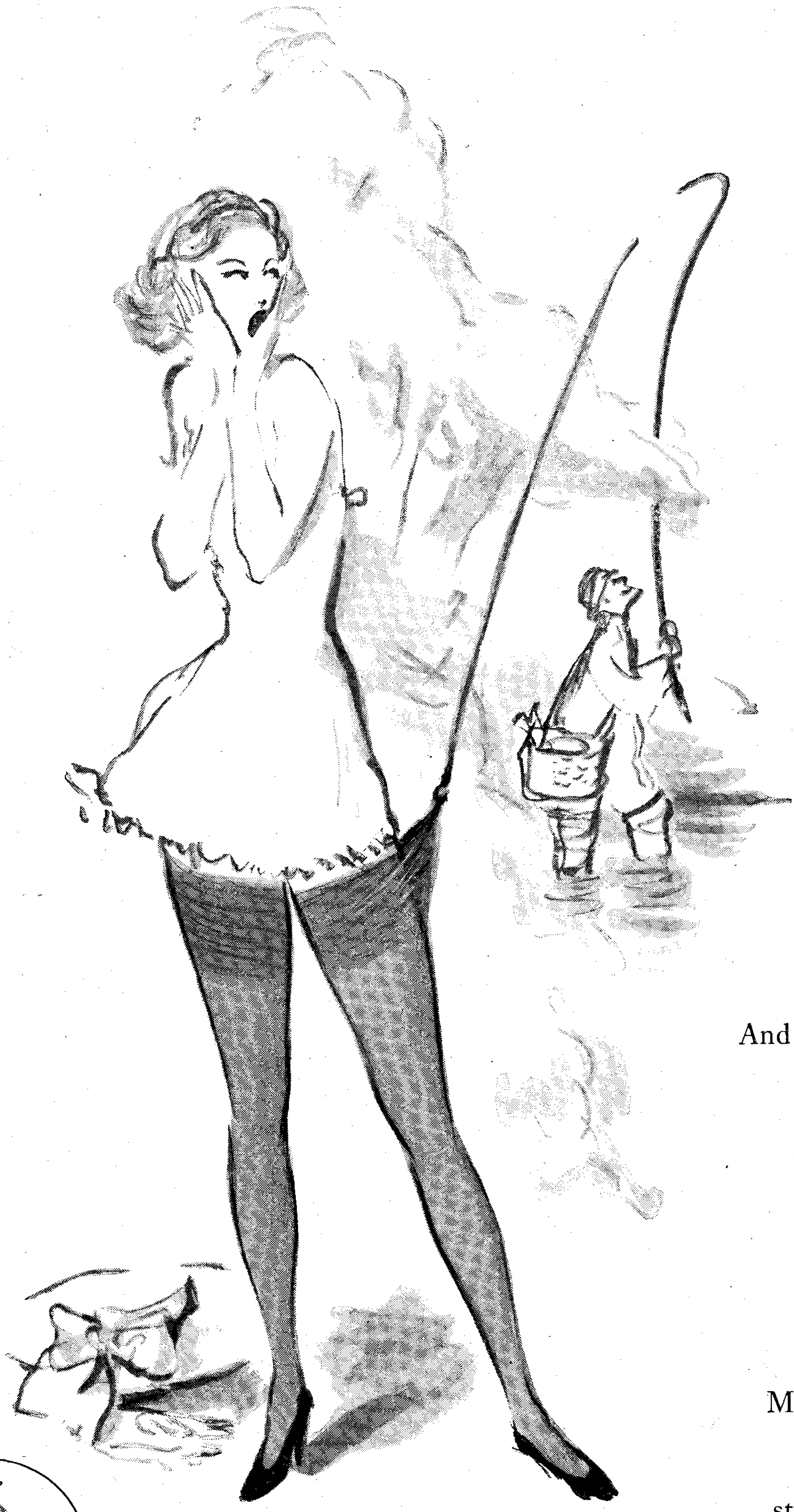

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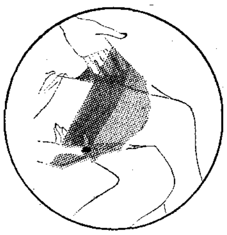

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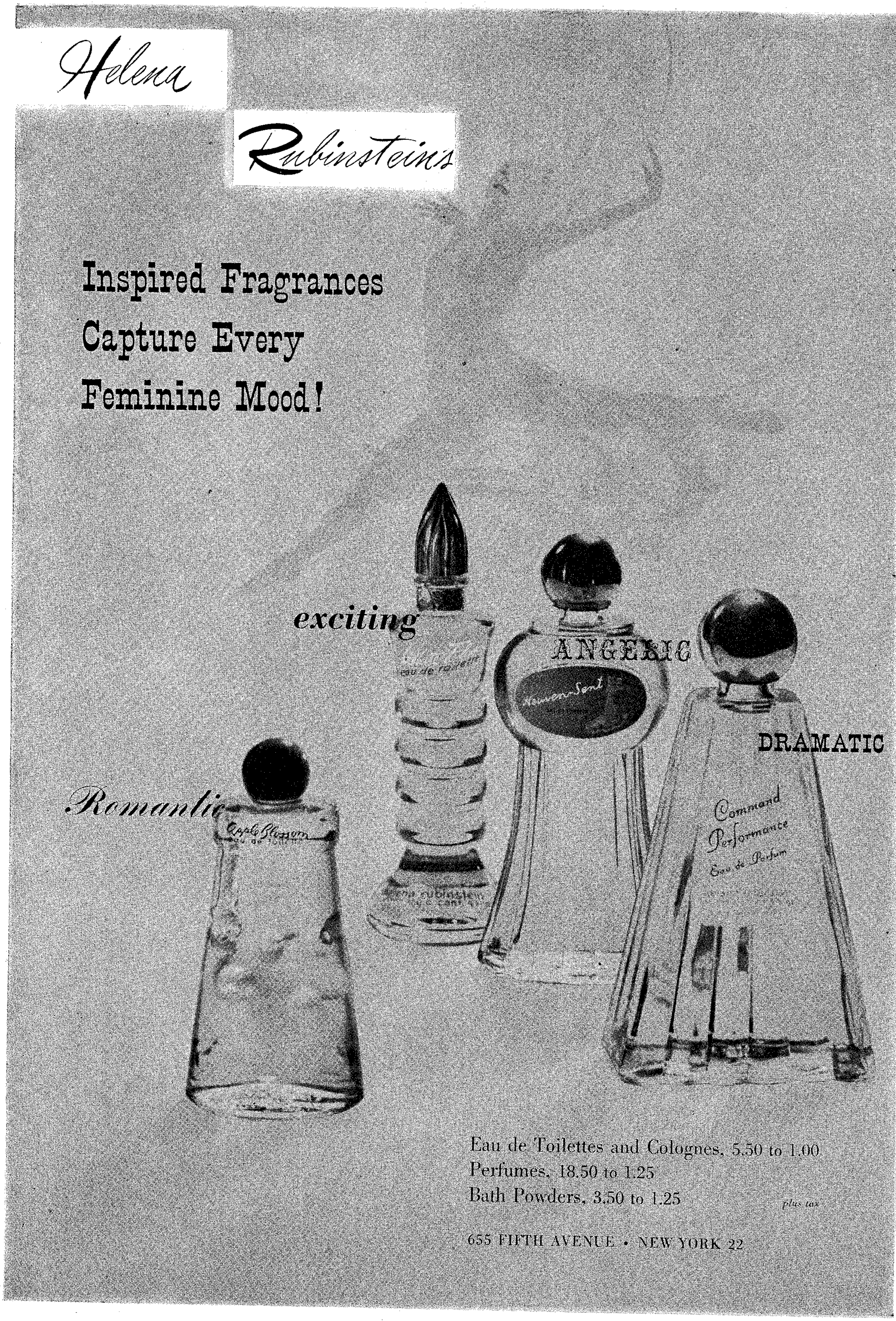

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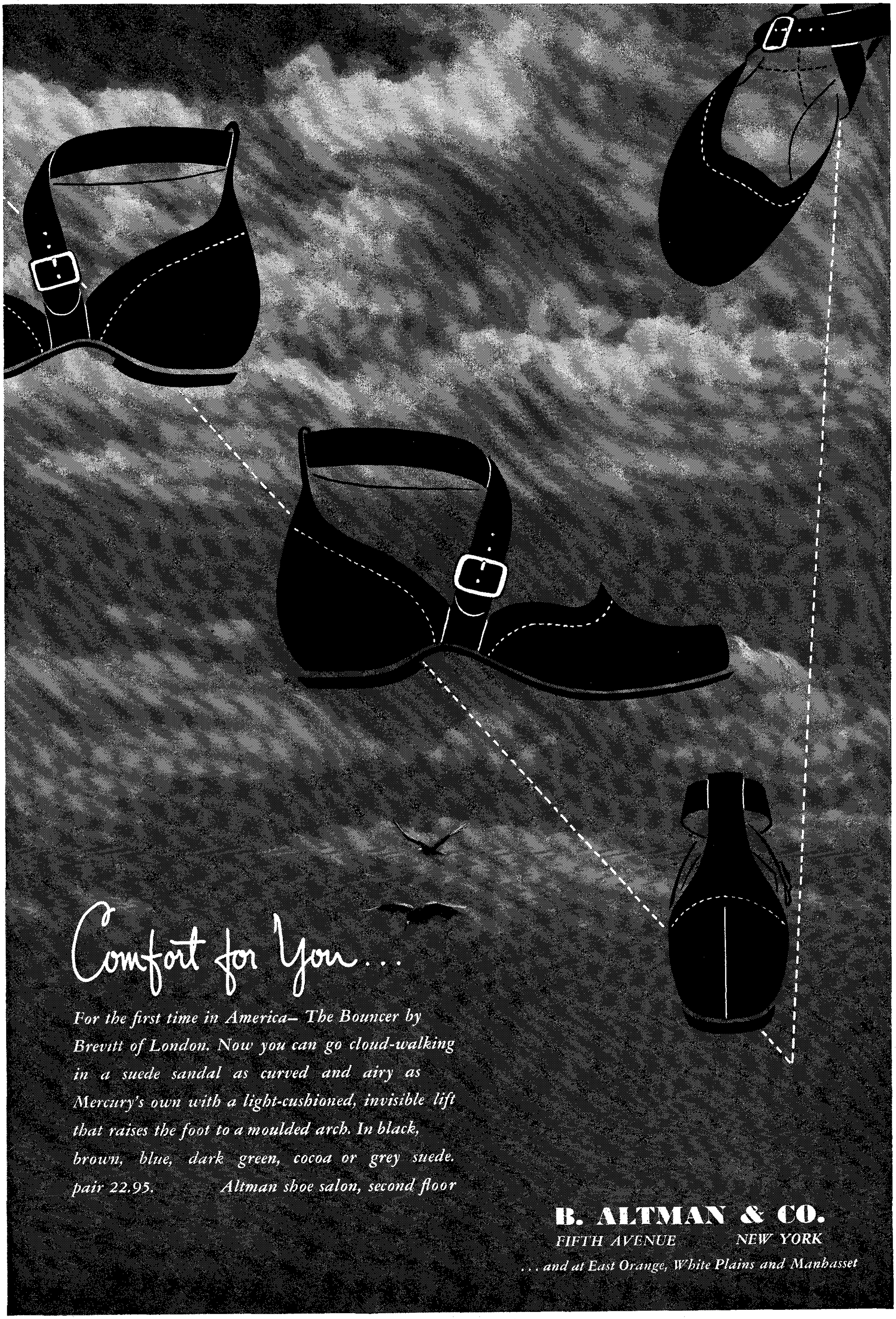
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

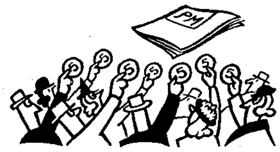
Notes and Comment

Hands Across the Sea Note: A pastry shop in Barcelona is featuring an American-style cake called Ku Klux Klan.

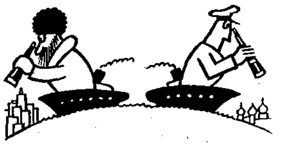
Decline of the West Note: Canada Dry ginger ale, the original sponsor of "Information Please," is now represented on the air by "It Pays to Be Ignorant."

Let's Everybody Sit Down and Talk This Thing Over Quietly Note: Bonwit Teller have introduced a new skirt, made out of slipcover material, named Mother Was a Love Seat.

Bartley Crum and Joseph Barnes, the new proprietors of *PM*, in their opening announcement wrote one of those sentences that the English language is always good for—a language more treacherous than an unsprung bear trap. "*PM* belongs," wrote Messrs. Crum and Barnes, "to the men and women of New York, and of the entire nation, who believe in the future." We were about to hustle along to the next sentence when something stopped us—some deep, resonant unclarity somewhere, halting the mind. Does *PM* belong to those men and women (of New York and of the entire nation) who believe in the future, or does it belong to men and women, a characteristic of whom is that they believe in the future? Our hunch, chucking bear traps to the winds, is that *PM* is like a good many other newspapers in that it belongs to the men and women who put a nickel on the line, and that some of them believe in the future, some in the present, some in the past, some in Taft, and some in antivivisection. Ten cents on Saturday. We salute the new owners and wish them a fair tide, freedom from bear traps, and plenty of believers; i.e., nickel and dime droppers.



A PHILATELIST whom we know has sent us a copy of the Dominican Republic's thirteen-cent air-mail stamp, with instructions to study it closely for political propaganda. Sure enough, it consists of a map that plainly identifies the Dominican Republic, Puerto Rico, Jamaica, Cuba, and Florida but leaves Haiti, which occupies the western section of the island on which Trujillo's republic is situated, noticeably untitled—just a rather sickly, anonymous green. This example of psychological warfare, unmentioned in Stanley Walker's book on the Dominican Republic, will surely not pass unimitated. We predict that the United States will presently issue a stamp showing a map of the world and naming all the major countries except Russia, Russia will issue a stamp on which the United States is represented by a large hole, expeditions will set forth from the two countries to explore the dark, unknown regions and establish the colonies of New Leningrad and Manhattan-on-the-Volga, and then trade will flourish, new, corrected stamps will be issued, and there will be an enormous swapping of duplicates between Washington and Moscow, with many an "Ah!" and "*Ai!*" of gratification.



It is, of course, well known that Senator Taft has placed himself prominently in the running for the office of President of the United States. It is less generally known, however, that he is also a candidate at present for a post of only slightly less distinction, that of Alumni Fellow of the Yale Corporation. If we should now learn that someone has put him up for vestryman in his local church, the picture would be complete—that of a man running, fast and simultaneously, for God, for Country, and for Yale.

FOLLOWING our recent visit to the Austrian Consulate General, we have broadened our diplomatic horizons still further by paying a state call on Hannes Kjartansson, the honorary Icelandic Consul here, a portly young man with a pink complexion, pale-blue eyes, and a wife and three children. He resides in Forest Hills and is president of the General American & Dominion Export Corporation, of 50 Broad Street, where he has both his business and his governmental headquarters. The company is owned by Icelanders and is engaged exclusively in trade between Iceland and the United States. Mr. Kjartansson's titular duties are an almost imperceptible sideline. His office has, nevertheless, a convincing consular look, being decorated with two bronze bas-reliefs of Icelandic freighters sunk during the war; a photograph of Sveinn Björnsson, President of Iceland; a bleak landscape of a lava field; a bleak landscape of a glacier; and a small Icelandic flag, the design of which is a red cross bordered with white on a field of blue.

Mr. Kjartansson told us that Iceland opened a full-fledged consulate general here back in 1940, when, as a result of the German occupation of Denmark, Iceland was forced to cut its few remaining ties with that country. Official business was brisk throughout the war but by last year had dwindled to the point where a full-time consul general was no longer needed, and the incumbent, Dr.

Helgi P. Briem, a career diplomat, was ordered to Stockholm as chargé d'affaires. Briem gave Kjartansson a few lessons in consular procedure before his departure, and since taking over, at the first of the year, Kjartansson has avoided making any noteworthy *gaffes*. About all he has done, in fact, is grant visas to a few businessmen and to several hundred American technicians who were going to Iceland to work on the Keflavík Airport, which was built by the American Army during the war and is now operated by the Iceland Airport Corporation as a stopover point on transatlantic flights. He has also informed businessmen who inquired about the possibility of exporting merchandise to Iceland that the prospect isn't so good. Like most of the rest of the world, Iceland is short on dollars, and it must import what it needs from Europe. Its purchases here now consist largely of chemicals and building materials that can't be got on the other side of the Atlantic.

An outstanding exception is American movies. "I think it safe to say that America has a greater influence on Iceland now than it did before the war," Mr. Kjartansson said. "We didn't care much about American movies until American soldiers were stationed there. I believe as many as eighty thousand American soldiers were stationed in Iceland at one time. The population of the whole country is only a hundred and thirty thousand. Can you imagine what it would be like if eighty million Icelandic soldiers were stationed in the United States?" With the caution of a Talleyrand, Mr. Kjartansson left unspoken the conclusion that there would be a powerful demand here for Icelandic movies and that, as it is, the Icelandic influence on this country is practically negligible.

Mr. Kjartansson came here in 1940 and has done his best to increase Iceland's fame by delivering occasional lectures to school groups and women's clubs. He is well stocked with the sort of facts that women's clubs relish (there's no illiteracy in Iceland, no army, no navy; most of the trees are birches; and skyscrapers are prohibited by law), and in the course of giving lectures has seen a good deal of this country. The Bad Lands of South Dakota reminded him strongly of Iceland, he said, and added that Iceland's climate is not bad. The average temperature for January in Reykjavik, he told us, is thirty-three degrees, or seven degrees warmer than it was in New York this last January. The State Tourist Bureau is planning a big program to lure tourists to Iceland. One of its major attractions is the geysers. The word "geyser" comes from the Icelandic language. The Stóri Geysir, in Iceland, shoots water to a height of a hundred and eighty feet. The difficulty with it in the past has been that it wouldn't perform on any schedule, but, possibly as a result of the American attitude toward such foreign unreliability, the authorities have come to grips with the problem. "When they want it to erupt," Kjartansson said, "they toss in a hundred and fifty pounds of soap. That does it every time."

◆

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Among the items listed on the Sunday breakfast menu at a restaurant on Park Avenue called the Town and Country is "Country Sausages, for which we have been famous since 1943."

Prominently posted in each vehicle operated by a Pekin, Illinois, bus line is a helpful sign reading, "Passengers will please board buses heading in the direction they intend to go."

Out of Character

THE picket lines outside the Stock Exchange were manned, as everyone knows, not only by the striking financial workers but by coöperative members of several seamen's unions. There was a plan for the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union to lend a hand too, we learn, but it fell through. The union sent down a delegation of fifty or so volunteer pickets, but the strikers asked them to go away when the seamen complained that they were so well tailored that they couldn't be told from the brokers.

Under Control

WE feel it our responsibility to check up on the local rat situation from time to time, and we were prompted to do so the other day when a fellow told us that in six minutes he had seen six rats basking along the shore of the lake just above Fifty-ninth Street in Central Park. This led to our getting in touch with Mr. Rudy Winton, an acting supervisor of the Parks Department and the man in charge of rat extermination in all areas controlled by the Department, and his inviting us to join him and a crew on a tour of some rat burrows in the Park. We accepted, and had a fairly lively and instructive time of it.

We met Mr. Winton and his crew, which numbered three, at the corner of Fifty-ninth Street and Sixth Avenue, and immediately invaded the territory our informant had mentioned. Winton wore a tan polo coat and was nattily dressed generally; his men carried shovels and a foot pump filled, he told us, with Cyanogas. "It kills a normal rat in from a tenth of a second to a second," Winton said as we entered the Park. "For that matter, it's none too healthy for human beings to get a whiff of, either. In Nevada, they use the same type of gas for executions. We don't like to get a crowd around." He pointed out a sizable hole on a slope leading down to the lake and beckoned to his men, who converged on it with shovels and pump. The nozzle of the pump was thrust into the hole, and a member of the crew started pumping. A man with an ice-cream stick in his hand stopped to watch the operation, and Winton requested him to move along. When a whitish vapor began seeping out of a second hole, a few yards away, one of the crew covered it with a spadeful of dirt. A rat scampered out of a third hole and ran in the direction of the lake. "I hope you're not afraid of rats," said Winton, spryly hopping onto a bench. We quickly followed him. "We have to gas them in their holes in the daytime," he said, "because they're out foraging all night. One time, we dug open a burrow to see how many rats we'd gassed. We counted fifty-four." He turned to a second tarrying spectator and said, "Would you mind moving along, please?"

Mr. Winton tries to kill as many rats as possible in the spring, the time of their most intensive breeding. He estimates that the Park is now ninety-five per cent free of rats, meaning by that that there are now only five per cent of the number of rats in the Park that there were once, before exterminating steps were taken, and that there would be again if the extermination effort weren't kept up. He thinks the figure will not be lowered much by the methods known today, but he considers the situation well in hand. He lays sudden increases in the rat population in the Park to invasions from contiguous neighborhoods, over which he has no control. He regards the region east of Fifth Avenue as a major staging area. "We take care of the rats almost immediately when they get here, but you can't tell a chronic rat-complainer that," Winton said. "The people come to the Park for passive recreation and they don't like to run across rats, and I don't blame them, but there's a chronic type that if they see a rat, they say they saw twelve rats, and if they see a rat eight inches long, they say he was as big as a collie."

Mr. Winton uses gas and poisoned bait—no traps. In the waterfront parks, where rats live among the rocky ledges, he depends solely on bait doctored with either Red Squill, a paste, or Antu, a powder. You can't use gas on the ledges, because it would drift away. There are several drawbacks to poison, one of which is that if a rat eats it and it fails to kill him, he acquires an immunity that lasts ten days or so, which period of grace, Winton believes, he spends in industrious breeding. On the whole, Cyanogas is more satisfactory.

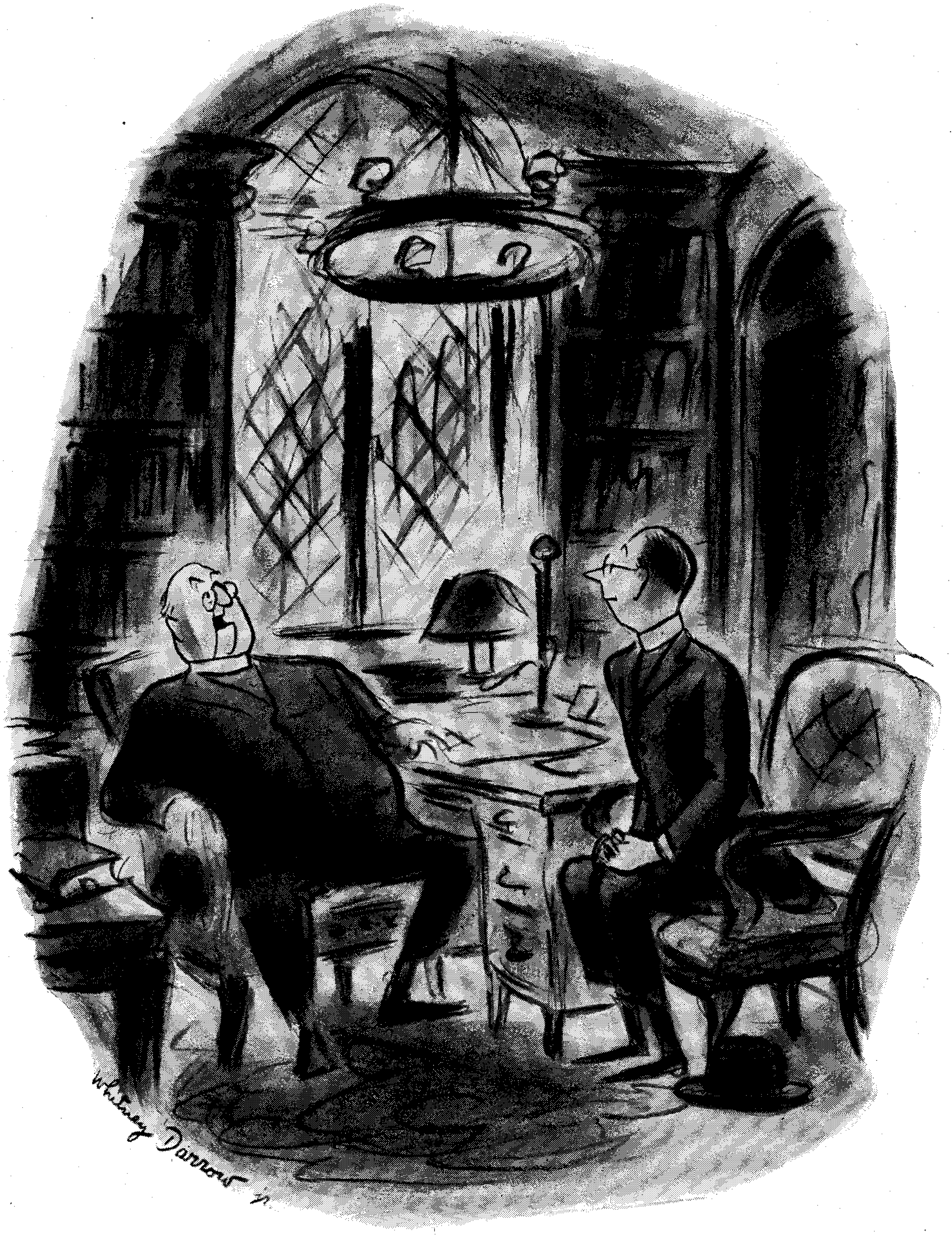
After Mr. Winton's crew had pumped gas into several more holes, our party proceeded to the zoo, where a burrow had been reported back of the polar bears' cage. "It's no reflection on the bears that rats like to hang out near them," Winton said as the men pumped gas into a hole at the edge of the cage. "It's just that some rats like high ground, dripping water, and all that. Sometimes they try to steal some of the bears' food, but a bear is a pretty good match for a rat, and sensible rats stick to what food the birds leave behind. People are partly to blame for the rats, because they feed the birds too much. The leavings are bound to attract rats."

Trade Secret

A LOCAL sculptor has returned from a trip to the Great Smokies with a report that everyone down there weaves his own textiles and makes his own ceramic utensils, and that he met an interesting seventy-year-old lady who does clay figurines of preachers, fiddlers, and other Smoky Mountain people. He got a valuable steer when he asked her whom one of the figurines represented. "That isn't supposed to be anybody special," she said. "I just pinch up the clay and it comes out folks."

Brooks Books

TIPPED off by a bookish friend that Mr. Donald C. Vaughan, the advertising manager of Brooks Brothers, is the possessor of a rather specialized



"I shan't expect any help on the policy level for the time being, Robertson. What I want principally is to have someone take over most of the leg work."

library—to wit, a collection of volumes in which Brooks Brothers are mentioned—we recently made our way westward beyond the seventh-floor custom shop of this storied emporium, along dim corridors, past female secretaries of transparent rectitude, past a beribboned pine branch affixed to a wire partition and dating from heaven knows what Christmas celebration, to a dusky room lined with copies of "Valentine's Manual," where a slight, crinkly-eyed man in heather tweeds rose from behind a large table. "I started my little collection, more or less sentimentally, about twenty years ago," said Mr. Vaughan (for it was he). "I began with 'Pierre Vinton: The Adventures of a Superfluous Husband,' a novel by the late Edward Carrington Venable, a classmate of mine at Princeton." He handed us his copy of this, opened to the pertinent reference:

> She was wandering rather aimlessly down West Fifty-seventh Street, looking up at the house-numbers, and she said she was looking for nineteen. A friend of hers lived there, and they were going riding together.
>
> "It is rather shocking, isn't it," she asked me, "going on the street in these things?"
>
> "It would be extremely shocking if a man did it," I told her. "If I met a man wearing things like that I'd cut him, and if his tailor met him he'd probably shoot him."
>
> "What's wrong?" said she. "I bought them at Brooks'. I thought they were rather good."
>
> "They are awful."

"I next got 'This Side of Paradise,' also by a Princeton man," Mr. Vaughan continued urbanely. This F. Scott Fitzgerald novel has a number of Brooks allusions, among them " 'You must go to Brooks' and get some really nice suits' " and " 'No,' declared Tom emphatically, a new Tom, clothed by Brooks, shod by Franks." The passages containing these quotes were introduced, not at all sentimentally, as Plaintiff's Exhibit No. 19 in a lawsuit instituted by Brooks Brothers a few years ago against Brooks Clothing of California, Ltd., a chain of stores in and around Los Angeles. No Brooks graced the California outfit. Brooks Brothers' object was to enjoin the company from using the hallowed name, and they used the "Paradise" quotations and one from "New York When I Was a Boy," by Maitland Armstrong, to show that "Brooks Brothers" had become a household word. Brooks Brothers' claim was upheld in the California courts, and the defendant's appeal to the United States Supreme Court was thrown out.

Mr. Vaughan guided us to a bookcase and bade us browse in his specialized library. It consists of some twenty-five books, most of them fictional. "But Jim, who's somehow so damned Brooks Brothers . . . and looks so terribly substantial," we read in "The Whole Heart," by Helen Howe, and, in "The Razor's Edge," by Somerset Maugham, " 'He never wore anything but a loincloth, and yet he managed to look as trim and neat and well dressed as a young man in one of Brooks Brothers' advertisements.' " Mary McCarthy's "The Company She Keeps," with its story "The Man in the Brooks Brothers Shirt," was in the bookcase, of course, and so were two of Donald Ogden Stewart's books (his "Perfect Behavior" contains a Letter to a Prospective Father-in-Law based on the assumption that the addressee is an "old gentleman . . . employed in the Credit Department of Brooks Brothers"); Charles G. Norris's "Bread" ("She knew what [Mr. Corey] owed at Brooks Bros."); "Roughly Speaking," by Louise Randall Pierson ("Rod and I had met in New Haven. . . . He was six feet two, tailored by Brooks Brothers, and had won six Latin prizes at Yale"); "The Hucksters" ("Kim raced out into the snarled traffic to compete for an empty hack, but an executive-type man in a Brooks Brothers suit beat him to it"); Carl Van Vechten's "Peter Whiffle," whose hero, after coming into an inheritance, buys a complete outfit at Brooks, puts it on, and dines at the Knickerbocker Hotel on terrapin and roast canvasback; and "You Only Hang Once," a Dell Mystery by H. W. Roden, in which the relevant passage reads:

> By sheer will I forced my eyes to look beyond the gun to the well-manicured hand *that was holding it. Then down to a pair* of gray tweed slacks which Brooks Broth-

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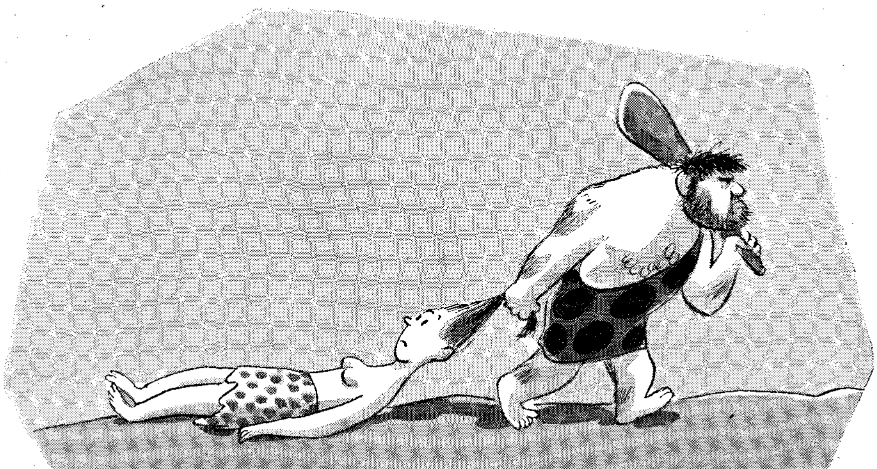

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ers would have been glad to acknowledge came from their establishment.

We congratulated Mr. Vaughan on not boggling at including in his collection items invidious to Brooks. He said his library was formed along strictly objective lines and called our attention to "B.F.'s Daughter," in which Marquand writes:

> "You still get your clothes at Brooks, don't you?" his father asked.
>
> "Yes," Bob said. "I'm pretty used to Brooks."
>
> "The materials might be better if you had them made up in London. . . . I know it's a gamble, and the whole thing plus duty brings a suit to more than Brooks, but it might be worth trying."
>
> "All right, I'll try it," Bob said.

Mr. Vaughan himself is inexorably a Brooks man, sartorially as well as professionally. The son of a partner in an old, now defunct private banking house, he spent his twenties in the advertising side of book publishing and then ran a bookshop for a year or so. In 1915, at thirty-one, he assumed his present post. "I beat it out of the book business and ran like hell to Brooks Brothers," he said. He is a shareholder and trustee of the New York Society Library, the oldest public library in New York, and is much interested in genealogy and English novels. His locutions are, at times, appropriately historic. "I was born in Brooklyn," he told us, "one year after the opening of the Brooklyn Bridge, on the Queen's birthday."

Modern Usage

A FOREIGN-SERVICE employee of one of the big oil companies has written in from the Near East to advise us of what took place out there when he transacted some business with an Arab chieftain. At the conclusion of their negotiations, both parties were to sign a document. The oilman brought out his fountain pen, wrote his name, and offered the pen to the sheik. The Arab declined it with a bow, reached into the depths of his burnous, pulled forth a shiny pen of his own, rolled the tip of it over one thumb, carefully impressed his thumbprint on the dotted line, and tucked the pen back into his burnous.

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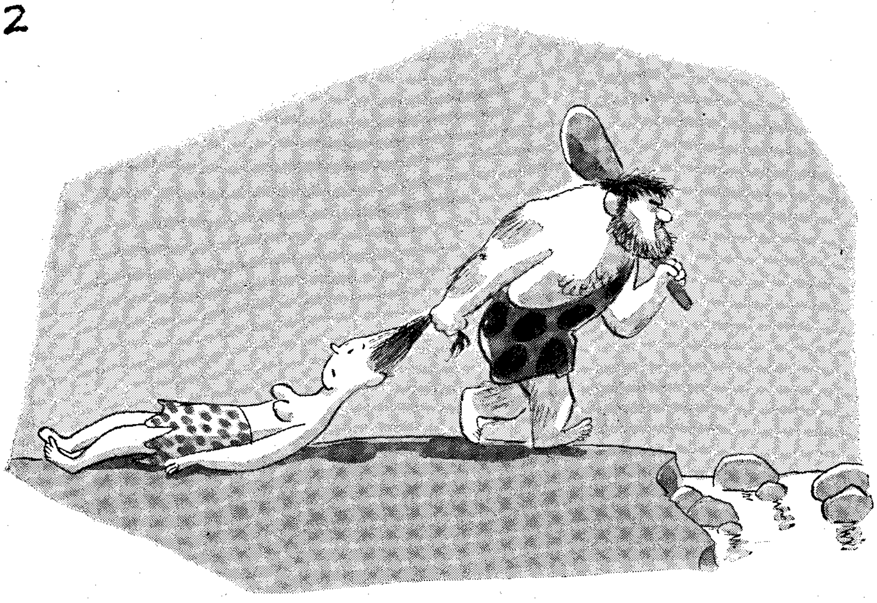

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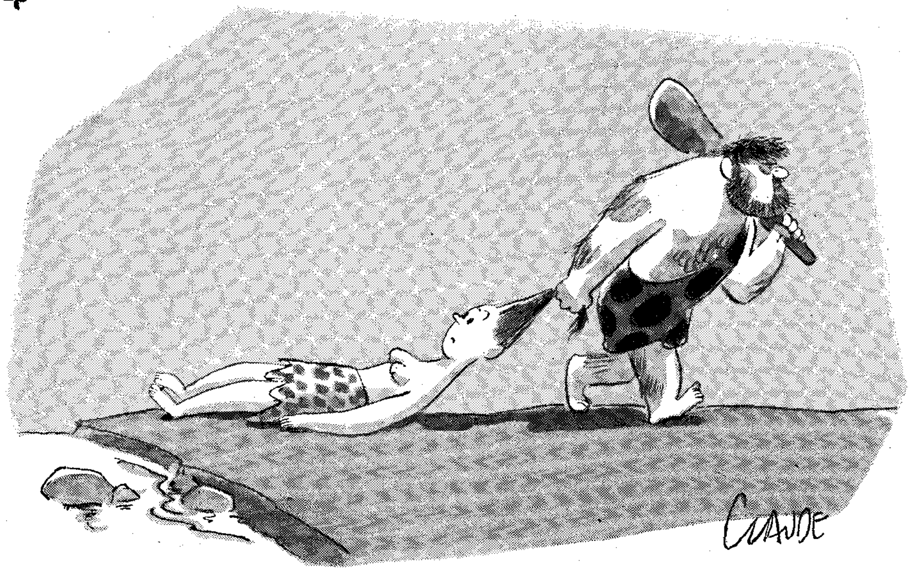
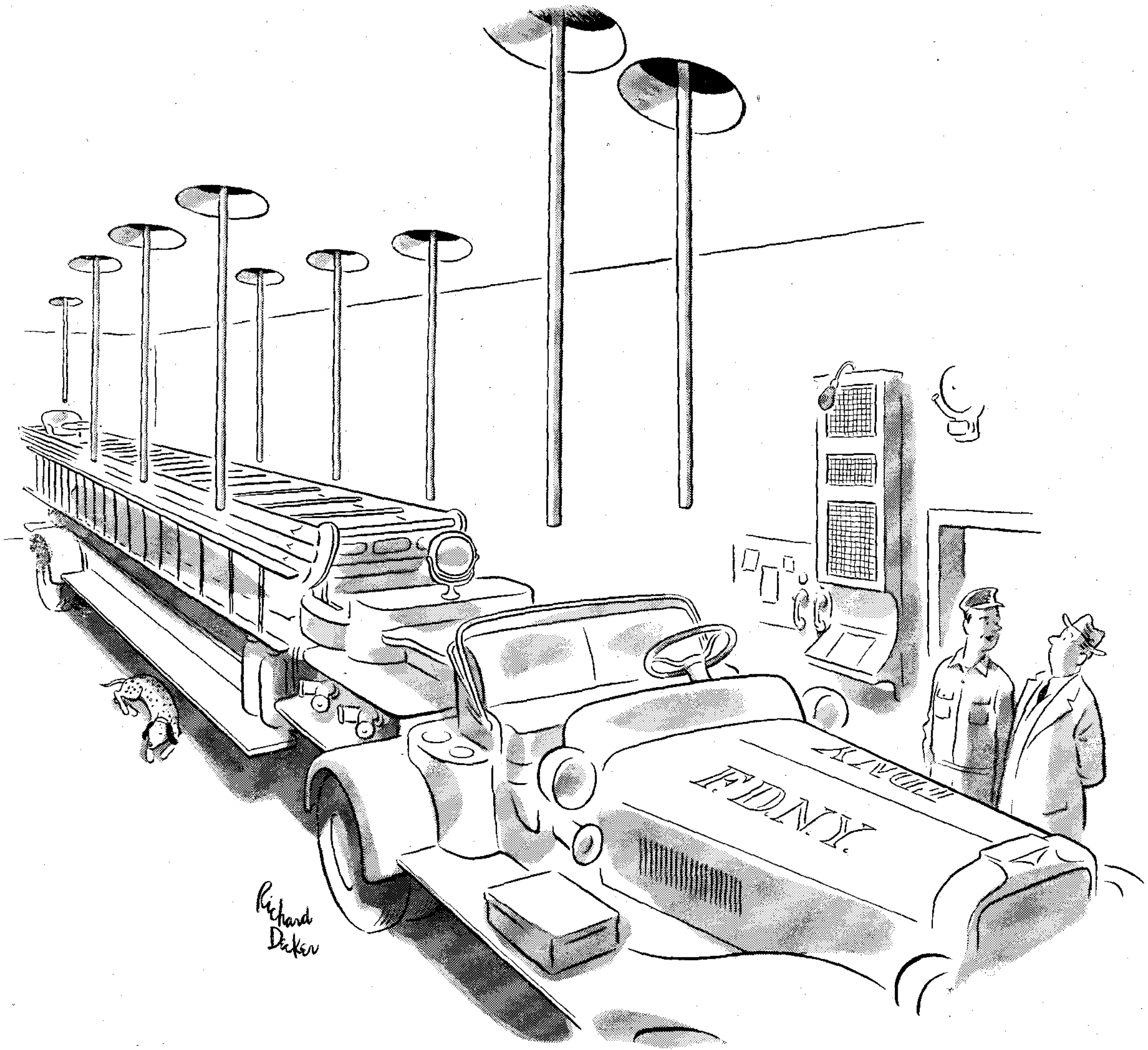


Call for the General

WE got a taste of early Presidential-year politics at a meeting of the Draft Eisenhower Movement (or D.E.M., for short) at Manhattan Center one evening last week. As we neared the door of the building, a grim young lady thrust upon us a small sheet of yellow paper on which was mimeographed, "Keep the military out of Government." While we were examining this primitive handbill, she admonished us orally, "Vote Wallace!" Inside, we found four or five hundred people listening, more or less, to the Johnny Blowers Trio, which was lining out some jazz tunes from a stage featuring a large photograph of the General. As we paused for a look around, a trim, blond young lady bearing a wicker basket full of pamphlets approached us. "Half a buck for quotations from the speeches of General Eisenhower," she said. When we inquired as to her part in the movement, she replied that she is a legal secretary, that she was helping out a friend, and that she thought General Eisenhower a charming man. "He is a *very* charming man," she said. At that moment, a man who had just entered introduced himself with the abrupt announcement "I'm a vet, protesting." He started to amplify this statement but was cut off by a more recent arrival, a colored man, who observed firmly, "Eisenhower didn't show any discrimination at the Battle of the Bulge. He's not as liberal as Wallace, but he's not a Communist, either. Of course, if Wallace wasn't Communistic, I'd sure vote for him."

Since we seemed, thus fortuitously, to have a cross-section of public opinion already, we asked a gray-haired man standing nearby why he was for Eisenhower. "Who the hell said I was?" he demanded. "Well, you're at a meeting for him," we said lamely. "I go to every goddam meeting in this town," the old gentleman said, "and none of them have ever yet convinced me of anything." At this point, a lady on the stage began to sing "The Star-Spangled Banner," and a flag at the left of the proscenium started, mysteriously, to ripple. As we stood at atten-


F.D.N.Y.
F.D.N.Y.
Richard Decker

"*It's cut down our getaway time by half.*"

• •

tion, the inveterate meeting-attender whispered, "They blow air through holes in the staff. They pull the trick at every meeting they hold here." At the conclusion of the song, we proceeded to the press table, getting seated just as Robert Daru, a lawyer, opened the meeting. "My friends," he said, "it is a great cause that calls us here tonight—the cause of our country's future destiny." "Ha!" muttered a young woman sitting beside us. "Beg your pardon?" we said. "If you want to know where I stand," she said, "take a look at this." She flipped back the lapel of her coat and revealed a button that read, "Wallace for President." "Where *you* from?" we inquired. "*Not* the *Times*," she answered, "and nuts to this." She swooped up copies of the speeches to be given that evening and departed.

The next few speakers didn't arouse much enthusiasm, but the activities were presently enlivened by an outfit called the Three Suns, who sang a song entitled "Dwight's Right" with a great deal of gusto. About this time, Elliott Roosevelt slipped into a seat on the platform, in which he dozed, or at any rate thoroughly relaxed, while a wisp of a man introduced as Daniel James described the D.E.M. as "a poor man's movement, a movement of amateurs . . . that will wind up not so poor and not so amateurish." After a number of speakers had insisted on the need for "a great President," "faith," "another George Washington," and the like, Mr. Roosevelt took the floor to declare that although he had thought Henry Wallace a great man as recently as last November, he didn't think so any more, and that if the Democrats run Truman instead of Eisenhower, Wallace will poll more votes than they will. When he had completed his talk, he sat down for a moment and then walked briskly offstage, followed by the gentleman who had been sitting next to him, who was identified to us as Leonard Finder, publisher of the Manchester, New Hampshire, *Leader*, to whom Eisenhower some months ago addressed his letter refusing to become a candidate. We stepped back into the wings to see them. After posing for photographs, the two of them shook hands, and Mr. Roosevelt headed for a goal that was, we discovered later, through a peculiar coincidence, the Stork Club. Mr. Finder lingered long enough to tell us that the independent Manchester *Leader* has a circulation of 23,500 and that he owns fifty per cent of the Manchester *Union*, which is Republican and has a circulation of 27,000. Quickly calculating that this leaves the General with a thirty-five-hundred circulation deficit, we asked Mr. Finder why he didn't also put the *Union* behind his candidate. "My partner runs the Republican paper and I run my independent paper," he explained. "Fifty-fifty and no interference." We asked Mr. Finder whether he thought Eisenhower would accept the nomination if it were proffered. "I have been in touch with the General all this month," he said, "and I am confident that he will accept the nomination if he is called."

Experiment

WE are sometimes a mite skeptical of the shenanigans reported as having taken place in the vicinity of colleges, and it is with a certain lack of conviction that we pass along a conversational fragment that allegedly drifted out of a booth in an Ithaca soda parlor frequented by Cornell undergraduates. Young lady speaking: "He was so terribly clever about it. He poured the Martinis into the tank, and the motor coughed once or twice, and then we actually got rolling. And I bet we'd have made it if an olive hadn't got stuck in the gas line."

CLARE

(A FRAGMENT OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY TO THE TUNE OF MAX EASTMAN'S "ENJOYMENT OF LIVING")

THAT fall I met Clare Shanks. She was a big, Marxist, prehensile girl—once I saw her pick up a two-by-four with her toes—who came from Troy, New York, where her father was a vagabond. She had those wide, sloping shoulders you often see in a hitter, and a rather sullen manner except when I stirred her erotically, by some kind of nudging or shoving, and then she would whinny and back away, trying to feint me into a lead. I was secretly and tremblingly desirous of observing her magnificent body in action, so one afternoon I took her down to the gymnasium in Cooperstown, where in those days men and women sometimes wrestled together, testing one another out.

"I don't know that I like you in this mood," she said as I led her out onto the mat, but I soon brushed away her scruples.

"It's this way, Clare," I said. "We've got to know who's stronger before we can have anything real together, politically or emotionally."

"I see what you mean," she said, bracing her feet wide and getting a good hold with her toes. "All right, best two out of three."

We went to the mat together in a tangle of arms and legs and I put a hammer lock on her, but it was a rather harsh, rasping experience in street clothes, with so many things, fragile and knobbly, in my pockets, and I soon tired of it. Love, as I was to learn in after years, is not only a matter of applying sustained physical pressure to the loved one but also of time and mood and perhaps technique. I was not to find what my hungry heart demanded on a mat in a gymnasium. She won two falls out of three and we went home, rather sad and far apart in the autumn twilight.

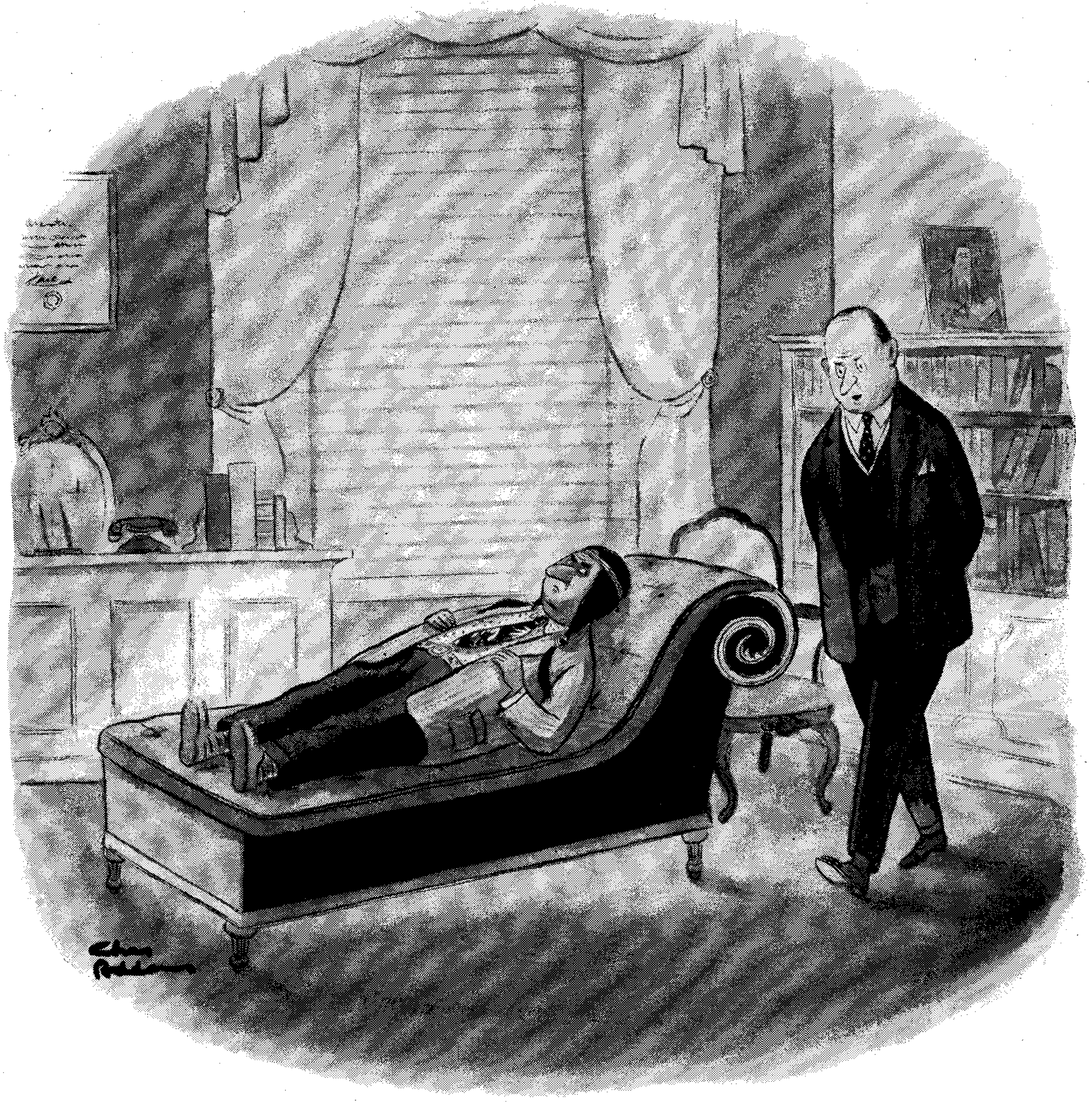
A good deal of scuffling and grappling, sterile tests of strength and skill, went on between us that summer, for Clare was insatiable when aroused and the experience in the gymnasium had taught her something she hadn't known about herself before. As John L. Sullivan once put it, she could "lick any son of a bitch in the house." Soon I was exhausted and had to wear a board extending from one knee to the back of my neck, which I imagine sometimes made me seem a little shy and awkward.

Finally, I saw that things had to end between us, and one evening after we had spent several hours stoning each other on Mount Morose, I slipped a poem under her door:

To thee, dome-bosomed daughter of despair,
Whose locks are snakes, whose dark eyes shine
With shameful lust so shamelessly in mine,
I cry from hottest hell—Lay off me, Clare!

I never saw her again. I have often wondered what prize, if any, that knotted and indomitable figure won from life.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS



"I think we're getting somewhere, Mr. Great Cloud Shadow. Your neurosis apparently stems from a submerged resentment against your ancestors for disposing of Manhattan Island for only twenty-four dollars."

THE FACE OF LIFE

THE morning Mrs. Potter got the hundred-dollar check, she had dressed for gardening before she'd come down to breakfast. She had on sneakers, a baggy skirt, and an old sweater that was ravelled as the sleave of care, and she felt very comfortable. She was leaning back in her chair at the breakfast table, dragging deeply on her first morning cigarette and gazing out the window. She could see that she had a good day for her work. The weather was tranquil but faintly brooding; rags of mist hung on the bushes, and the pale-blue sky was wheyed over with transparent clouds that promised rain before night. Out in the kitchen, ranged along the window sills, her seedling plants were all perky in their little paper pots, and all exactly the size for setting out in the open. In the cool store-pantry, montbretia corms, wizened and whiskery, were waiting in a burlap bag of leaf mold, where they had lain dormant all winter. Larkspur, garden pinks, columbine, montbretia—she said them over in her mind, like a stray line of verse. She would put the larkspur in the background, as usual, because of its height, and she would border the path with the pinks and mass the columbine in the checkered shade beside the boulder, but she wasn't sure what she'd do with the montbretia. Its delicate scarlet bells presented a problem.

The three Potter children had already gone to school. Some minutes before, they had risen like indignant crows from the table and had flapped away with outraged cries against the passage of time. But Professor Potter lingered over his coffee. He was reading in the newspaper of greedy wranglings among nations, and his face maintained a look of dogged undismay, as if he hoped eventually to spy some phrase of good will or common sense pricking up, like an olive leaf, above the waste of words. Soon, however, he would weary of the search. He would lay aside the confusion of modern civilization and go forth to the university to describe the more orderly structure of Plato's Republic. And Mrs. Potter would be left alone, with a whole uncluttered morning to spend in her flower garden.

From the front porch came the menacing snarl of Brandy, the Potters' senile Irish setter. This sound heralded the postman, Mrs. Potter guessed, for Brandy suffered random visitors in silence; only regular intruders were his enemies. Professor Potter went quickly to the door to protect the postman and collect the mail.

"Our usual haul," he said, returning. "Elinor's dentist bill and a circular about dynamic tension for the boys. But there's one letter for you." He looked mildly curious. "From California."

Mrs. Potter took the envelope—it was a square, white one, addressed in a spidery, old-lady hand—and slit it open with her fruit knife. Inside, she found a short note, hardly more than an affectionate blessing, really, and a yellow check for a hundred dollars. The check was a present from her godmother, a reputedly frivolous woman who had moved to the West Coast immediately after she had proxied the infant Mrs. Potter's renunciation of sin, and whose existence might have been entirely forgotten by the Potters if it hadn't been for a silver christening cup they filled with cigarettes when they had company for dinner. Now—perhaps while she had been tidying up her affairs for another, further move—she had recalled her ghostly obligation of forty years' standing and had met it in this charming, worldly way. "What do you know!" said Mrs. Potter. "I'm rich." She handed the envelope and its contents to her husband.

Professor Potter read the letter. "Touching," he said. "She sounds like a sweet woman." He examined the check with satisfaction. It was the sort of document that didn't often drop into the Potters' laps.

"Isn't it a pretty color?" murmured Mrs. Potter. "Like Emily Grey."

"Who?" asked the professor.

"A rose," she said.

"Very pretty," he agreed dryly. He fixed his wife with a strict, schoolmasterish eye. "You must spend it all on yourself," he declared. "At once. Today. Before it dribbles down the drain. Get yourself something to wear."

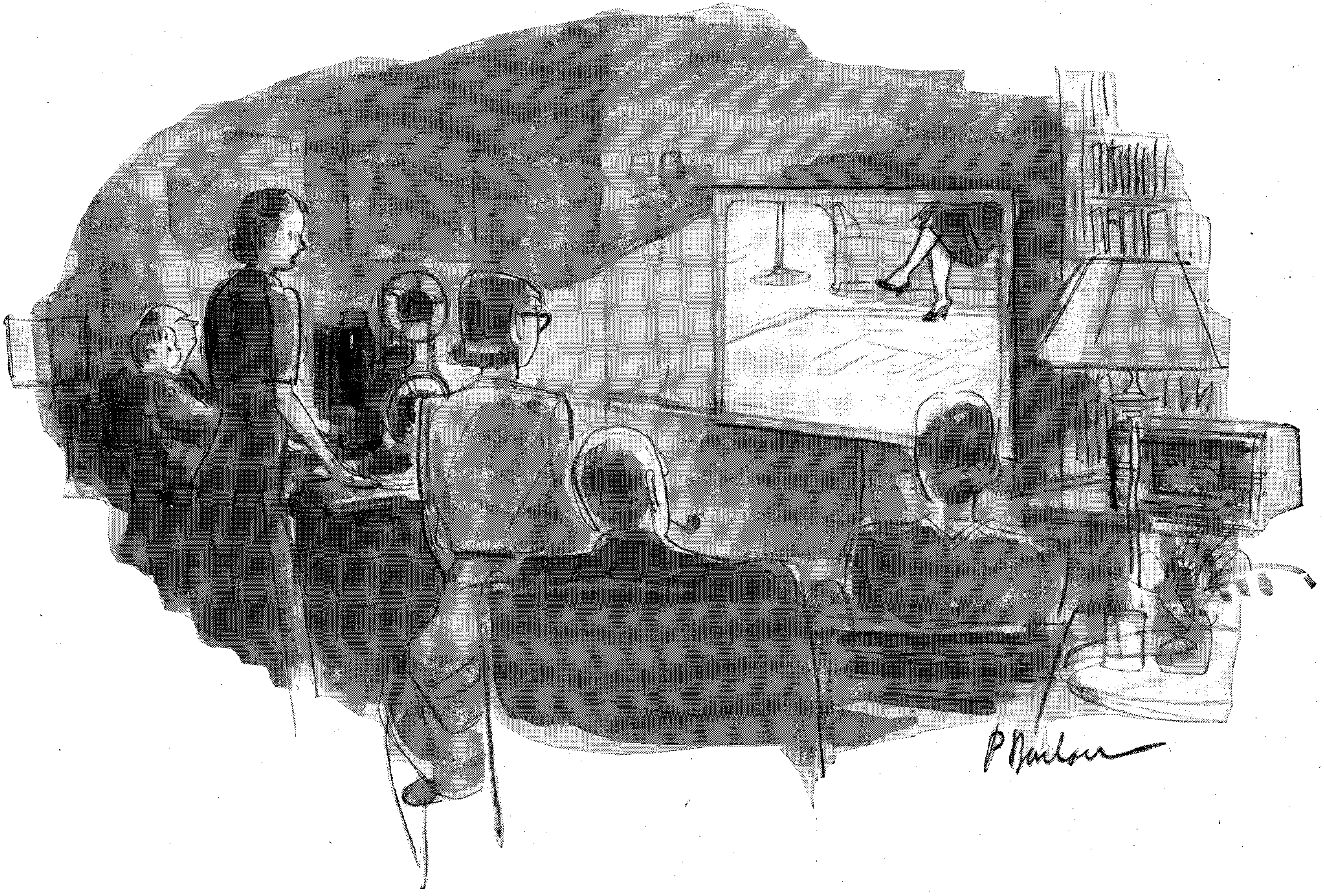
"I don't need anything," Mrs. Potter objected. "I'm planning to work in the garden. That's the reason for this rig. I have plenty of clothes."

"I know you have," he said soothingly (he was mistaken on two counts—in the first place, she didn't have plenty, and, in the second, he certainly didn't know whether she had or not), "but treat yourself to something really nice, a little out of the ordinary. Something"—he hesitated, searching for the right word—"well, I suppose Elinor would say *glamorous*," he finished lamely.

Undoubtedly she would, thought Mrs. Potter, who knew the limits of her young daughter's vocabulary. And where, she wondered, would she wear this fancy creation? To Campus Club teas, to rowdy neighborhood beer parties, to those P.-T.A. meetings Elinor sometimes bullied her into attending, where a gentleman in rimless spectacles would lecture on "Wholesome Emotional Trends" or "The Number Concept of the Fourth-Grade Mind," and afterward one drank lime-sherbet punch in the art room and squinted, with carefully disguised contempt, at cow pastures painted by other people's children. But Mrs. Potter was moved by her husband's concern for her appearance, and she was aware of an odd, not unpleasurable fluttering in her chest. "I can't do that," she protested weakly. "Go out in cold blood and hang a hundred dollars on my back!"

"Thousands of women do it every day," said Professor Potter.

Mrs. Potter, just for decency's sake, put up a little more resistance, but her heart wasn't in it. The truth was that she was as fond of clothes as any woman alive. Few people would have guessed it, for though she wasn't sloppy, she had an abstracted look that marked her plainly as a faculty wife. But whenever she went to the public library, she read *Vogue*. She would sidle along the shelves in the periodical room, picking up magazines in a desultory way—tasting a sonnet in the *Atlantic*, nibbling at an essay in the *Yale Review*—until she came to the magazine she really wanted. Then, arranging her features into a pattern of whimsical condescension, so that anybody would think



"You've heard me speak of my cousin Joan, the one who lives in Wilmington, Delaware, and who received the cheese from that family she met while she was a Wac captain in Holland—well, those are her feet."

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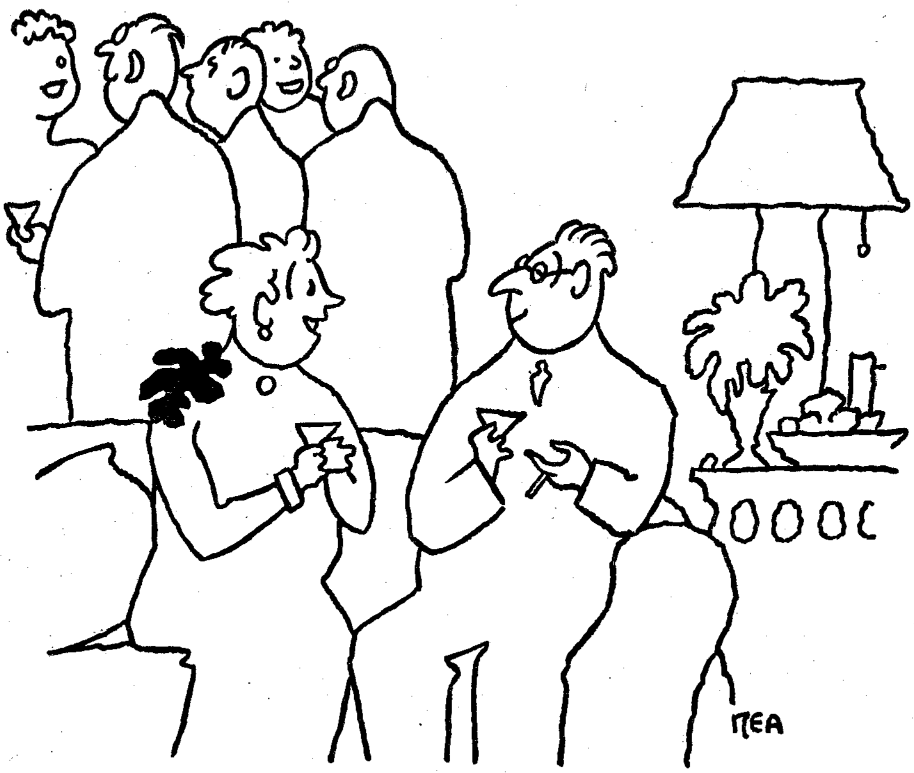
her engaged in a spot of literary slumming, she would settle down and breathe the rarefied air of the Smart World. She would gaze reverently at photographs of gaunt, imperious—and yet gay, oh, so gay!—women. Women in rippling sheaths of metal cloth or in the "stark simplicity of black." Women who understood how to dramatize their elegance by the "restrained use" of "amusing old diamonded brooches" about the size of grapefruit, and by large, bland mouths, so smoothly red that they seemed, like the diamonds, to be pinned on for the occasion. These women in *Vogue* all had an air, not of arrogance, exactly—that was too crass a word—but of planetary calm. Sometimes they stood upon cliffs above the beating sea, and the salt wind was subject to their beauty, sweeping their draperies and hair into sculptured waves. Again, they sat upon brocaded sofas, or in quaint little *bistros*, fingering brandy snifters (but always serene, always holding their liquor like ladies born to rare vintages), and held intimate conversations with men of distinction, no doubt thus directing, in some mystic, stylish way, the course of atomic energy and Existentialism. Slowly, Mrs. Potter's brain would begin to cloud with the fumelike, swirling outlines of the Perfect Dress. The vision was not clear. It was, in fact, nearly as nebulous as the language of fashion editors. It was only swaths of fabulous fabric that would mold and change Mrs. Potter and propel her into esoteric realms of detachment and delight.

This fantasy never lasted long, and it never left her dissatisfied. From it, she always returned complacently to the domestic scene—to the sound of Elinor picking out tunes from the "Hit Parade" on the tinkly piano (when she should have been doing finger exercises), to the sulphurous odors rising from the basement, where the two boys messed with chemicals, and, of course, to the kitchen, where every saucepan was an old acquaintance and the plants on the window sills were as familiar to her as the alignment of her children's front teeth. At first, she might feel a trifle dazed and above it all, like a steady family man who has just judged a bathing-beauty contest. But presently Professor Potter would drift in and mix a couple of highballs while she was preparing the evening meal, and she would feel at home again. She didn't believe in the reality of the Perfect Dress any more than her husband believed in the ideal state, or than thirteen-year-old Elinor believed in the probability of engaging Frank Sinatra's affections. It was just something that lay in her subconscious, like a cud for her vanity to chew on.

"There was a dress you had when I first met you," Professor Potter now said helpfully. "It was rather pink, I recall, and diaphanous. It sparkled."

Mrs. Potter stared at him in astonishment. His mind would always remain a mystery to her. Fancy his remembering that! "Well," she said, "I couldn't hope to find its match today. It was georgette crêpe—ashes-of-roses, we called the color—with rhinestone buttons. The skirt hit me just above my kneecaps, and it had a crushed silver sash around the middle of the thighs." She tried to speak flippantly, because she felt like crying.

"It suited you," her husband said



"Oh, I've met loads of celebrities, but you're the first one I've ever heard of before."

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simply. He found his hat and his briefcase. "I'll walk to the campus and leave the car for you," he told her, as if the matter that had been under discussion were now quite settled. "Do yourself proud."

"I'll try," she promised meekly.

AFTER Professor Potter had gone, Mrs. Potter fooled away considerable time getting ready for her excursion. She wasn't in the habit of going to town often, for she was a person of quiet, insular tastes, and in crowds she felt shy and not quite natural. Besides, she practically never had any money to spend. But today would be different. She washed the dishes and straightened the house, because she knew how disheartening it was to come back, tired from shopping, to disorder. Then she took a deep bath, lathering herself with the gardenia soap that Elinor had given her for her birthday, and put on her best slip. (She wanted to look and smell like a lady to the salesgirls who undressed her.) She made up her mouth a little larger than life. She had to wear her old suit, of course, and the old hemline still showed where she had lengthened it, but its color was becoming, and when she was all dressed she thought she looked nice. She began to feel jaunty and urbane.

The Potters lived in a modest suburban neighborhood, near the university and about three miles from the center of the small city. As Mrs. Potter drove along the winding road between white houses and shady lawns, she saw a number of her friends. These women looked happy as they clipped their hedges, or squatted to pull wild onions out of the grass, or put their babies out to sun, but their contentment, she thought, was of a dinky kind. She waved to them—very graciously. This is what sudden wealth will do to one's point of view, she thought, laughing at herself. But ridicule failed to dampen her spirits. When she reached town, she cruised around for a while, seeking a parking place and glancing, whenever a red traffic light gave her a chance, at the shopwindows. They all seemed to be full of lighthearted stuff—flowery hats, green alligator platform shoes, plaster mannequins with Botticelli mouths and Powers-model bosoms decked out in sprightly prints or floating chiffons. Finally, she gave up looking for a place by the curb and drove to a parking lot, where she left her car. Then she went to the bank and cashed her check.

"How would you like it?" the teller asked. "Fives or tens?"

"In one bill, please," said Mrs. Potter. She had enough money in her purse for lunch, and she wanted to see her windfall pristine and whole. The teller smiled as he gave her the bill. He was obviously a young man who appreciated the aesthetic value of currency. He will make a successful banker, Mrs. Potter thought, squashing an impulse to tell him about her godmother. She went next to a restaurant, where she ordered a rather grand lunch—sweetbreads under glass and an artichoke—because she wanted to put herself into the mood of elegance. Sleek, then, with food and money, she strolled down the street.

She observed critically the costumes of the women she met. In general, she decided, they were bad. Fat, short women wore purple; tall, stringy women wore vertical stripes; and even those exceptional few who were becomingly dressed in softly tailored tweeds (which, Mrs. Potter reminded herself, had cost a good deal more than she had to spend) seemed to be wanting something. They didn't move easily in their beautiful clothes. They twitched or they jerked nervously as they walked. Their faces were ravaged by discontent or phlegmatic from too much creamery butter. I shan't buy anything, she thought, that doesn't do more than that for me.

"I'd like to see a dress," she said to the pleasant clerk in the first shop she entered.

"Do you have any particular kind in mind?" the girl asked. "Any special color?"

"No," Mrs. Potter said vaguely. "Just something nice. I'll know when I see it."

The girl eyed her speculatively. "You're faculty, aren't you?" she said.

"Yes, I am," Mrs. Potter confessed. *But I have a hundred-dollar bill in my pocketbook,* she wanted to add. She was piqued at being placed so promptly in what was, sartorially speaking, the proletariat. When she was shown a black crêpe dress with lingerie touches at the neck, she wouldn't even try it on.

"It would be nice for church," the girl suggested, "or your book club."

"No, I'm afraid not," Mrs. Potter said. "It looks too much like a dean of women."

The girl appeared surprised and somewhat scandalized. For heaven's sake, her expression inquired, what do you want to look like? "If you could give me some idea . . ." she began patiently. Mrs. Potter shook her head. She could hardly say that she sought a sense of planetary calm.

She visited several other dress shops, with just as little success. The clerks, keeping admirable check on their tempers, brought her bosomy, dowagerlike gowns, which she tried on and hastily took off; in desperation they brought her junior-miss models with ballooning skirts and froufrou on the shoulders; once or twice they brought dresses that were nearly what she wanted, but when she stood before the triple mirrors, she knew they wouldn't do. She was waiting to hear a bell (hadn't Gertrude Stein said a bell rang inside her mind when she first saw Picasso's paintings?), which didn't ring.

By the time she had exhausted the opportunities of the fourth, and last, small shop, she had begun to feel exhausted herself, and was tempted to chuck the whole business and go home. But there was the big department store that sometimes, in its "better dresses" department, had the same sort of clothes that one found in specialty shops. Mrs. Potter, deciding conscientiously to leave no stone unturned, went there. The "better dresses" were on the third floor in an arena-shaped space, known as the Fashion Bowl, that was set off from the precincts of *hoi polloi* by a step down and a screen, upon which was depicted the skyline of Paris. When Mrs. Potter entered that small, circular room, she found it quiet and almost deserted. Its only visible occupants were two little colored children, perched on the edge of a sofa. A dressing-room door opened just enough for a clerk to pop her head through a crack. "Good afternoon," she said to Mrs. Potter. "We're shorthanded in here today. The other two girls are out with flu and I'm busy with a customer. But if you don't mind waiting . . ."

"I don't mind at all," Mrs. Potter said affably. "I'm in no hurry." She sat down on the sofa beside the children. They were charming, she thought, wishing she could touch their soft, velvety-looking cheeks—so terribly clean, and dressed, obviously, with such loving pride. The girl wore a rose-colored Bopeep cape that fell open to show her starched blue dress. The boy had on a navy reefer with brass buttons. He sat very straight, holding his cap on his knees, like a proper little gentleman. They both wore white, high-topped shoes, and their feet didn't quite touch the floor. They moved closer together when Mrs. Potter sat down, and looked at her shyly out of the corners of their bright, liquid eyes. "Would you like a peppermint?" she asked, taking a package of lozenges from her bag. They each took one. "Thank you, Ma'am," each in turn said gravely.

"We're waiting for our mama," the little girl volunteered. "We're going on a trip."

"On a train," the boy put in, and, suddenly overcome by his own temerity, turned his eyes away.

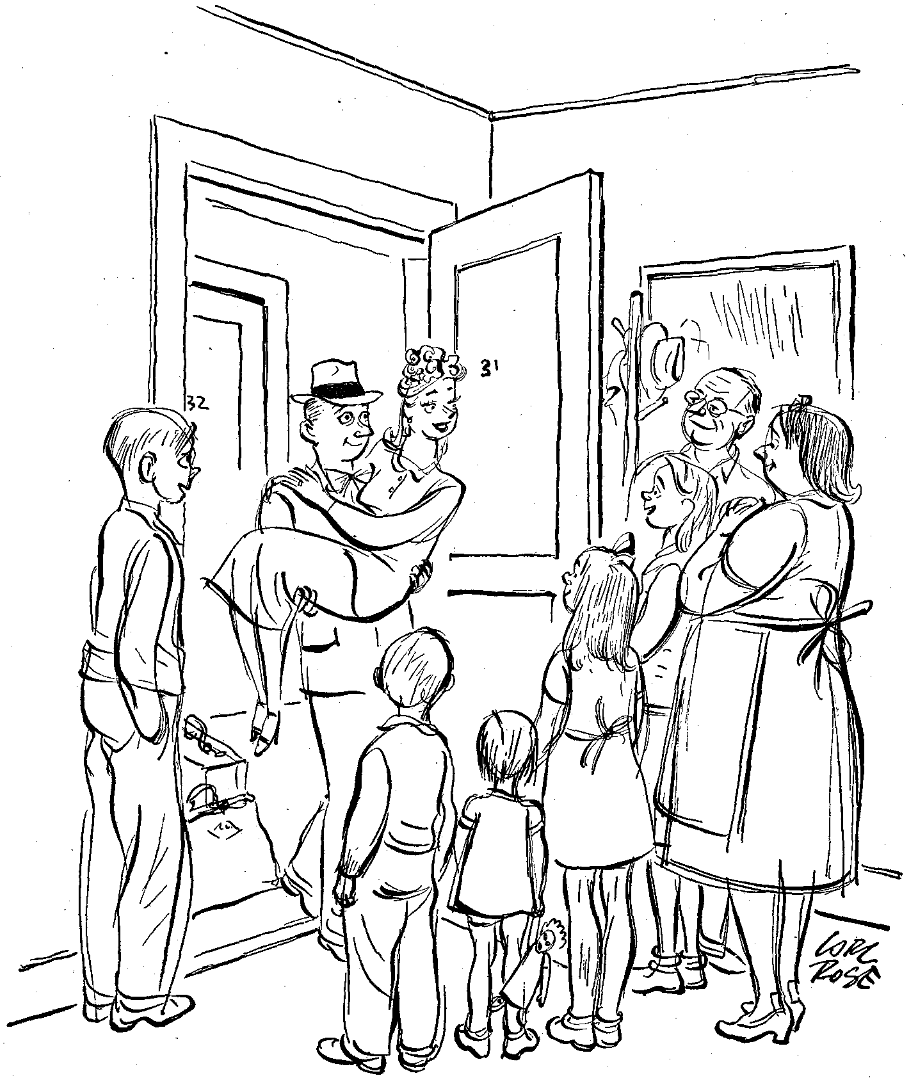
The door of the dressing room opened, and a woman came out followed by the clerk. She was a tall woman, built on goddess lines, with beautiful shoulders and skin the color of an old, brown, vellum-bound book. The dress she was trying on was a monstrosity. It was sleazy crêpe of a sickly shade of green, and a diagonal stripe of orange and black ran from the left shoulder to the waist. It had what they called hip effect, and its skirt was so badly cut as to obscure the natural grace of its wearer.

"That gown was made for you," said the clerk with an outrageous smile. "It gives you that little extra something."

The woman looked inquiringly at her children. Their eyes grew round. She turned to Mrs. Potter. "What do *you* think, lady?" she asked. "I'm goin' home to Baltimore to my sister's weddin' and I want to look nice. I haven't been back to see my folks since I come up here, seven years ago. I want to look like I've been doin' all right."

"Why . . ." began Mrs. Potter. The woman stood gazing into the mirror while Mrs. Potter analyzed the rear details of the dress—the bulge between the shoulder blades, the tightness across the buttocks. Then she turned back to Mrs. Potter. She waited, lips parted, for the verdict. Her face was lighted with an expression remote and starlike. It was calm and pure. She might have been standing on a cliff above the sea, or leaning on a Grecian urn in a moon-drenched patio. *She* had heard Gertrude's bell, Mrs. Potter knew, and more than any bell; she had heard the music of the spheres. Who am I, thought Mrs. Potter, to break that melody? "Why," she said again, "why, I think you are perfectly lovely!" She rose abruptly. "I can't stay," she told the clerk, glancing at her wristwatch. "It's later than I supposed."

WHEN Mrs. Potter got outside, she saw that the sky had become completely overcast. The buildings of the small city had a look of austerity, not unbeautiful, really, but entirely different from the look they'd had earlier, in



the pale sunlight. She walked along, thinking of this difference and of the colored woman in the green dress. That woman had found what she herself had been seeking, and what, she realized in a flash of illumination, she wasn't likely ever to find. It was something reserved for the imagination of innocence, and she, Mrs. Potter, had lost that long ago. She was what she was, and the world was what it was, and nothing she could buy would change it. That hadn't used to be so. When she was young, she'd always been wanting things. If I had a glass pistol filled with jelly beans, she had once thought passionately—if I had a pair of red tooled-leather bookends embossed with golden knights and horses—the face of life would be changed. And, strangely enough, when she'd got them, it *had* been changed—for a little while, at least. It had been so, too, with the silly pink dress that her husband remembered. But it wouldn't happen again. She knew that old, weather-beaten face almost as well as she knew her own, and, like her own, except for the transient reflection of a mood, and a certain grim, inevitable shift in the balance of flesh and bone, it was apt to remain very much the same. She stopped on a corner, waiting to feel sad, and when she didn't, she felt that that ought to make her sadder still. I'm a settled woman, she told herself callously.

She went on to the parking lot, collected her car, and started home. When she came within a block of her own house, she felt a familiar twinge of panic. Were they all right? Anything could have happened while she'd been gone. Heart attacks, chemical explosions. But it was only a little twinge, and as she turned in to her driveway, it passed. The house was still there, hugging the ground slope in the way she loved, and a line of smoke, milky against the flat, gray sky, ascended from its field-stone chimney. No doctors' cars or ambulances were in sight. She left the car on the gravel and went into the back yard. There she saw Professor Potter. He was at the edge of the lot, repairing the loose-rock retaining wall that kept their topsoil from washing down a wooded hillside. He looked reasonably healthy.

"Hello," he said as Mrs. Potter approached. "Did you find something?"

"No," said Mrs. Potter. "Nothing tempted me. Where are the kids?"

"They went down to the brook," he said. "The boys had to collect some green scum for their biology teacher, and Elinor tagged along. Brandy went, too."

Together they gazed down into the grove. The trees were in leaf, but their shadows, still light and delicate, didn't yet provide the impenetrable green gloom of summer. By peering, they could catch a glimpse of the red dog and the children's blue jeans at the bottom of the hill. They heard Elinor's voice, shrill with some undeterminable excitement, and that of one of her brothers shushing her violently. "He doesn't want her to frighten the algae." Professor Potter laughed.

Mrs. Potter turned back to the yard. "Everything looks nice," she said, making a sweeping gesture that included the wall and the fresh-cut grass and the purple-pointed iris buds.

"I've been working on it all afternoon," her husband said with a sigh of satisfaction. "I cut a faculty meeting. Let's go in and have a peaceful drink before the kids return."

"Good," said Mrs. Potter. As they walked toward the kitchen door, she saw her seedlings making a green frieze at the base of the window glass.

"I would have set out your plants," said Professor Potter, "but I was afraid you'd rather do it yourself."

"Oh, thank you," she said. She thought she couldn't have borne it if he had. She would transplant them tomorrow, even if it should be raining. She would work without gloves, since no one would be there to caution her about fungi in the soil, and feel the clammy earth with her bare fingers. "I think I know where I'll put the montbretia," she said. "Over there, by that clump of snow-on-the-mountain. It'll look pretty against all the green and white."

Professor Potter nodded. "I was worried about the montbretia myself."

They had their drinks in the kitchen. The room smelled pleasantly of spices and moist dirt from the flowerpots and the vapors of formaldehyde or something drifting up from the basement.

"I'm sorry you couldn't find a dress you liked," said Professor Potter. "We'll look at the ads in the *Times* next Sunday. Maybe you could order something."

"Maybe," she said. "But—I don't know—a hundred dollars is a lot of money."

"It ain't hay," he agreed, looking pleased with himself. He was very vain of his knowledge of slang.

"I think I'll dribble it," she said. "I'd like to have the piano tuned, and I want a white bowl to use for my Caledonia roses."

"I like white roses in a white bowl," said Professor Potter.

"I need a new trowel," Mrs. Potter continued, "and I'd love a really nice edition of 'Barchester Towers.' And I think I'll take a new magazine. *Harper's* and the *Atlantic* and the *National Geographic* get kind of monotonous at times."

"You can always fall back on the *Journal of Philosophy* for light week-end reading," said Professor Potter.

"I think I know how I'll spend my first seven-fifty," Mrs. Potter said, ignoring his witticism. "I think I'll send off tonight for a subscription to *Vogue*." She stared into space, caught for an instant on the fringe of an old dream.

"What are you looking so psychic about?" asked her husband.

"Oh, nothing." She laughed. "I was just thinking—with the gray streak in your hair and that bottle in your hand, you look like a man of distinction."

"You're drunk, Mrs. P.," said the Professor, "but very amiably drunk. Let me sweeten your glass."

—FRANCES GRAY PATTON

●

BOMBAY ARRIVAL

Slow-hooved across the carrion sea,
Smeared by the betel-spitting sun,
Like cows the Bombay islands come,
Dragging the mainland into view.

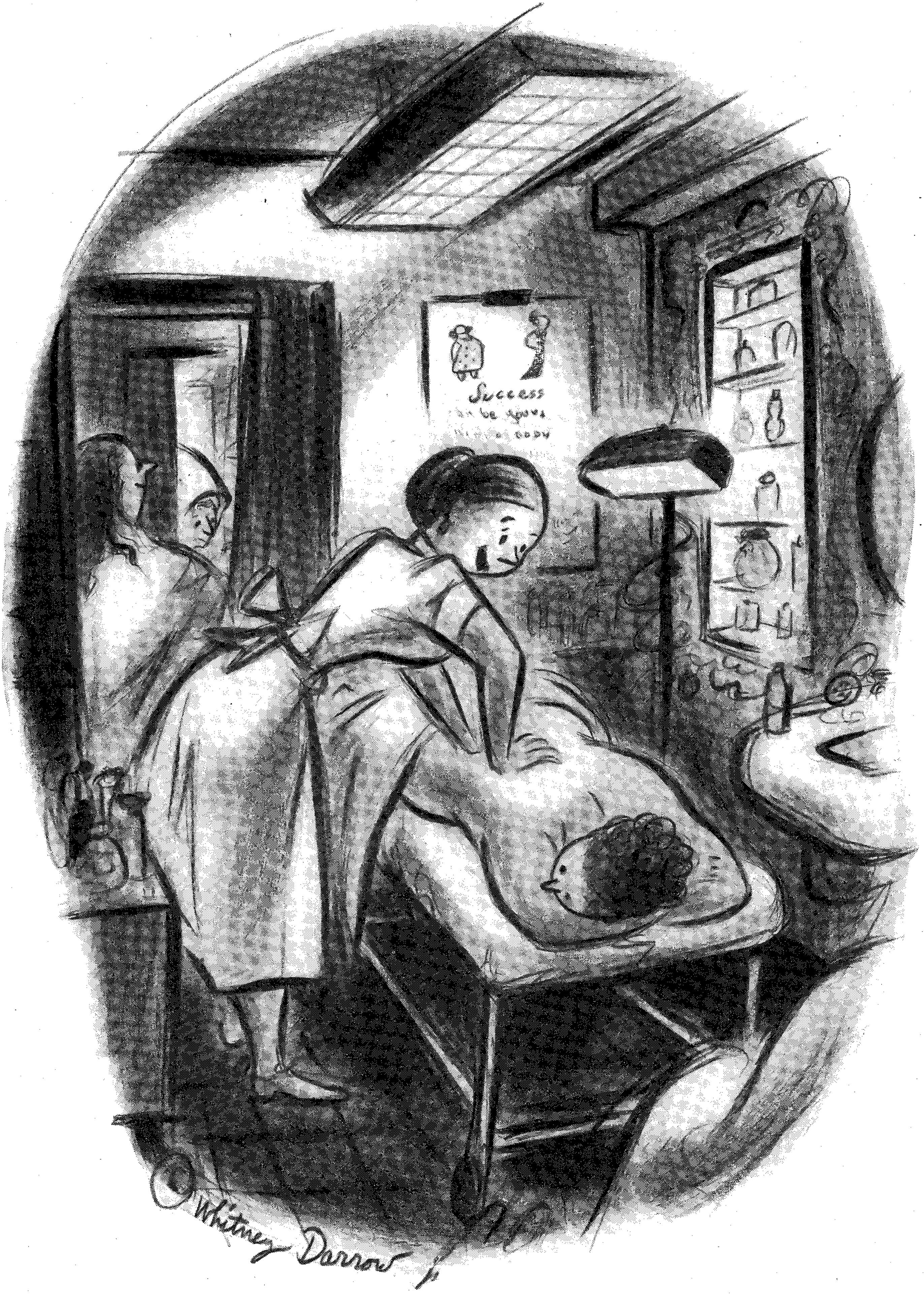
The loose flank loops the rocky bone,
The light beats thin on horn and hill;
Still breeds the flesh for hawks, and still
The Hindu heart drips on a stone.

Around the wide dawn-ridden bay
The waters move their daggered wings;
The dhow upon its shadow clings—
A dark moth pinioned to the day.

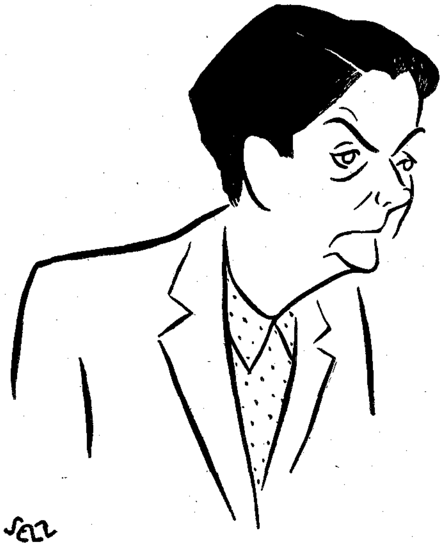
False in the morning, screened with silk,
Neat as an egg the Town draws near,
False as a map her streets appear,
Ambling, and odorless as milk.

Until she holds us face to face—
A metal mask with bullet pores,
A nakedness of jewels and sores
Clutched with our guilt in her embrace.

—LAURIE LEE


Success
be yours
body
Whitney Darrow jr.

"We're making progress, Mrs. Findlay. I felt a rib that time."



PROFILES

A WOMAN IN THE HOUSE

Miss Cheryl Crawford, producer of the Scotch-plaid musical comedy "Brigadoon," now in its second year on Broadway, is a small, scholarly Middle Westerner of austerely chiselled character and countenance who likes serious books, can recite all of Keats' odes from memory, and talks as little as possible. She is also a Smith College graduate, *cum laude*, class of 1925. During the first performance of "Brigadoon" at the Colonial Theatre in Boston, on its tryout tour, she insulated herself from first-night strain by shutting herself up in the theatre's office and reading an old pamphlet on Ralph Waldo Emerson she had unearthed that afternoon in a bookstall. The day before, on a literary pilgrimage, she had taxied out to Walden Pond. For the first fifteen of the twenty-two years of her theatre career, she worked mostly in the literate upper reaches of drama, with the Theatre Guild or the Group Theatre, and her studious preoccupations seemed natural enough. In the musical-comedy landscape in which she has been operating for the past seven years, her bookish interests create a startling effect, like an Act I library backdrop askew behind an Act III Maypole finale. The cast and chorus of "Brigadoon" made her a Christmas present last December of a bibliophile copy of the 1860-61 edition of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." The young people of the chorus, to whom her backstage conversation, especially during rehearsals, had seemed to have the prose simplicity of Hemingway, were astounded when they were told by a friend of hers that she was a poetry fancier and that for a Christmas present a little book of verse would be right up her alley. Miss Crawford, who has a library of two thousand high-toned volumes in her East Fifty-second Street flat, already owned a good copy of the 1880-81 edition of Whitman, but her "Brigadoon" one topped it. It was a copy inscribed on the flyleaf "To McW.," McW. having been a friend, George McWaters. Furthermore, the book contained some old newspaper clippings on the poet, such as an 1879 *Times* editorial that said, in part, "We are not among those who rank Whitman as the most original and remarkable poet of the country," and a book review by a New Englander who called his poems "picturesque ulcers." Since Miss Crawford can easily be provoked into long, tremolo quotations from Whitman's works or into denunciations of his detractors, even when they are defunct *Times* editorial writers, the "Brigadoon" Whitman has given her great satisfaction.

The Christmas presents Miss Crawford gave Alan Jay Lerner, author of "Brigadoon's" book and lyrics, were also on an academic plane. In a wholesale fashion, she gave him a copy of Ben Jonson's poems, a folio of Giotto prints, "The Elizabethan Reader," William Ellery Sedgwick's "Herman Melville: The Tragedy of Mind" (which concerns one of her favorite Americans), two volumes of Isherwood, and one of Freud. The first musical-comedy beneficiary of Miss Crawford's edifying generosities was Mary Martin, when Miss Martin was starring in an earlier Crawford musical, "One Touch of Venus," in 1943. After a year's run here, Miss Martin went on the road in the show, and when she left she was accompanied by a book trunk full of books, a surprise from Miss Crawford. It featured two biographies of Sarah Bernhardt, some Shaw, a treatise on the genius of Eleanora Duse, one on the Moscow Art Theatre, and essays on the art of acting by Henry Irving and Francisque Sarcey, a dusty old authority on the Comédie-Française. Miss Martin says that it took her two years to wade through them.

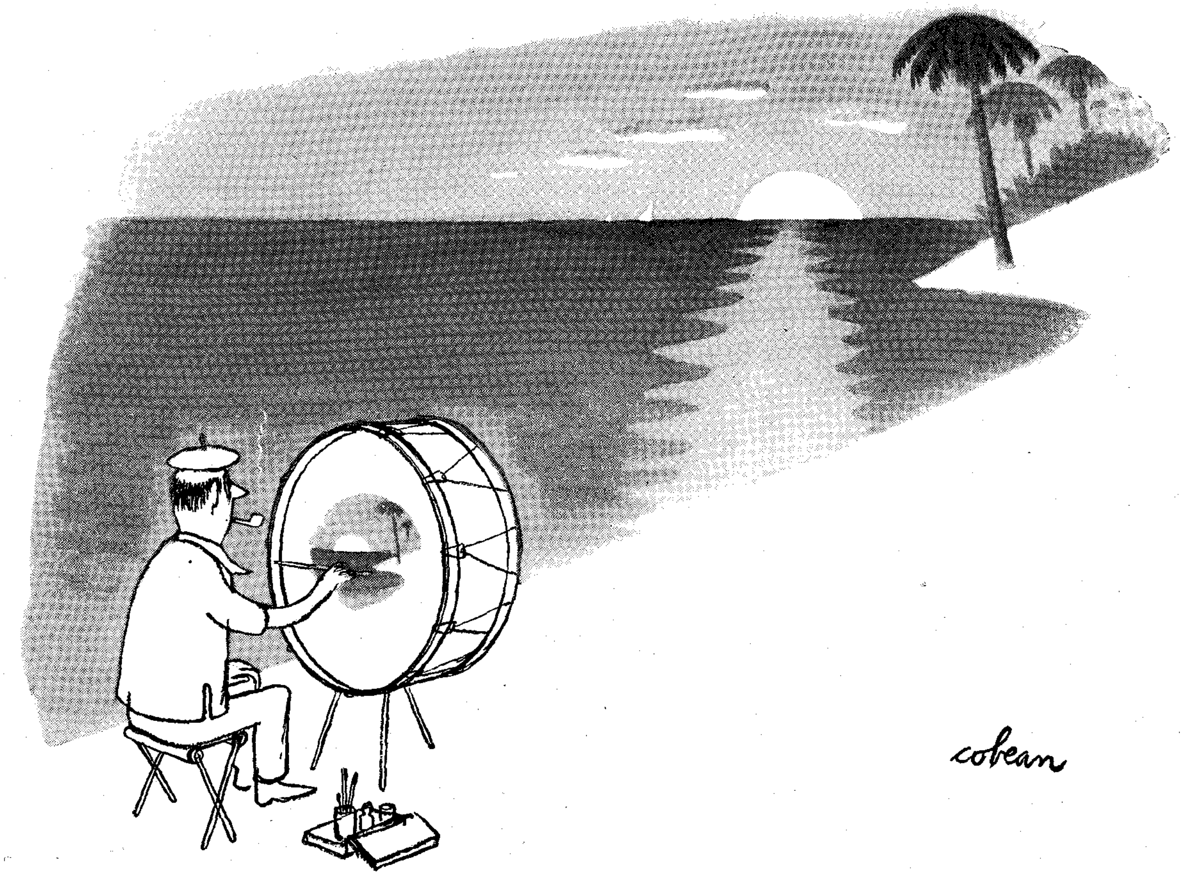
For the past seventeen years, Miss Crawford has been one of Broadway's two unintermittent woman producers—the other being Theresa Helburn, administrative director of the Theatre Guild—and no man has had a longer list of intelligent, interesting box-office failures. By and large, she devoted those years to superior plays, people, theories, and projects, which helped make distinguished theatrical history but usually omitted to make much, enough, or even any money. She became an expert at combining high aspirations with rock-bottom costs. In March, 1947, when "Brigadoon" came into the Ziegfeld Theatre with a half-million-dollar box-office advance, it also came in at the season's lowest cost for a musical. To stage it, her backers had given her two hundred thousand dollars, a fair example of what it costs nowadays to gamble on such an enterprise; she brought the production in at a cost of a hundred and sixty thousand dollars. Show business is apparently the only big business that takes failure for granted. The theatrical ledger would scare the average businessman out of his wits. A really lush musical comedy can cost three hundred thousand to produce, and a straight drama runs to sixty thousand dollars. Producing anything is a ten-to-one shot on Broadway; nine shows fail for one that succeeds. Miss Crawford, who in her earlier days was usually associated with the nine, has produced three successes in a row since she switched to musicals. This record is so impressive that on Broadway she is almost superstitiously credited with having some special feminine formula for making them pay. An average of four unsolicited musical-show manuscripts a week come to her office, on West Forty-fifth Street. She has six musicals in the works, one of them, "A Dish for the Gods," all ready for fall production. The feminine formula she used on "Brigadoon" included the elimination of a lot of customary, costly, masculine waste. This she achieved, like millions of women before her, merely by cutting things down with a paring knife and by keeping her eyes fixed on every dollar. A rival, gentleman producer recently said, with awe, "In business, she's hair-raising about money." Most musicals involve at least eight costume changes for the female chorus. All "Brigadoon's" girls except the dancers are rigged up with a basic skirt and blouse over which tartan kilts, scarves, aprons, and the like are draped to effect changes. There was big talk of importing costly tartan kilts from Scotland; Miss Crawford bought her tartans at Gimbel's and Bloomingdale's, and the only imported items were a couple of dozen pairs of tartan stockings. "Brigadoon's" sets consist of romantic canvas drops instead of realistic wooden constructions; in a household, this would be the difference, roughly, between paying for a nice new curtain to divide a room and paying for a new wall. Furthermore, instead of following the ordinary procedure, Miss Crawford worked out the show's physical details before it went into rehearsal. It was all a result of her familiarity with what can be accomplished by a planned economy. Ever since her college days, she has been a persistent reader of the succeeding civilizations' contributions to economics, from contemporary contributions back to antique literary items, such as the seventeenth-century Mandeville's opus "The Fable of the Bees," of which she has a good early edition. Miss Crawford is especially interested in a song in her forthcoming "A Dish for the Gods," called "That's Good Economics But Awful Bad for Love."

According to a Broadway cynic, one explanation of Miss Crawford's low production costs is her ability to give her cast "the lowest salary possible and still keep up her reputation as a philanthropist." Miss Crawford is a woman with a strong social conscience. A liberal Left Winger when she was in college, she still thinks that it is only just to make the prosperous class less prosperous and give the difference to the little fellows at the bottom. When "Brigadoon" opened in New York, she was paying her chorus girls sixty-five dollars a week, as against the minimum, at that time, of fifty dollars, and she has given them three raises. The minimum is now sixty dollars; the members of her chorus get eighty. She also took out hospitalization insurance for the whole company at her own expense and gave everybody a two-week holiday with pay. Most Broadway producers regard such practices as pampering.

Miss Crawford is supposed to run Broadway's second most orderly theatrical enterprise, the first being Katharine Cornell's and Guthrie McClintic's. Her methods with her company are oddly calm. She never panics. She is always courteous and succinct. She never makes scenes or rises to them when they are made by others. This frustrates actors at first and they think that she is not paying attention to them. After they get used to it, they usually like it. When she hires an expert for a technical stage job, she offers what suggestions she has, which he can take or leave, and then lets him do the job she hired him for—a liberty that many producers, more nervous, can't bear to give, it seems. She stands by her guns; when a backer who had agreed to put forty thousand dollars into "Brigadoon" wanted the ending changed at the last minute, she simply said, "Over my dead body," which it practically would have been if the forty thousand dollars had been withdrawn at that late date. She is not as good a gambler as she thinks she is, but she is an enduring gambler. She indulges in the gambler's typical lavish generosities, followed by incongruous small gestures of economy.

"Brigadoon" had been turned down by an impressive succession of male producers, among them Billy Rose, John C. Wilson, George Abbott, Herman Shumlin, and Rodgers and Hammerstein, before Miss Crawford admired and took it. The theme is as romantic as any cry of Keats to a nightingale. The story is that love, for a young man, is worth giving up the world for, in the last act. The gentleman producers feared that this romanticism might not pay. So did many potential male backers. Seventeen of the show's thirty-eight angels are women, among them Miss Florence Vandamm, a theatrical photographer; Miss Wendy Barrie, the former film actress; Miss Margot Johnson, the literary agent; and Miss Bea Lawrence, herself a co-producer, this season, of Gielgud's "Crime and Punishment." "Brigadoon's" angels were paid back their entire investment in the record-breaking time of sixteen weeks; backers of more costly musicals sometimes wait from forty to fifty weeks, and, of course, often wait forever. Since then, Miss Crawford's backers have been receiving a monthly total of forty thousand dollars. So far, the show has made well over half a million. What the taciturn Miss Crawford has received from her Scottish gold mine, she does not say. She merely remarks dryly that she waited for it more than fifteen years.

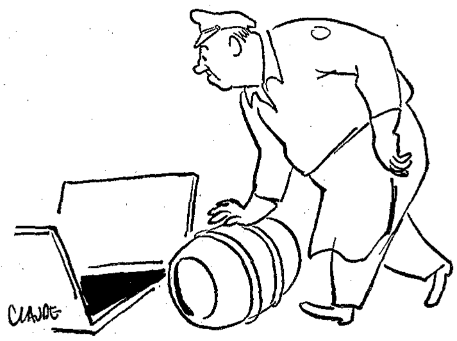
Miss Crawford was born in 1902, in Akron, Ohio, of comfortably well-off parents who were college-educated and churchgoing. She was the eldest child. There were three brothers. Her name, Cheryl, was suggested to her mother by a friend, and Mrs. Crawford thought it a pretty one. Cheryl's father, Robert Kingsley Crawford, who at the age of seventy-six is still running a real-estate business, attended Northwestern University, and one of his brothers, now dead, was president of Allegheny College, in Meadville, Pennsylvania. Cheryl's mother, born Lu Elizabeth Parker, graduated from



Buchtel College, in Akron. The Parkers were Virginians who migrated to Kentucky; Miss Lu's grandfather had served with the Northerners in the Civil War, had been disowned by his kin, and had felt that he had better move out. The Crawfords were Scots. Grandfather Crawford had moved to County Fermanagh, in Ireland, and then turned up as an American pioneer in Willow Center, Illinois. In Downers Grove, a suburb of Chicago, Cheryl's Grandmother Crawford was a power in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and in Methodist-church circles.

At Smith, which she entered in 1921, when she was nineteen, Miss Crawford read Plato and Nietzsche and lost her religion, was a star in Professor Samuel Atkins Eliot, Jr.'s, drama class, and then took a playwriting course, in which she received an A. The summer after her junior year, instead of going home to Akron, she went to Provincetown, because of what she had heard of its famous summer playhouse, which, she belatedly discovered, had burned down seven years before. Its spirit, however, was still functioning, in a barn that had been converted into a theatre workshop, where Susan Glaspell, Harry Kemp, and others were operating under the wing of a wealthy summer visitor, Mrs. Mary Aldis, of Chicago. Mrs. Aldis hired Cheryl as technical director and paid her in board. That summer, the group put on, as the season's big and final offering, some one-act plays about the sea by Eugene O'Neill, the recently discovered American dramatist.

The autumn after her graduation, and against her family's advice, Cheryl, now twenty-two, took twenty-five hundred dollars left her by her Grandmother Parker and set off for New York and the Theatre Guild School, then the focal point for young, stage-struck intelligentsia. (The importance of this twenty-five hundred dollars' worth of free choice so impressed Miss Crawford that she not long ago arranged in her will for similar liberation funds for her brothers' children—one boy and two girls—so they, too, if necessary, may one day ignore their parents' earnest counsel.) The following summer, Miss Crawford, now a Guild School graduate, was living in Greenwich Village and trying to get a start as a stage manager on Broadway, where, with a few exceptions, females were then actresses or nothing. After the light and gas had been turned off in her apartment for non-payment, she took up poker, a game which she had never seen played at home but for which she had the nerve and the perfect inscrutable face. She often won as high as fifteen dollars an evening. And to her poker companions—artists, poets, and the like—she was soon, as she enjoys recalling, selling bathtub gin she had brewed herself. From this disgraceful life, she was saved by Theresa Helburn, who, because of her own Guild record, was willing to give a girl a chance. She offered Cheryl a part-time thirty-five-dollar-a-week job as casting secretary, and Cheryl begged permission to throw in her services as third assistant stage manager in a forthcoming show, Werfel's "Juarez and Maximilian," starring Alfred Lunt and Clare Eames. In one scene of this show, Third Assistant Stage Manager Crawford played a court lady and in another a Mexican peasant woman; she also directed an offstage nine-piece orchestra and shot off a cannon in the basement. Next year, she was head stage manager, at a hundred and fifty dollars a week, of the Guild's secondary theatre, the Garrick, and a few years later she became casting director for all Guild plays. This meant casting six shows a year, usually working, when one was in process of being assembled, from ten in the morning until the curtain went down at night, and sometimes, for big productions, interviewing two hundred and fifty actors a day. For Rouben Mamoulian's production of the Southwestern drama "Green Grow the Lilacs" (now converted into the Guild's musical state institution, "Oklahoma!"), she hired cowboys from a rodeo just closing at Madison Square Garden. She hired extras for "Roar China" in Chinatown,



I MUST TELL YOU ABOUT MY NOVEL

My grandpa wasn't salty,
No hero, he, of fable.
His English wasn't faulty,
He wore a coat at table.
His character lacked the color
Of either saint or satyr,
His life was rather duller
Than that of Walter Pater.

Look at Grandpa, take a look!
How can I write a book?

His temper wasn't crusty,
He shone not forth majestic
For barroom exploits lusty
Or tyranny domestic.
He swung not on the gallows
But went to his salvation
While toasting stale marshmallows,
His only dissipation.

Look at Grandpa, take a look!
How can I write a book?

My Uncle John was cautious,
He never slipped his anchor.
His probity was nauseous;
In fact, he was a banker.
He hubbed no hubba-hubbas,
And buckled he no swashes.
He wore a pair of rubbers
Inside of his galoshes.

Look at my uncle, take a look!
How can I write a book?

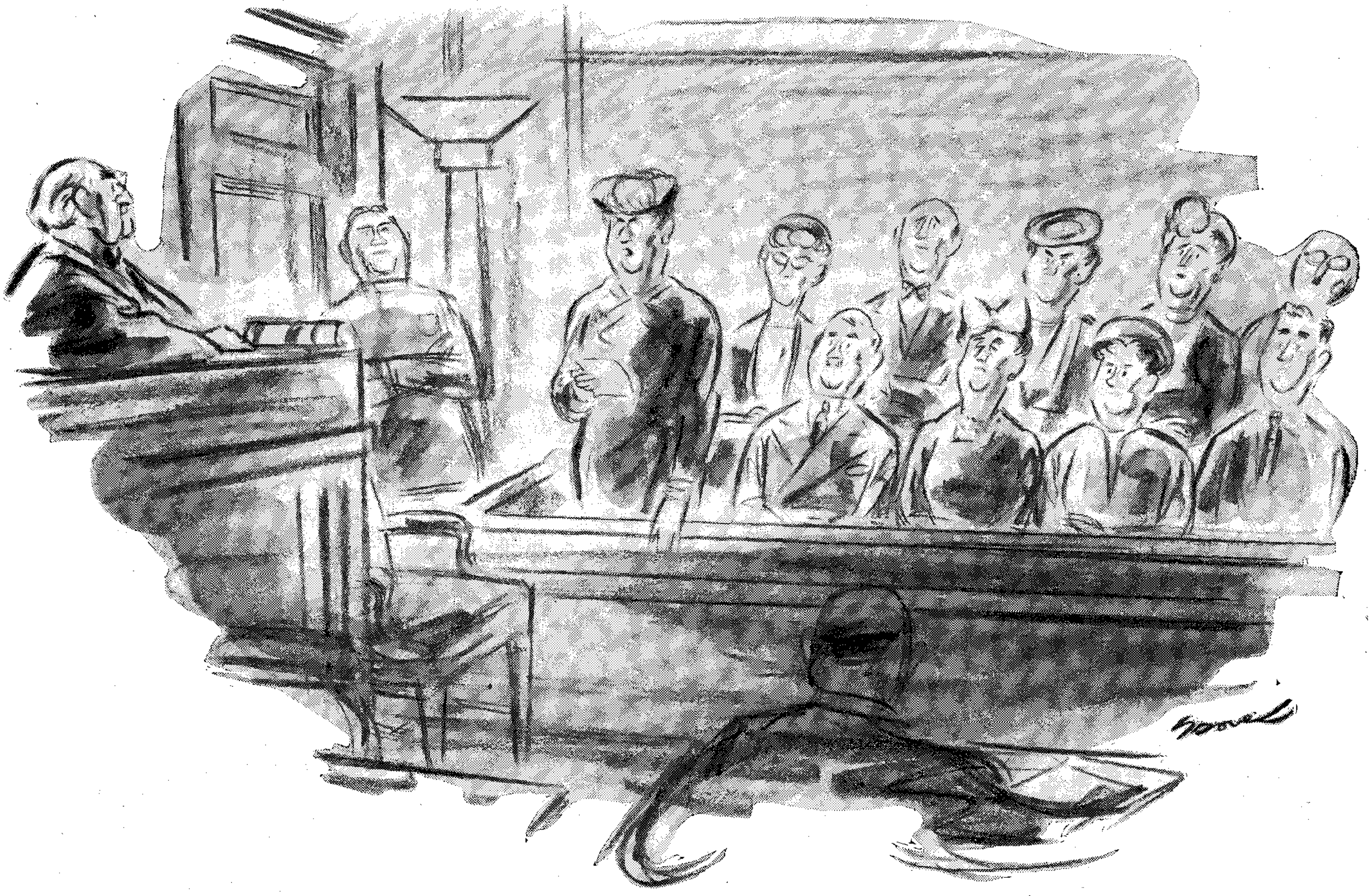
My other uncle, Herbie,
Just once enlarged his orbit,
The day he crushed his derby
While cheering James J. Corbett.
No toper he, or wencher,
He backed nor horse nor houri.
His raciest adventure
A summons to the jury.

Look at my uncles, take a look!
How can I write a book?

Round my ancestral menfolk
There hangs no spicy aura.
I have no racy kinfolk
From Rome or Glocca Mora.
Not nitwits, not Napoleons,
The mill they were the run of.
My family weren't Mongolians;
Then whom can I make fun of?

Look!
No book! —Ogden Nash

• •



"We find the defendant very, very guilty."

• •

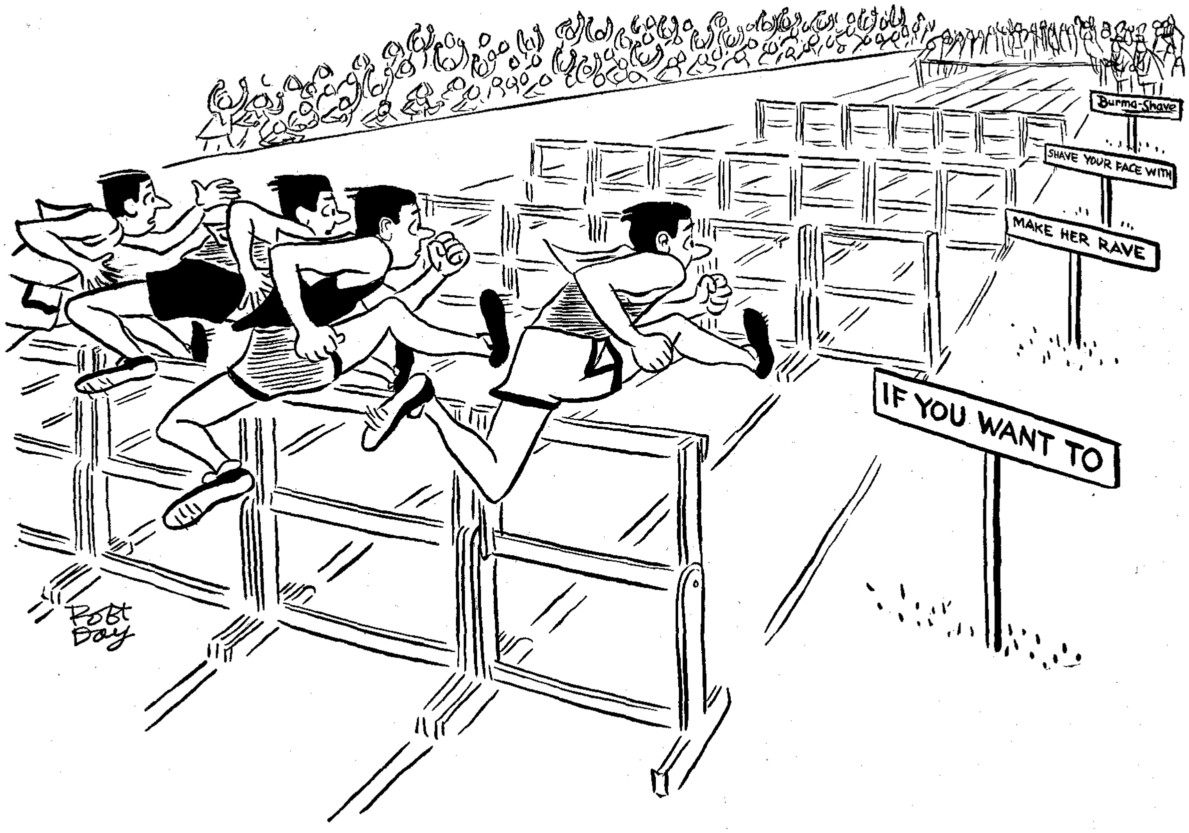
where she also, mistakenly, hired a Jap, whom the Chinese threw out. She cast "Porgy" in Harlem. She selected Henry Fonda as a walk-on; she chose Clifford Odets for a two-line bit in a Guild road company; and she recommended Bette Davis for a minor role, but the Guild turned her down.

In her third year with the Guild, Miss Crawford was asked to take its Negro "Porgy" cast to London. Neither she nor they had been in England before, or even on an ocean liner. They sailed on the Columbus, in second class, which was like a seasick Harlem night club all the way over. "Porgy" was booked into His Majesty's Theatre, operated by the elegant Charles Cochrane, the most impressive and important theatre man in the British Empire. An hour before curtain time on the first night, Miss Crawford noted that the program blandly announced that Mr. Cochrane was the producer of the show, with no mention at all of the New York Theatre Guild—an omission that she had observed the day before on the program proofs and that he had courteously promised to remedy. Their opening-night dialogue on the topic ran something like this: She said that he would please make an announcement before the curtain, giving the Guild credit as "Porgy's" producer. He said that he had never made a curtain announcement in his life. She said that if he didn't, her cast would remain in their dressing rooms, to which she had ordered them to retire. He said he'd be damned. At twenty-five minutes past curtain time, when the pit was whistling and lords and ladies were murmuring, Cochrane stepped before the curtain, which Miss Crawford held firmly closed against his manly back, and elegantly made his announcement. Afterward, he hissed to her, "I hope you are satisfied, Miss," and never spoke to her again during the three months the play ran in his house. "Porgy" was of interest to London largely as an etymological curiosity. The British, it appeared, were never able to understand what the cast was saying.

FOR the young Miss Crawford, who was already consecrated to the theatre and whose brain and imagination were by then at home only in a theatre, lighted or dark, the five seasons she spent with the Guild were the happiest years of her life. Coincidentally, they were also the most active years of the Guild's life up to then, and probably the last big days of Broadway. In the middle nineteen-twenties, there were sometimes five new openings on one night, and over three hundred new productions, counting revivals, a year (as against perhaps eighty today). The Guild had a galaxy of new stars coming up, and its ripe stars were still firmly in place—an assemblage that included the Lunts, Clare Eames, Morris Carnovsky, Edward G. Robinson, Margalo Gillmore, Pauline Lord, Helen Westley, and Dudley Digges. The scene was bright with playwrights such as O'Neill, Anderson, Behrman, Howard, Sherwood, Molnar, and Pirandello. In 1928, Miss Crawford had become an assistant director on the Guild's board, with a salary of nine thousand dollars a year, then large money indeed for a miss of twenty-six. In 1931, Miss Crawford, who was only twenty-nine, could probably have moved into the Guild's inner circle as one of the managing directors, but she chose to leave, with two other Guild members—stage manager Lee Strasberg and play reader Harold Clurman—to found what they called the Group Theatre. Strasberg says they must all three have been crazy, since they had well-paying, artistic jobs in a good, liberal organization. During the Group's eight-year existence, it earned fame and satisfaction for itself but little money, especially for the founders. They paid themselves fifty dollars weekly, often only in theory. The leading actors were paid about four times what Miss Crawford and her colleagues got. Miss Crawford, acting as the Group's manager, co-director, and principal money-raiser, set herself up in an infinitesimal office, donated by a Broadway friend and situated on top of the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, at the head of an eighty-nine-step staircase. When the Group got going, it played anywhere it could find an empty house, and Miss Crawford's office naturally moved around with it.

The Group was frankly run on fanaticism, and while idealism, talent, and often brilliance were projected over the footlights, there was usually comic misery lying behind them. It was supported, spasmodically, by millionaires, writers, poets, actors, rivals, and friends; by hat-passings, by Lee Shubert, by Hollywood, and, in a way, by the depression, which in the early nineteen-thirties gave the Group's new, realistic style of plays their legitimate due as hard but nourishing slices of contemporary life. Among its backers were John Hay Whitney, who gave twelve thousand dollars; Maxwell Anderson, who gave a few thousands and a play in verse about the Russian Revolution that was never produced; Herman Shumlin, who happily gave a thousand dollars toward a play he thought was so fine that he was sure it would never make a cent. Eugene O'Neill gave some backing, and Franchot Tone (who himself had been given to the Group by the Guild, along with its blessing and a thousand dollars in backing) gave many thousands over the years, especially after he had abandoned the Group for Hollywood and could well afford it. Miss Crawford contributed her Group salary and got along on money she had saved while working for the Guild.

From the beginning, the Group members lived a communal, al-fresco summer life. Their first hegira took them to Brookfield Center, Connecticut, where they used a big barn as a workshop. Here they were idealistic indeed, with crackers and milk as their midnight supper and enthusiastic talk till dawn after evening rehearsals. The *Times* that summer reported that the Group included "twenty-one victrolas, three radios, fourteen motor cars, a complete library of symphony records, a lot of books on the theatre, four colored waiters, and Alexander Kirkland's dog." Subsequent summers were grim. In order to stay together to rehearse and theorize, the Group earned its board and keep at vacation camps, where it gave weekly bills of playlets and vaudeville sketches. It summered at places like Dover Furnace, in Dutchess County; Green Mansions, in Warrensburg, New York; and Pinebrook Club Camp, in Nichols, Connecticut. Some of its summer jobs were at kosher vacation camps, and it also did one stint at a children's Christian Science school on Long Island. In winter, back in Manhattan, many of the Group lived in what they nicknamed the Groupstroï, a poorly heated old brownstone in the West Fifties near Tenth Avenue. The Group had three aims, and it was moral about them all. It wanted to do contemporary plays of social significance; it wanted to try out the famous theories about actor training laid down by Constantin Stanislavsky, of the Moscow Art Theatre; and it wanted to establish a permanent acting company, like the Abbey Theatre, or Copeau's Théâtre du Vieux-Colombier in Paris. According to Harold Clurman, in his book on the Group, "The Fervent Years," the Group did lots of preaching at first about "inner experience, rehearsal psychology, significant contemporaneity," dynamism, creative form, and the like, and thought the commercial theatre had "no more dimension than a bordello." As for the Stanislavsky theory of acting, he says, "its aim is to enable the actor to use himself more consciously as an instrument for the attainment of truth on the stage." In a nutshell, this truth attainment consisted of the Group actors' having to practice acting the way ballet dancers, pianists, and singers practice their arts. They had to do exercises in recall, drawn from their private lives, something like séances on a psychoanalyst's couch. In other exercises the actors played a scene by paraphrasing, ad lib, the author's words, and in others they spoke not at all but had to pantomime words such as "America," "Liberty," and "Truth." The exercises were so esoteric that in no time confused outsiders were saying that the Group actors prayed before going onstage and, much worse, that the Group itself was a cult for free love, or maybe only anarchy. The exercises, however, led Manhattan drama critics, as time went on, to admire increasingly the Group's work, which one critic called "super-



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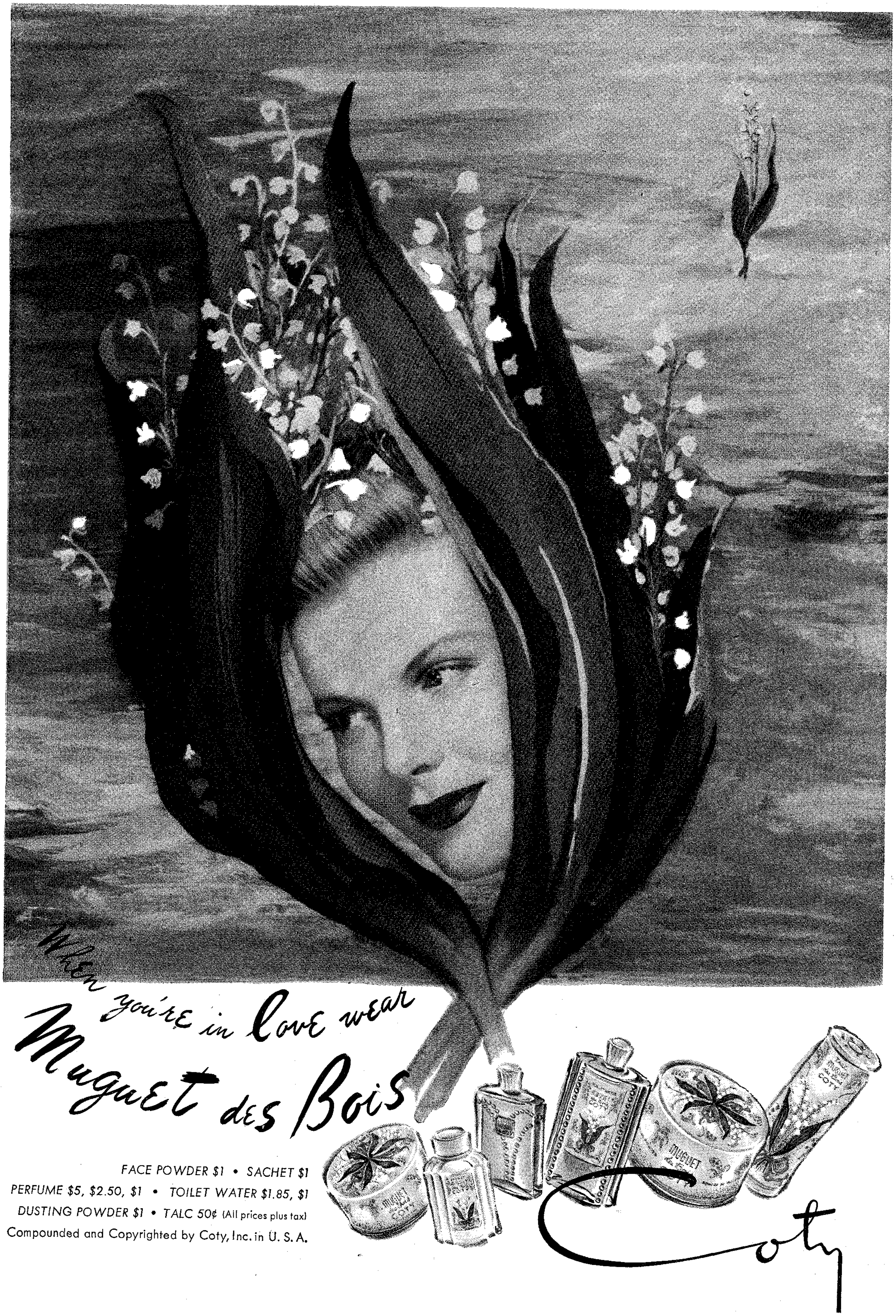
lative acting." Possibly the most important young talents the Group discovered were John Garfield, who for weeks had sat at the bottom of Miss Crawford's eighty-nine steps and tackled her every day for an acting job; Elia Kazan, a recent Yale graduate, who walked up the steps to ask her if he could be a Group sceneshifter, or, indeed, anything; and Clifford Odets, whom the Group transformed from a bit actor into a leading playwright.

The Group produced a half-dozen great successes that did not make a fortune and over a dozen plays that made even less. On moral principle, the top price of Group theatre seats was two dollars and a half, so even when it had a hit the box office was not a great help. The successes included the opening play, "The House of Connelly," by Paul Green, put on in 1931. It was the Yankee North's first play about the disintegrating South and got extravagantly enthusiastic reviews. Another successful play, by John Howard Lawson, was "Success Story," which Noel Coward, at least, admired so much that he saw it five times. The first major hit was the Pulitzer Prize play "Men in White," by Sidney Kingsley. It featured Alexander Kirkland, as a surgeon, and was largely backed by Doris Warner, of the Hollywood Warners. It had been discovered by Miss Crawford in a woodpile of play manuscripts in the office of Lee Shubert, who had shrewdly given her permission to poke around among them, with, of course, the understanding that he would take a slice of any profits. After "Men in White," she turned down a Hollywood offer of a thousand dollars a week. Then came Paul Green's "Johnny Johnson," a pacifist play about the first World War. It was partly backed by John Hay Whitney and contained the first music written here by Kurt Weill, already famous in Europe for his "Dreigroschenoper" score. "Johnny Johnson" was Miss Crawford's favorite, and she put it on nearly singlehanded. "Waiting for Lefty" and "Awake and Sing," the Group's most discussed and influential successes, by the new playwright Odets, appeared next, almost simultaneously, and though they are still talked of admiringly by playgoers and critics, they did not attract big crowds. "Waiting for Lefty" had to do with a New York taxi strike, with Kazan playing a taximan; "Awake and Sing" dealt with the social drama of a Jewish family in the Bronx. Both plays were considered Leftist by the Rightist press, but the *Daily Worker* called the second "a come-down for the Group Theatre, an unimportant play." Two hits Miss Crawford wanted to produce were turned down in 1937 by the rest of the Group, a circumstance that helped persuade her to walk out of the organization. They were Maxwell Anderson's "Winterset" and Kingsley's "Dead End." After she left, the Group also vetoed William Saroyan's "The Time of Your Life" and made its only big profit, fifty thousand dollars, on Odets' "Golden Boy." It was sold to the movies, and the Group in triumph sent the play, with the New York cast, to London, where James Agate, critic of the London *Times*, said that "the acting attains a level which is something we know nothing at all about."

The Group had had internal difficulties even before Miss Crawford's departure. It had almost fallen apart in 1933, because of dissension and hard times; it was still managing to hang together when, in 1935, Clurman's wife, the Group actress Stella Adler, returning from Moscow and an interview with Stanislavsky, reported that the Group was using his sacred method all wrong, which put a crimp in the founders' authority. Then, in 1937, just before Miss Crawford left, there was a rebellion among the Group actors, their complaint being that the organization was not well directed. The Group collapsed in 1941, shortly after giving Irwin Shaw's "Retreat to Pleasure" and just after being called by one critic "the best acting organization in this country." Turning its back on its ideals, a large segment of the ex-Group set out in a body for Hollywood.

As a producer on her own, Miss Crawford went along much as she had with the Group, but with less argument. She produced several flops, including one by Dorothy Thompson, one by Marc Connelly, and one by Sir James M. Barrie—her revival of "A Kiss for Cinderella." Once, when she wasn't sure of a new show, she had a New York preview, at which she distributed pencils and paper among the members of the audience, so that they could write down yes or no. The majority wrote no, and she dropped the play. She produced a distinguished and bold minor success about Jesus Christ's mother and brothers, called "Family Portrait" and starring Judith Anderson, as Mary. Miss Crawford's most interesting failure was "All the Living," a play about insulin treatment for the insane. She thinks that it might be a hit today. As she grimly says, "Insanity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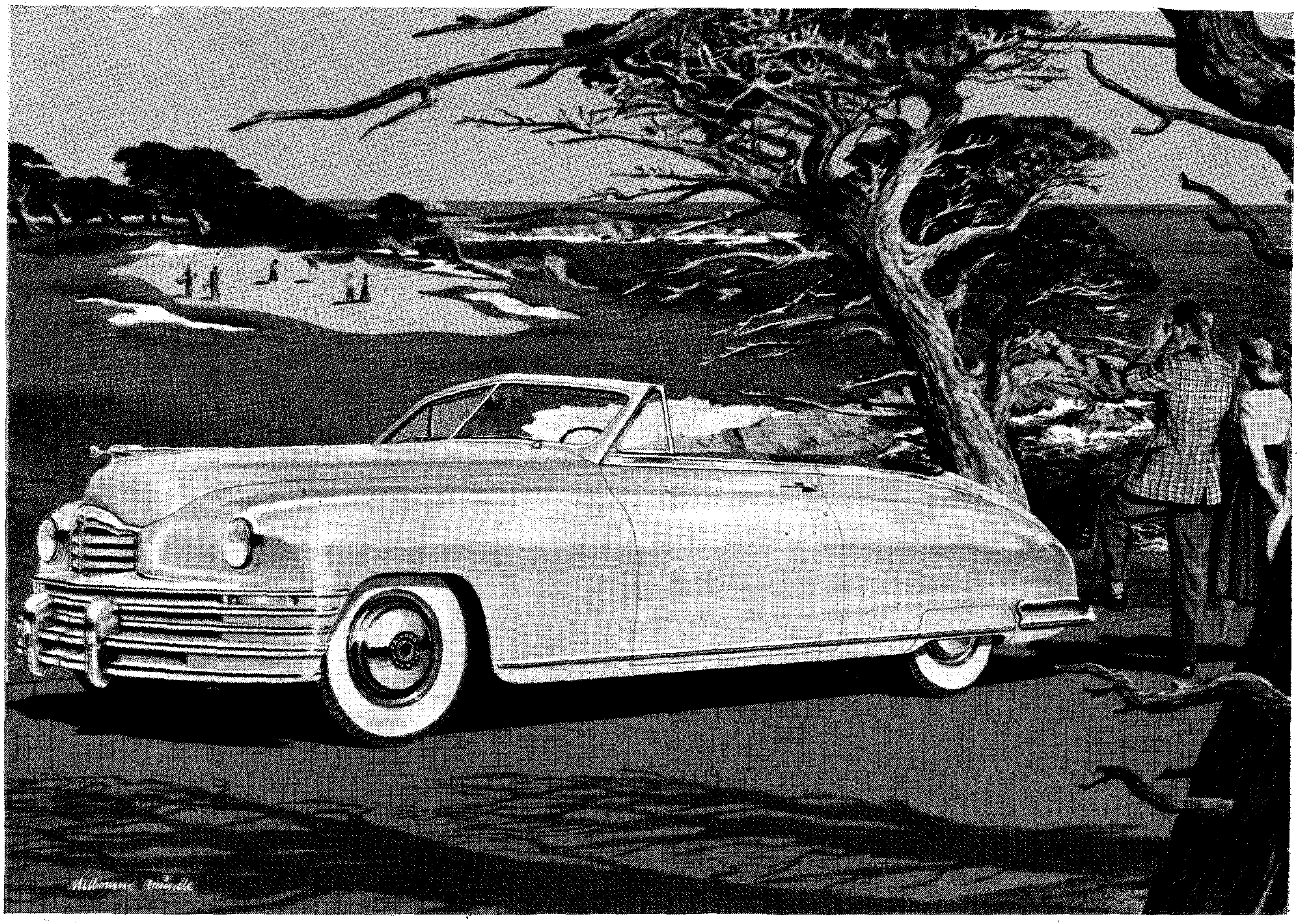

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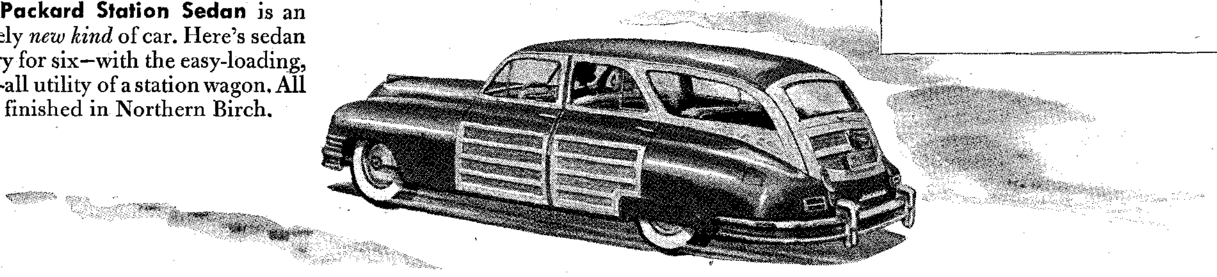


has become much more popular." She was ten thousand dollars in debt in 1940, when she entered upon a new and desperate, and successful, summer producing adventure in Maplewood, New Jersey, at the Maplewood Theatre. The idea, which was Miss Crawford's, was to bring over from New York, for a week apiece, Barrymore, Bankhead, Hayes, *e tutti quanti*. All these New York stars would, after they had closed on Broadway and before they went on the road, stop off at Maplewood, where New Jersey citizens could see them, possibly with their companies intact, for a dollar and fifty cents instead of the four-dollar Manhattan price. The suggestion of Maplewood as a place to try the plan was made by John Wildberg, who had been the Group's lawyer. He and Miss Crawford became associate producers in Maplewood, where, in addition to presenting a number of importations from Manhattan, they put on a revival of "Porgy and Bess." (Their association came to an end after the metropolitan production "One Touch of Venus.") The Maplewood project made money almost from the moment it started, in June, 1940. The season lasted twenty-six weeks that year, to around Thanksgiving, and twenty-three weeks in 1941, but only five weeks in 1942, because of wartime gasoline rationing. Miss Crawford was very happy in Maplewood, where, to provide an intimate, friendly touch, she forced herself to give neighborly talks and even, no matter what anguish it cost her, to tell jokes before the curtain between acts.

"Porgy and Bess," an adaptation of "Porgy" with music by George Gershwin, had been produced by the Guild in 1935. It had not been a big success. But in the next six years its tunes had swept the country, practically establishing themselves as folk songs. Miss Crawford was an ardent believer in Gershwin as a genius of popular music. Engaging Alexander Smallens, the conductor, to look through the score with her and help her excise some of the dull, purely recitative passages in favor of accenting the folk songs, she lovingly and hopefully brought "Porgy and Bess," equipped with many members of the original cast, to the Majestic Theatre in New York. It ran, off and on, for four years, in New York and on the road. Music seemed to have changed her luck.

With a lucky feeling and with Kurt Weill's "Johnny Johnson" and "Dreigroschenoper" scores in mind, she got together with Weill in the summer of 1942 to work on a new musical show,

(Advertisement)

by CEDRIC ADAMS

MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

ONE OF MINNEAPOLIS' LEADING OSTEOPATHS discovered this in one of his medical reference books and I couldn't resist passing it on to our men constituents: Women dislocate their jaw joint four times as often as men.

★

IT'S AN OLDIE, I'm sure, but still good for a laugh. Frank Allen of Winona, Minn., forwards it. Customer: What kind of pie is this? Waitress: What's it taste like? Customer: Glue. Waitress: Then it's peach; the apple tastes like putty . . . More should have been made of Mrs. Edwin Cutting, one of the University of Minnesota students who was graduated the other night. Mrs. Cutting is a farmer's wife, the mother of four children who range from seven months to six years. When she married, she still had several credits to get, which she did by correspondence.

★

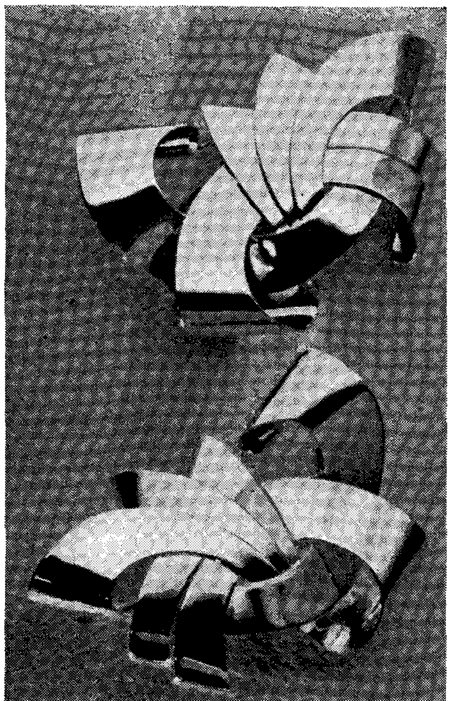
EVERY TIME I drive through our Minnesota countryside and see our rural schools I get a new conception of the pluck of our rural school teachers. Frequently they're their own janitors. They walk a mile or two to school. They have to put up with dozens of inconveniences. There was a little story in the paper in early March about a mishap suffered by a rural teacher. And here's some elaboration of that story. She taught a rural school near Atwater, Minn. She had dismissed her pupils and had started her janitorial duties. The school has no lights, no running water, no telephone. She was pouring out the water to prevent its freezing through the night, when suddenly the school door hit her and knocked her down on the cement steps. She tried to get up but found she had no control of one leg. She realized that something rather serious had happened, so she dragged herself back into the school room and pulled herself up on the school desk. There she sat trying to figure how she was going to manage to drag herself over the snow drifts to the point where the school bus usually picked her up . . .

★

IN THE MEANTIME, the school bus driver, assuming she had caught a ride home, drove on when she wasn't in her usual place. There she was, stuck in her one-room schoolhouse, with an injury the seriousness of which she didn't know. She waited for several hours, all the time fighting off pain and a womanly desire to faint. She found little comfort in the mice that came out the moment the building was quiet. Later on, she was missed at her home. Two neighbors then drove to the school to investigate. It was almost 8 in the evening when they arrived. The neighbors had to go back to Atwater to rig up an ambulance. The road wasn't open to the school house so they had to fix a toboggan to get her over the drifts from the school to the waiting ambulance. She was taken to a hospital at Willmar. Subsequent examination revealed she had fractured a hip.

★

IF WE SEEM a bit chesty at The Minneapolis Star and Tribune these days, the reason is Nat Finney, winner of the Raymond Clapper award for outstanding Washington reporting in 1947. Nat was born in Minnesota, started his newspaper career in 1924 as a cub reporter on The Minneapolis Star and is now manager of the Star and Tribune Washington bureau. The Clapper award, one of journalism's proudest honors, is another indication of the national prominence enjoyed by the best-read, best-liked newspapers of the Upper Midwest . . . **The Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 435,000) and **The Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation: more than 565,000).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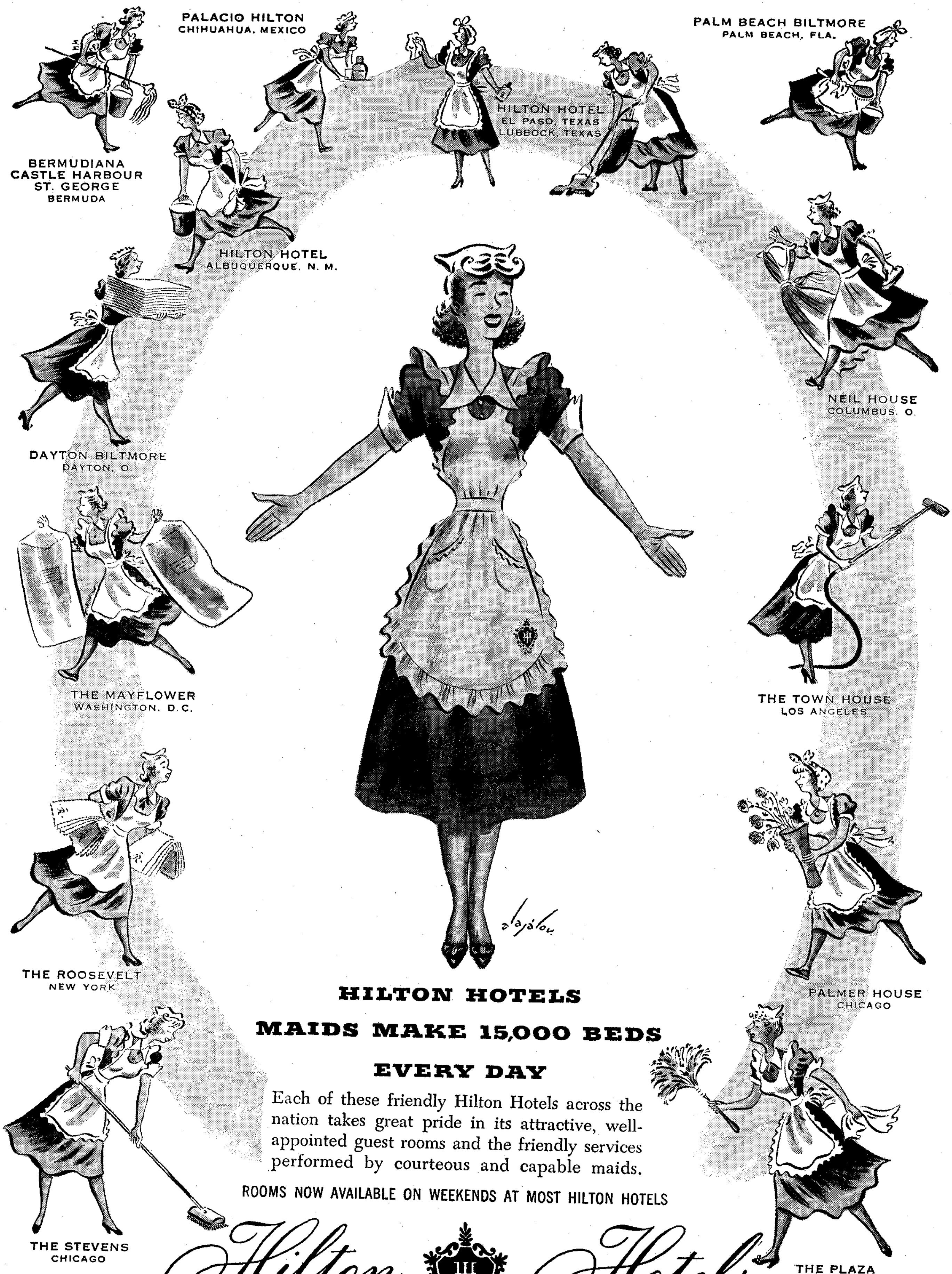
for which he had an idea. Back in 1936, the German-born Weill, a newly arrived refugee, had spent much of his time in the New York Public Library, reading to learn English. There he had come across a short story called "The Tinted Venus," by F. Anstey, the nom de plume of Thomas Anstey Guthrie, a former contributor to *Punch*. Turned into a libretto by S. J. Perelman, with lyrics by Ogden Nash—both of them new to the theatre—and with music by Weill, it became "One Touch of Venus." The show was written with both eyes on Marlene Dietrich as the amorous goddess. She got as far as coming to New York to discuss it, trekked up to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, at Miss Crawford's thoughtful suggestion, to look the Venuses over, and even signed a contract for the show, but the deal eventually fell through. When Miss Crawford approached Mary Martin with the idea of becoming Venus, Miss Martin said she was afraid not, because the Venus de Milo (the first one to come to her thoughts) was fatter than she wanted to be. She accepted the role, however, after the standard Metropolitan Museum trip, on which she discovered Venuses of all sizes.

"One Touch of Venus," which opened at the Imperial Theatre in October, 1943, ran for five hundred and sixty-seven performances here and was a hit on the road, too. It established Miss Martin as a star and it made a profit of two hundred thousand dollars. Not being the sole producer, Miss Crawford did not get all of this, but she got enough to prove that her luck had changed spectacularly. She bought a fine car, rented a fine midtown apartment, and acquired packets of fine books. As she likes the fleshpots and enjoys rich food and a glass of whiskey as well as the next man, she put on a full-time basis her talented colored cook, Rosa, who had worked for her rather irregularly for fourteen years. She also gave Rosa a share in John Wildberg's production of "Anna Lucasta," in which she had an interest. Rosa made almost four thousand dollars on it, but she did not give up cooking. Miss Crawford also bought some fine clothes with her "Venus" money. Though given to wearing tailored suits in sky or field colors, she ordered a smart black dress from Valentina and bought six costly hats on Fifth Avenue. She wore the dress once, looked imposing in it, and retired it to a closet. Detaching herself from the hats took longer. She never wore any of them; she simply went about carrying one at a time in her hand until she forgot them all in taxicabs.

Miss Crawford's new and luxurious flat gave her, for the first time in many years, enough room for her old books as well as for new ones. A college friend recalls that in Miss Crawford's early New York days her customary invitation was "Come on over to dinner and bring a book to read." She has no love for dinner chitchat, and she has an almost uncontrollable appetite for reading at any time. Few adults read as hungrily, as appreciatively, and as wonderingly as she does, as if she were still in school and enjoying it. In her reading, she shows a respect for the creative minds. She has a phenomenal memory, and she stores up culture the way some women put on weight. She would have made an excellent pedagogue or social worker, the first because of her knowledge and the second because she is forever searching among the nobler records of man for some way out of the mess man is in. Whatever book she reads—she wants no "muck of mystery stories or silly fiction"—the theory involved in its theme is what she is after, because she is a theorist. She is also an optimist, a reformer, a humanist, and even a sentimentalist. She buys all the books on nations and their problems, and on new ways of running the world. With friends, she often sits in silence, because her silence does not embarrass her. She joins only in conversations on ideas or human hopes. Then she talks expansively, warmly, and pungently, with a large vocabulary and odd, enriching allusions culled from the library of her mind.

In a bookshop, Miss Crawford is a pushover for anything at all on Jefferson, Lincoln, Melville, Emerson, and Thoreau, who are her chief American heroes. She has engravings of all five hanging in her bedroom. Aside from this quintet, she says, the men who have most influenced her thinking are Rostovtzeff, with his "Social and Economic History of the Roman Empire;" Frazer, with "The Golden Bough;" Plato, whose "Dialogues" she possesses in a handsome red leather edition of the Jowett translation; the behaviorist Pavlov, with "Conditioned Reflexes;" and Freud. Her living room has two big shelves of books on psychoanalysis; her American-history section contains some Revolutionary diaries; she owns one of the three known copies in this country of "England's Helicon, a Collection of Lyrical and Pastoral Poems Published in 1600," in an edition of 1887. There are few English poets, no matter how long dead or how recently published,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that she doesn't know something about. Her memory for poetry, most of which she learned at college, is astounding. In addition to being able to recite by heart the Keats odes, she can quote great swatches of Whitman, Shelley, and Eliot. She is a considerable collector of modern Broadway Americana; she has three thousand copies of sheet-music song hits dating as far back as 1900. She used to sing them and accompany herself, left-handed, on a ukulele (she is left-handed at everything but writing, the orthodoxy having been imposed on her by Akron schoolteachers), and can still accompany herself on the piano if she practices first. She carries a tune with a solemn, quavering flute of a voice, which is nothing like the calm contralto of her ordinary speech—when she speaks.

Miss Crawford's intimate friends, of whom she seems to have several hundred, among them the more important theatrical and musical figures of her generation, think that sheer tenacity put her where she is today but that pure faith is the keynote of her character. They point out that she has the touching and melancholy eyes of the true reformer. Like many other American idealists, she is a born supporter of causes and she sits through endless committee meetings. She has a profound compassion for the oppressed, the mistreated, and the unfortunate, and believes that if there are enough energetic members on any given committee, conditions will improve. She has been a conspicuous fighter for equal rights for Negro actors in the theatre. Her managing of the "Porgy and Bess" company, an almost solidly Negro cast, was rated a triumph. In the American Repertory Company, which she launched, quite unsuccessfully, four years ago (it has since been revived, under other auspices), she featured the talented Negro Canada Lee, as Caliban, in Shakespeare's "The Tempest," along with the Norwegian Zorina as Ariel, an Italian as Ferdinand, and a Miranda from Oklahoma. The American Repertory Company, which was organized to star Eva Le Gallienne and Margaret Webster, was another of her disastrous attempts to bring an idealistic ray of light to Broadway. It is still Miss Crawford's conviction that only a subsidized repertory organization can take the theatre and actors out of mere show business and put them into a cultural haven they deserve, like the Comédie-Française of Paris or London's Old Vic, both of which are state-supported houses. Her subsequent comforting substitute for the

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American Repertory is the Experimental Theatre, of which she is a director and leading spirit and which operates under the sponsorship of the American National Theatre and Academy, an organization that at least has a charter from Congress. The Experimental caused considerable talk this season with its "Galileo," by Bertold Brecht and with Charles Laughton, and its recent "Skipper Next to God," by Jan de Hartog, with the former Group acolyte John Garfield. This last made enough of a hit to justify a commercial run at the Maxine Elliott Theatre. The Actors' Studio is her latest idealistic scheme. It is managed by her, Elia Kazan, and "Brigadoon's" stage director, Robert Lewis—all former Group Theatre salvationists who seemingly will never say die. The Studio is a study setup—until a few weeks ago operating above a church on West Forty-eighth Street but now in a better place, at 1697 Broadway—where talented young professionals, like David Wayne, of "Mr. Roberts;" Marlon Brando and Karl Malden, both of "A Streetcar Named Desire;" and about forty less well-known young people on Broadway work, study, train, and are rehearsed by or lectured to by friends of Miss Crawford, topnotchers of the theatre such as Thornton Wilder, Maxwell Anderson, Robert Edmond Jones, Moss Hart, and Jerome Robbins.

Although Broadway respects Miss Crawford much more in her present success, it respected her even in her lean days. Whenever she has failed, the feeling has been that she failed on the right idea. As an idealist, however, she has had to be a supersalesman. As one of her friends says, "She can sell you an egg you know is rotten, but she honestly doesn't think it is. She thinks it's a dream." In her studious, ungarrulous way, Miss Crawford seems quite content to go on, if possible, producing successful, high-class, not too costly musical comedies, but some of her friends feel that this is not good enough for her. "In this musical-comedy business," one of them said not long ago, "she's a painted horse on a merry-go-round. In the old days, it was different. She was a war horse. She looked more natural then."

—JANET FLANNER

•

SARASOTA, April 7—Sarasota City Hall, sometimes called Fort Windom, will be a less colorful . . . place come May 1 and the departure of Ross E. Windom, city manager and stormy pretzel of Sarasota's public affairs.—*Tampa (Fla.) Morning Tribune.*

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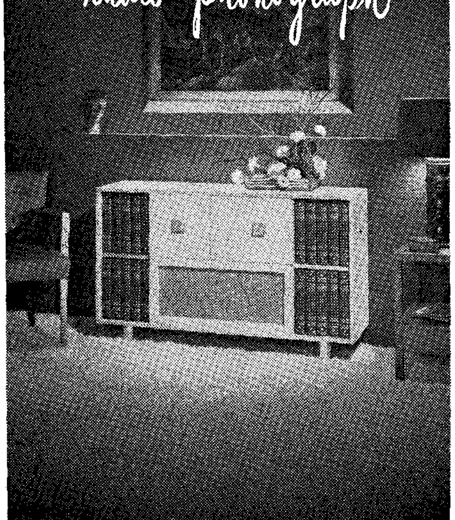

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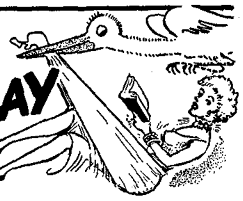

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THE THEATRE

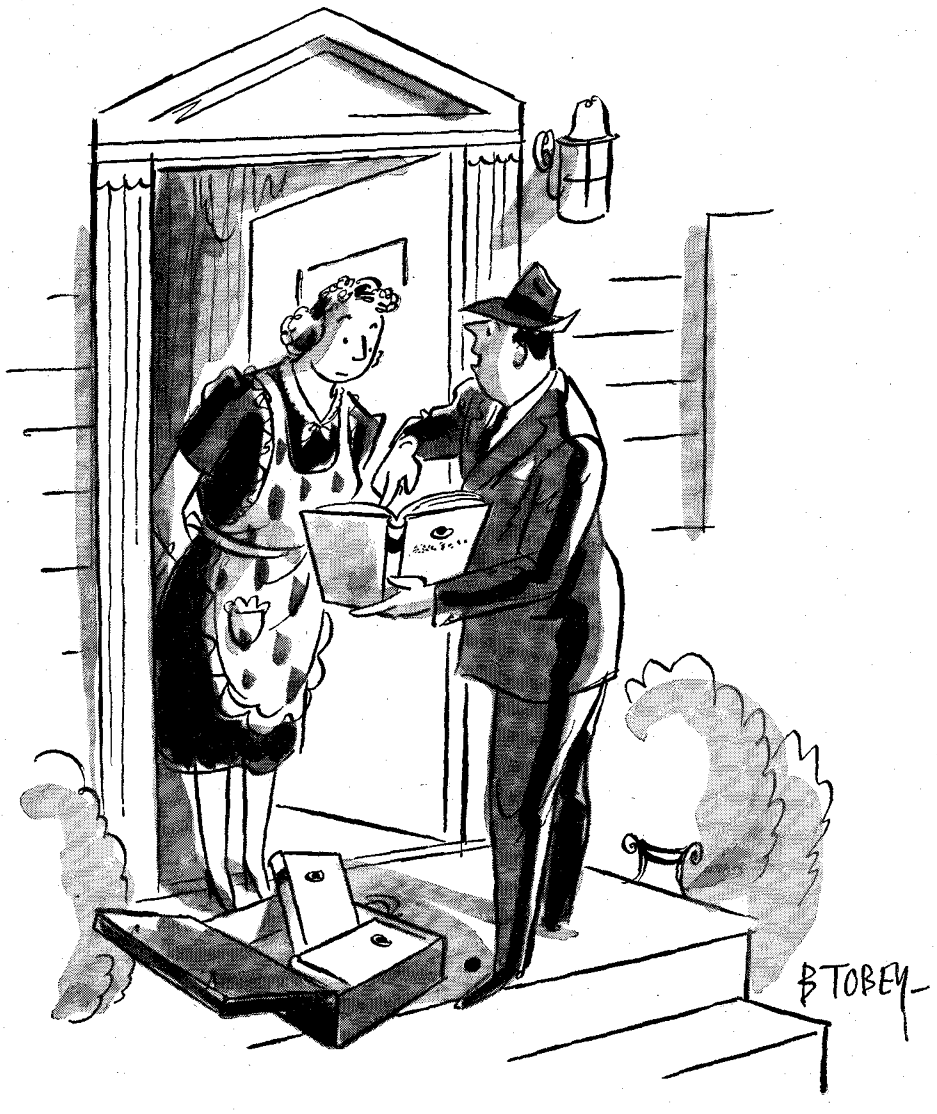
LET'S SEE WHAT WE'VE GOT

AFTER some fairly elaborate bookkeeping on my program, I have to confess that "Inside U.S.A.," at the Century, was a disappointment to me. There were two very funny sketches, two beautifully executed dance numbers, perhaps three songs that I liked, and far more pretty girls than I am accustomed to, all fetchingly costumed. Also, of course, we had Beatrice Lillie, whose strange, angular, flat-footed impersonation of a *femme fatale* has never been more hilarious, and Jack Haley, a comedian probably best described as reliable. All these blessings, however, didn't seem quite enough. Not counting the opening chorus and the finale, Arthur Schwartz has assembled sixteen numbers for his revue, and since rather less than half of them struck me as really first-rate, I'm afraid I can't classify the evening as more than a moderate success.

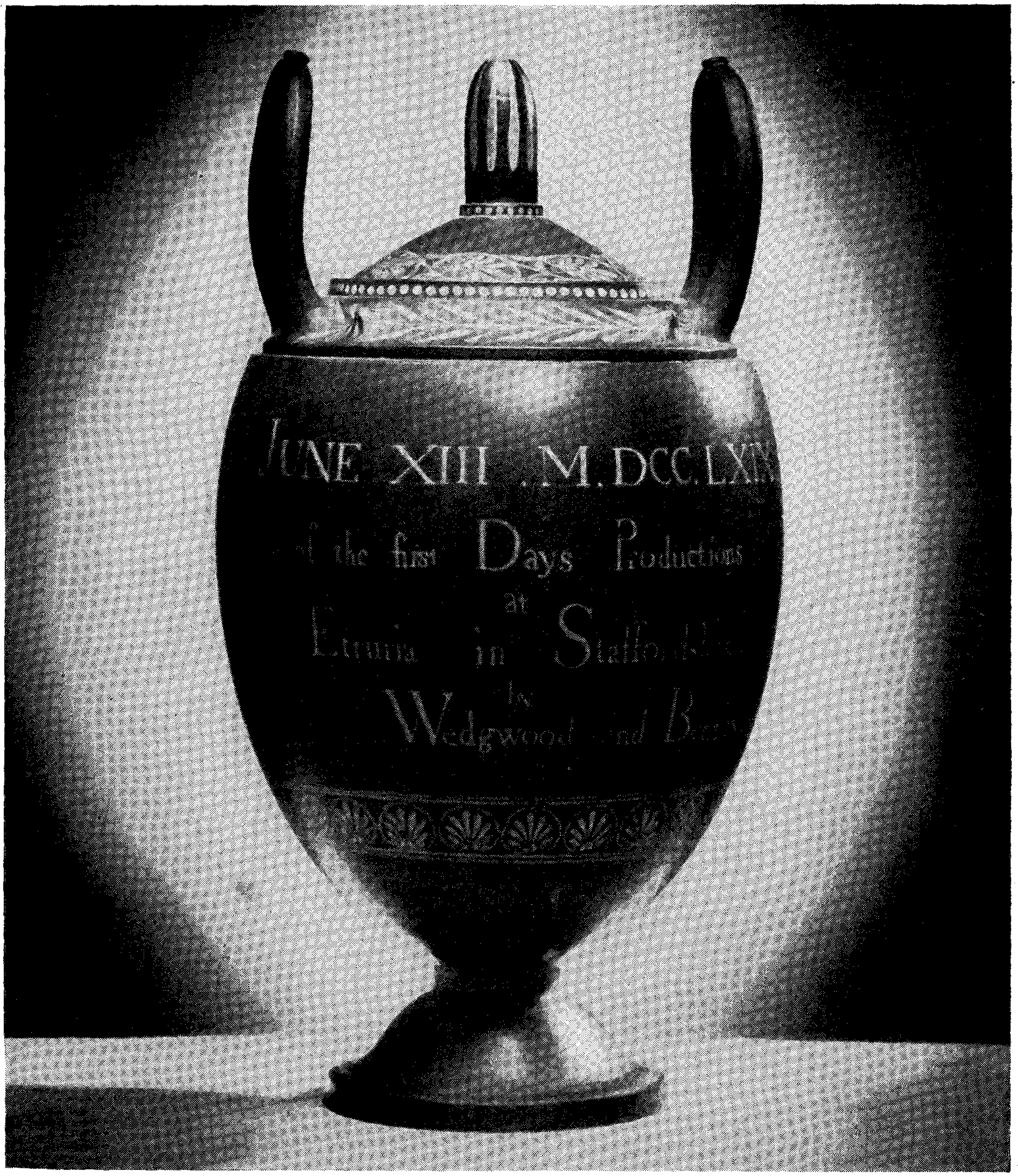
Since every reviewer has his own strong and indignant ideas about what constitutes humor in a musical, I approach the sketches in "Inside U.S.A." with misgivings. The first one that made me laugh was an item by Arnold B. Horwitt and Arnold Auerbach called "Forty Winks." This had something to do with the sleep-inducing devices that gradually drive a hotel guest out of his mind; it consisted almost entirely of the maniacal use of props (at one time a flock of little mechanical lambs somehow raced across the foot of his bed), and obviously it could hardly have been more primitive. However, it killed me. The other was a converted magazine piece by George S. Kaufman about a school where waiters are taught to make service hideous. Unlike most material of the kind these days, it had form and point, and it made me very happy, too. Miss Lillie appeared in neither of these numbers. The ones in which she did offered her as the leader of a choral society, as the inspiration of a trio of composers (this was a satire on something or other, but never mind), as a mermaid sitting on a rock, as a comic at a rural fair, as a belle of the Mardi Gras, as a maid in an actress's dressing room, and as an Indian. Miss Lillie was astonishingly funny in a couple of these items and pretty funny in all of them, but in my opinion it was always a triumph of almost perfect comedy technique over routine material, since there was certainly nothing particularly novel about the ideas or inspired about the text. The two other humorous contributions were called "Leave My Pulse Alone," an interminable quip about public-opinion polls that depressed me immeasurably, and "A Feller from Indiana," a bucolic monologue that had somewhat the same effect, though it seemed to be highly regarded elsewhere in the audience.

In Valerie Bettis, I should say that Mr. Schwartz, or whoever did discover her, has come up with one of the most exciting dancers in a long time. Miss Bettis turns up twice, once in a rather cryptic piece called "Haunted Heart," which seemed both beautiful and moving to me, and once in "Tiger Lily," a fine, absurd ballet about a female desperado from Chicago who finally feels obliged to push her psychiatrist off a cliff, if Helen Tamiris, who designed the darn thing, will permit so bleak a synopsis. Dancers, generally speaking, are not apt to combine grace, humor, imagination, and great personal charm, but Miss Bettis has all four. I can only say that I hope she's a permanent ornament around these parts.

Of Mr. Schwartz's songs, I liked "Haunted Heart," "Rhode Island Is Famous for You," and "My Gal Is Mine Once More," and I thought that Howard Dietz showed a good deal of ingenuity with his lyrics, working in almost as many place names as John Gunther was able to use in the celebrated book that started all this off. In addition to Miss Lillie and Mr. Haley, those who delivered them included John Tyers, Estelle Loring, and Thelma Carpenter, all very talented people. The



"For example, how much do you know about oceanography?"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settings and costumes, by Lemuel Ayers and Eleanor Goldsmith, respectively, were handsome or amusing, as the case happened to be.

"The Play's the Thing," P. G. Wodehouse's adaptation of Molnar's comedy, is one of those neat Continental inspirations that can scarcely fail to delight educated audiences, since it has sex, style, wit, and a cast of handsome and worldly people operating against a fashionable background. It struck me that the revival the other night occasionally showed its age (twenty-two), on the ground that such extremely glossy prose now and then seemed humorous in another sense than the author intended it to, but on the whole I thought it made a nice, lively evening, fine for taking your mind off your troubles. Mr. Molnar's story, or anecdote, is set in "a castle on the Italian Riviera," a stage direction, of course, guaranteed to bring tears to many an aging first-night eye, and, as you've probably read, it uses the play-within-a-play formula. Sandor Turai, a famous Hungarian playwright whose name might just as well be Molnar, surprises a young actress in a terribly explicit scene with an elderly rascal who has once been her lover. Since the conversation at this meeting is also overheard by her fiancé, a young musician whose sophistication is by no means up to this kind of behavior, it is clear that something had better be done, and Turai gets the idea of pretending that the compromising lines are part of a script he is writing and of causing the guilty couple to rehearse in it. Naturally, since the young man has a credulous disposition, this works like magic, and everything turns out for the best, or at least for what presumably passes for the best on the Italian Riviera.

"The Play's the Thing," of course, is a remarkably slight play, based on little more than an ingenious trick, and, played in the wrong key, it might easily have seemed attenuated and even rather silly. Fortunately, however, the cast at the Booth is an unusually accomplished one, and they give just the kind of crisp, mannered performances that I'm sure the author had in mind. I think that, of them all, Arthur Margetson, who played the antique seducer with a wonderfully rakish air, pleased me most, but Louis Calhern, as Turai, was genial and impressive, too, and Faye Emerson, making her first appearance in New York, could hardly have been more charming. Ernest Cossart, Claud Allister, Francis Compton, and Richard Hylton have somewhat less arresting parts, but it seemed to me that they all entered into the spirit of Mr. Molnar's little joke with the greatest style and intelligence. Gilbert Miller, the director and co-producer, who is always happiest with a play like this, arranged for a very attractive set.

Before the arrival of the Habimah Players last week, it was generally said that here was a group whose acting technique was so marvellously expressive that it wasn't necessary to know a word of Hebrew to understand precisely what the plays they were going to do were about. This legend, applying to almost any famous national theatrical troupe, is one of the toughest and most persistent in the theatre, and it seems ungracious to quarrel with it. The fact remains, however, that even with the assistance of a rather detailed synopsis in the back of the program, Habimah's first production, "The Dybbuk," was just a bit too much for me. Sometimes the music and the performances seemed stirring enough, but it was art almost wholly divorced from meaning, and most of the time, I'm afraid, I just sat there, unhappily trying to match up the activity on the stage with the words in the playbill. This was a queer, abrupt kind of prose ("Chanan seeks salvation in the book of the Angel Raziel . . . but his strength fails him and he dies. . . . At the customary wedding feast for the poor, Leah is forced to dance with Dresel, an imbecile . . . she faints") and the effort of reading it in the dim light and watching the actors simultaneously was, as I've said, too tough for me, and I gave up at the end of the second act. I saw enough at the Broadway Theatre to convince me that the Habimah Players are great artists, but not enough to make me believe that acting without comprehensible words is a rational form of entertainment for the average man.

—Wolcott Gibbs

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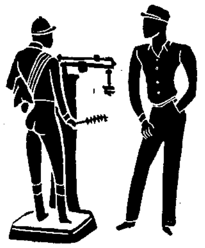
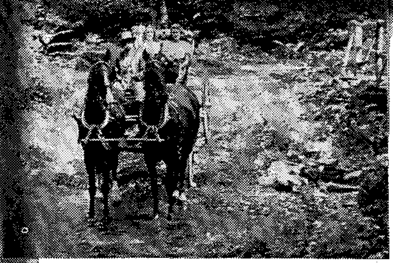
THE RACE TRACK

Calumet Derby



I MIGHT as well start off with a new and not terribly startling prediction: Citation, the winner of the Kentucky Derby, will win the Preakness. Come to think of it, I guess he'll take the Belmont Stakes, too. He may not be quite the prodigy that his starry-eyed supporters are making him out to be, but he'll do nicely for the time being. No colt in a long time has won a Kentucky Derby more convincingly than he did last week. He finished about four lengths ahead of Coaltown, his widely discussed Calumet Farm stablemate, with My Request third, and Billings, Grandpere, and Escadru, the other competitors, strung out along the course. The only time I had any doubt about Citation was early in the race, when Coaltown, employing the expected Calumet tactics, bounded off to what seemed like a decisive lead. Citation began to catch up in the backstretch, however. He overtook Coaltown on the turn for home, and they ran together for more than a furlong. Then Citation drew away. It couldn't have looked easier.

I had never seen Coaltown before the Derby, but in Kentucky, last week, I got the impression that he was the only horse in the race, an opinion set forth mainly by horsemen who had seen him win a couple of events at Keeneland. I must say that he is an extraordinary animal. He is not as handsome as Citation, but he is the sort that grows on you. His best points are his fine head and shoulders, his great driving power, and his immense stride. After watching his pace, which is a bit high but very smooth, I can understand why the trainers are so enthusiastic about him. One said, "He goes so fast he puts funny figures on your watch." Although Churchill Downs was muddy (even at its best it isn't the fastest course in the world), he ran the first six furlongs of the Derby in 1:11⅗, a fifth of a second less than Whirlaway took for that distance when he set the record for the race. Someday, I'd like to see Coaltown and Citation run all out against each other, the way Boojum and Whichone did in the Hopeful Stakes in 1929, when H. P. Whitney, their



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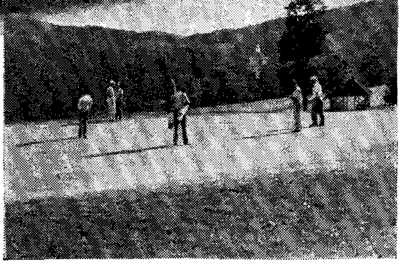

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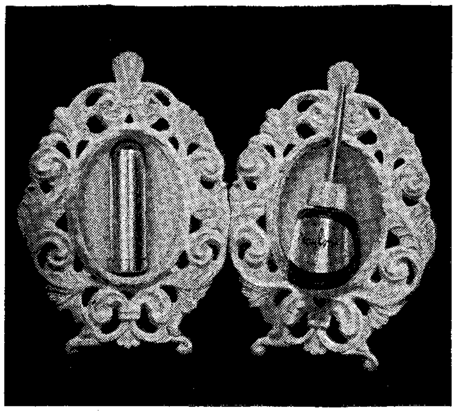

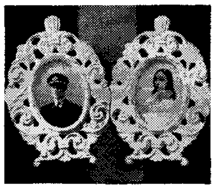

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owner, decided to settle the question of which was the better colt. If anyone cares, my money would be on Citation.

Citation is the first Futurity winner ever to take the Derby. Winning the Derby Trial, which he did earlier in the week, was considered another serious hex. Citation gave Arcaro his fourth ride to victory in the Derby, and Ben Jones his fourth Derby triumph as a trainer. (Actually, Ben saddled Coaltown while his son Horace, better known as Jimmy, tightened the girths of Citation, but there is no sense making too fine a point about such things.) Citation is the third Derby winner bred and owned by Warren Wright, the proprietor of Calumet Farm; the others, of course, were Whirlaway and Pensive. He is a bay colt by Bull Lea out of an English-born mare named Hydroplane II. Bull Lea finished eighth in the Derby ten years ago. The winner that afternoon was Lawrin, ridden by Arcaro and trained by Ben Jones. Besides being the mama of Citation, Hydroplane II is noted at Calumet for the fact that the ship that brought her to America, in 1941, came by way of Australia to avoid U-boats. Citation has won fifteen of his seventeen starts, has finished second in the two others, and has earned $331,830—$83,400 of it in the Derby. This, I submit, is nice going for any three-year-old.

NO doubt the presence of Citation and Coaltown will scare a number of owners out of entering colts in the Preakness, at Pimlico, a week from Saturday. Most horsemen feel the way Tommy Tault, who trains Galedo, did when he was told to put that little number in the Derby. Tault smiled blandly and asked, "Why should I? He isn't going to get anything." Of the four non-Calumet horses in the Derby, My Request is the only one I can make any excuses for. He didn't take well to his journey to Kentucky, was fidgety after his arrival, and looked pounds below his form at Jamaica. He was bumped shortly after the start and was lengths out of the race all the way.

Those accustomed to take a ticket on the Derby favorite to show—as traditional a practice at Louisville as eating Kentucky ham and beaten biscuits for Derby Day breakfast—were pretty annoyed when Colonel Matt Winn decreed that there would be only straight betting on his favorite race. Usually, place-betting is permitted when four stables have horses running, and show-betting when five stables are competing, as there were on Saturday. Of course, the reason for violating custom in this

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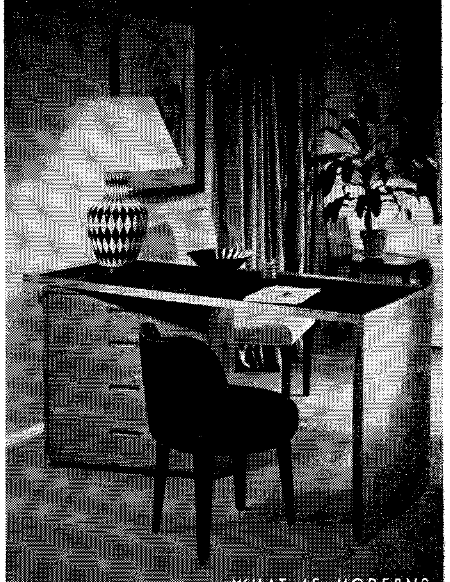

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case was obvious. So many people would have put big money on the Calumet pair, who ran as an entry, to finish second or third that there would have been a minus pool. Not to get too technical about it, when the intake at the pari-mutuel is not enough to cover the prescribed minimum payoff—it's $2.20 on $2 at Churchill Downs—the track has to make up the difference. When Citation won the Derby Trial, earlier in the week, all but approximately ten thousand dollars bet on the race was on him, and the minus pool was about $5,600. In the Derby, it might easily have been as much as Citation's share of the purse. Citation also cost the Havre de Grace management a pretty dollar in minus pools recently—about $15,000 for the Chesapeake Trial and about $20,000 for the Chesapeake Stakes. That sort of thing is not going to endear him to track stockholders and directors.

In my opinion, knocking out the place- and show-betting on the Derby had a good deal to do with the size of the crowd, which was the smallest I can remember. The volume of betting was way off, too—$2,722,621 on nine races. Jamaica did better than that on Saturday, without a Derby. The handle there was $3,082,032. Citation's price, by the way, was astonishingly good. All week, the experts predicted it would be 1–5. As you know, it was twice that much.

A DELIGHTFUL custom of the hospitable horse country around Lexington is a visit to the parents of the Derby winner, if they happen to be quartered in the neighborhood, the day after the race. Calumet Farm really held open house for them on Sunday, and the crowd was the largest since Whirlaway's year. Calumet Farm is a lovely place, with its green, carpetlike paddocks—somebody has called them pastures of greatness—its brood mares and their leggy foals, and the band of yearlings, who, I'm sorry to say, must eventually be off for the less attractive precincts of Churchill Downs and Jamaica. If I owned all those horses, I should expect to win a lot of races. Well, Warren Wright probably does, too.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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[*From the Retail Bookseller*]

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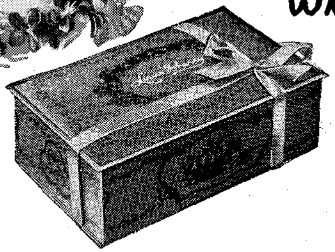

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GOOD MORNING! HAVE YOU . . .

MEMORY may tug at the heartstrings of some; for me, it tweaks the nose. The stuffy smell of chalk, for instance, brings back unpleasant afternoons when I used to have to stay after school to clean the blackboard erasers by whacking them together. Then, there is the odor of cubeb cigarettes, which recalls my first steps toward sophistication. When I was a boy, cubebs were prescribed for asthma, and I had a friend named Driscoll whose sole charm was a slight wheeze. His parents permitted him to smoke cubebs openly, and he kept the butts and passed them on secretly to the other boys in the neighborhood. The butts consisted chiefly of cardboard and cotton wadding, and they smelled terrible. But they were cigarettes, and we smoked them.

Perhaps it was this nasal nostalgia that recently gave me a sudden longing for Pears' soap. One of my earliest memories is of looking over the edge of our marble-topped washstand and seeing a shiny, translucent brown oval of soap, just about at nose level. It had a very faint fragrance that was clean and cool—a fragrance I now associate with long, peaceful days and the comfortable tyranny of grownups. Remembering it one day a few weeks ago, I went to the nearest drugstore (that proximate pharmacy so dear to the hearts of advertisers) and asked for a cake of Pears' soap. The young man behind the counter looked no blanker than usual. "Paris soap?" he said.

"No, Pears'," I repeated. "Pears' soap."

"How do you spell it?"

"P-e-a-r-s," I spelled, feeling as if I were delivering a radio commercial. "With an apostrophe at the end."

The young man disappeared under the counter, and came up shaking his head. "I'll make a note of it," he said, unclipping his fountain pen. "How do you spell it again?"

I didn't spell it again. "Do you mean to tell me you've never heard of that famous line, 'Good Morning! Have You Used Pears' Soap?' " I demanded instead. "Or the ads with a picture of a crying baby reaching for a cake of soap, and the slogan 'He Won't Be Happy Till He Gets It'?"

The young man wouldn't even humor an old gaffer. "No, sir," he admitted frankly. "But we'd be glad to put in an order."

"Don't bother," I said with a sigh,

and made my doddering way to the door.

THERE are only three drugstores in my suburban neighborhood, and in the second one I found a clerk who was reassuringly ancient. Yes, he remembered Pears' soap. No, he didn't have any in stock; there were no calls for it nowadays.

In the third drugstore, the proprietor himself undertook a lengthy search of the upper shelves and finally produced one cake, its wrapper faded and fly-specked. "Haven't sold any Pears' soap for so long I've forgotten what we charge for it," he mused, examining the wrapper.

I told him I thought it used to be thirty-five cents.

"Well, it's probably more now," he said, "but you can have it for a quarter. It's the last one." Lucky me! Another ten years and I might have been too late.

Unwrapped and set on the washstand at home, the cake of Pears' looked just as I had remembered it, with its oval top and its bottom slightly hollowed, so that the worn remains of the old cake might be thriftily amalgamated with the new. The cool, clean fragrance was the same as ever.

It was unquestionably the genuine article, for inside the wrapper was a circular that read, "As there are numerous imitations of Pears' Transparent Soap, it is necessary to obtain it of a respectable Vendor, and to see that each packet, by whomsoever sold, contains their circular headed 'Victoria Veritatis,' and signed thus: A. & F. Pears, Limited, London, England"—which is just how this circular was headed and signed. I doubt that I will ever obtain another packet, by whomsoever sold. The local market is exhausted, and though I've recently visited several of the big city drugstores, I've never quite been able to make myself ask for Pears'; perhaps their Vendors didn't look respectable—at least, not by British standards. So I have decided to keep my cake of Pears' soap simply as a lavatory ornament, like gift bath salts, and sniff it occasionally when nostalgia threatens to overwhelm me.

Besides, it really doesn't lather very well. —WEARE HOLBROOK

•

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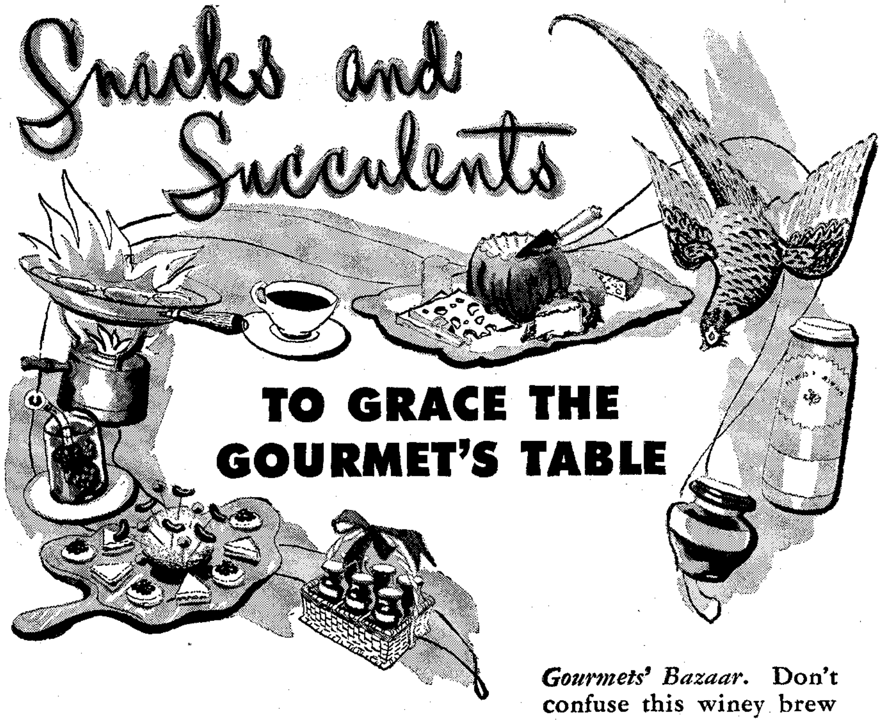
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Who has not felt that tantalizing tug of the appetite along about ten o'clock of a dull evening? You're not *really hungry*—but the inner-man insistently invites a *petit voyage* to the pantry.

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Feel expansive? Then climb upon a chair and probe about your pantry for that elusive can of *Paté de foie.* Spread a generous mound on a crisp wisp of melba toast, then lean back and sigh with the essayist, Reverend Sidney Smith, "My idea of heaven is eating *foie gras* to the sound of trumpets!"

Now for that nebulous gnawing after something tangy and tart. Here you have it! A tempting, tender, and toothsome *Pickled Mushroom!* These sculptured little masterpieces are preserved in pungent sauce that brings out every delicate nuance of their flavor . . . the perfect relish, a new taste experience.

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

A WET WIND OFF NORTHEAST

A COUPLE of weeks ago, Mr. DeWitt W. Nichols, one of the biggest and most generally esteemed producers of maple syrup in upstate New York, invited me to spend a few hours with him in his sugarbush and learn something. "There's a train from the Grand Central Station will get you to Watertown at six-twenty in the forenoon," he told me over the telephone. "My advice is don't delay. Take it tonight. I look for a good run of sap tomorrow, and it's apt to be the last of the season. The wind's trying to sneak around to the southwest, the snow's mostly gone, and the frogs down in the pond have hollered once already. If you're coming, we'll hold up breakfast for you. Mrs. Nichols says be sure and wear your overshoes." I said I'd be there. He gave a triumphant snort, shouted cheerfully to his wife, and hung up.

Mr. Nichols' place comprises some two hundred acres of stony farmland and a forty-acre grove of sugar maples. It is four miles east of Watertown, in Jefferson County, near the eastern shore of Lake Ontario and not far south of the Thousand Islands. My train crawled into the Watertown depot soon after a sunless daybreak. The sky sagged with unfallen rain; it looked more like night than morning. The streets were empty, but presently a muddy cab, driven by a sleepy-eyed man in a mackinaw, came along. I hailed him, and he drove me somnolently, through a countryside of rigid woods and thawing pastures, out to the farm. Mr. Nichols' house stands just off the road, behind a scraggly stone wall and a row of beeches. Built of field stone, it is square and plain and two stories high, and it has a veranda on two sides and a frame ell jutting out in back. The front windows were dark in the misty morning light, but a thread of smoke was rising from a chimney in the ell. From a long, gambrel-roofed barn beyond came the mild stir and complaint of cattle, and a patrol of chickens scattered away across the barnyard at my approach. I caught a hospitable whiff of frying bacon.

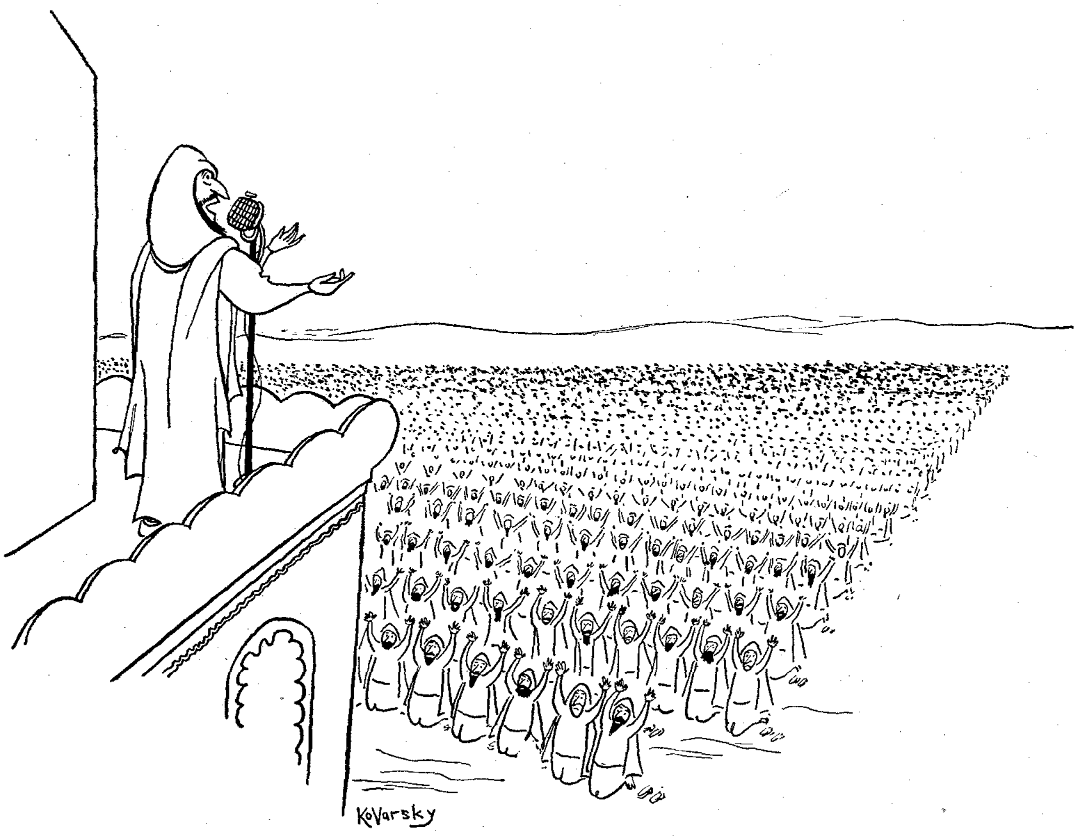
A door in the ell opened and Mrs. Nichols poked her head out; apparently she had heard the cab pull away. She is tall and thin-faced, in her early sixties, and wears glasses. Her gray hair was in curlers and she had on a house dress and a businesslike apron. She held a bread knife in her hand. "Well, thank heavens," she said, wresting my bag from me. "I'll take your grip and you get in here while the men have still got the strength to lift a fork. They're near starved. So are you, probably. I'm sorry we couldn't drive in to meet you. It was that or let fifty cows go unmilked." I followed her through a kind of pantry, containing a stack of cordwood and a table loaded with gallon tins of syrup, and into the kitchen. "Throw your coat any old where," Mrs. Nichols said. She let my bag fall between a console radio and a bench also piled with syrup tins, and moved over to a wood-burning cookstove. Mr. Nichols, who is small, wiry, sharp-eyed, and seventy-two years old, was sitting with another man at an oilcloth-covered table in the center of the room. His companion was middle-aged, bald, plump, and rosy-cheeked. Both wore flannel shirts and heavy work pants tucked into knee-high galoshes. Mr. Nichols greeted me with a salute, a wink, and a crooked smile. "You look peaked," he said. "Must have slept in an upper berth. Pull up a chair. This skinny fellow here is Victor Vreeland. He's our hired man. We're trying to fatten him up."

Mr. Vreeland chuckled appreciatively and said, "Mr. Nichols surely is happy this morning." His voice was rich and vibrant.

"I feel good," Mr. Nichols said. "It's sugaring time. And I'm hungry. Velma!"

"Oh, be quiet," Mrs. Nichols replied amiably. She brought us each a tumbler of tomato juice. Then she set a bowl of corn flakes in front of each of us and put on the table a pitcher of milk, a pitcher of cream, a pitcher of maple syrup, a bowl of sugar, a dish of cottage cheese, a jar of peanut butter, a jar of blackberry preserves, a bottle of ketchup, a plate of sweet butter, and a flat basket in which were a loaf of freshly sliced homemade bread, half a dozen hot rolls, and several wedges of johnnycake. Mr. Nichols and Mr. Vreeland sweetened their cereal with syrup. They ate at a gallop. Mrs. Nichols came over from the stove with a platter of bacon and eggs, fried potatoes, and a tower of inch-thick pancakes. While we were serving ourselves, she asked me if I'd like some coffee. I said I would.

Mr. Nichols looked up from his plate. "I'm sorry to hear that," he said. "It's your own business, of course. Yours and Mrs. Nichols'—she drinks it, too. But



Victor and me, we've got better sense."

"That's right, sir," said Mr. Vreeland, who was spreading a chunk of johnnycake with peanut butter.

"Don't mind them," Mrs. Nichols told me. "I can't see the harmfulness in coffee, and never will."

"It's there," Mr. Nichols said. "Don't delude yourself about that." He popped a quivering egg yolk into his mouth, grunted comfortably, and went on, "I guess there's worse things, though. What passes for maple syrup most places is one. You'd think the taste of it alone would be fair warning, but they tell me there're people who like it. They even come to favor it over the real thing." He grinned at me. "For all I know," he said, "that syrup you've got there on your plate tastes peculiar to you."

"I was just thinking that it's about the best maple syrup I've ever tasted," I said.

Mr. Nichols' smile grew warmer. "Enjoy your coffee," he said. "That syrup you're eating is probably the sweetest, mildest, lightest-colored, most delicately flavored syrup there is. I'm not excepting anybody's. Not even those horn-tooters' over in Vermont. Expert critics have told me I'm right. The city manager of Watertown drove out here the day before yesterday and ordered nine gallons for his own use. It wasn't the first time, either. All my trade is retail. The stores and dealers won't pay my price. I get five dollars a gallon, and I should get more. Hard work and worry goes into making syrup. You'll see that for yourself when we get up in my sugarbush. I've never lost a customer, and my customers come to me. One of them tells another, I guess. They write in from Utica and New York City and way down South and all over the place. There's a ninety-eight-year-old doctor in Watertown named Farmer who insists on the first gallon I make every spring. Not just a gallon of the first run, mind you, but the very first gallon we boil from the first run. We generally get three runs of a day or two each, sometimes four. It's up to the Lord and His weather. Old Doc Farmer says he's got nothing whatever to live for but that first gallon of my syrup every spring. His idea is the first is the best. Well, he's old enough to know his own mind, but I don't agree with him. I figure the first run, practically all of it, has just a little tang of the wood. Now, this syrup here is *second* run. To my mind, the second run is the one. It's the mildest and the lightest. Why, I've known people—and

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not necessarily myself—who could hardly bear to leave off eating it."

Mr. Vreeland started guiltily. "I've had my fill for now, sir," he said indistinctly and swallowing hard. "I'll get the team hitched while you folks are finishing up." He shoved back his chair, pulled on a sweatshirt, and placed a red-and-black checked hunting cap squarely on his head. I drank the last of my coffee and lighted a cigarette. My companions exchanged glances, and there was a moment of dead silence.

Then Mr. Nichols cleared his throat and said, "The third run is apt to taste a little of the bud. That's because the season is usually pretty well along by then. Third-run syrup is a little darker, too, but it's still good syrup. As good as you'd want, almost, if it's made right. There was a time when I used to sell some of it for flavoring to the big tobacco companies. I finally gave that up, though."

"Mr. Nichols didn't want to go on contributing to the destruction of the human body," Mr. Vreeland said from the door, and he spoke with conviction. "Isn't that right, sir?"

"In a way," Mr. Nichols replied.

"You don't approve of smoking?" I asked. The cigarette in my hand felt as big as a dollar cigar.

Mr. Nichols shrugged. "No," he said mildly. "I can't say I do. I've yet to hear anybody actually recommend it. It's my conviction tobacco in any form is a sin against health. There used to be a little poem that pretty well summed up the way I feel. You've likely heard it:

Tobacco is a filthy weed,
From the Devil does proceed.
Robs your pockets, burns your clothes,
Makes a chimney of your nose."

He laughed. Mr. Vreeland didn't crack a smile. "According to the Bible," he said, "poisonous herbs defile the body. You'll find that in—"

Mrs. Nichols said abruptly, "I suppose you men know it's getting on to eight o'clock."

Mr. Vreeland stiffened. "I'd better get a move on!" he exclaimed, and bounded out the door.

"Now, I like Victor," Mrs. Nichols said, sitting down at the table. "He's a good, willing worker and the only hired man we've ever had that didn't have to be told to bring in stovewood. But he gets kind of preachy. He's a strong Seventh-Day Adventist is probably why."

"He hates the sight of tobacco," Mr. Nichols said. "So do I, but not the same way. Live and let live is how I look at it. Smoke your cigarettes and cigars, swill your liquor, fill up on coffee and tea. It's your own funeral. There's one big difference between Victor and me. Up to a few years ago, I understand, he smoked like the dickens." Mr. Nichols rose, stretched, and put on a sweater, a leather jacket, and a ruined felt hat. "Victor's a reformed smoker. That's his trouble. Let's go."

WE found Mr. Vreeland waiting for us in the barnyard. He was murmuring intimately to a pair of mighty Percherons hitched to a low, rubber-tired, seatless flat-bed wagon. On it, one behind the other, stood two empty cylindrical steel vats, each about four feet high and five feet in diameter. Mr. Nichols took the reins, hopped up between the vats, and leaned back against the rear one. Mr. Vreeland and I climbed on behind and stood on the tail. He gave me a conciliatory smile as the wagon bumped across the yard, the hollow vats clanking and rumbling. We turned in to a soggy lane that wound up a sloping field toward a long, wooded ridge. The rain had held off and the sun was now perceptible behind a heaving slough of cloud, but there was a thin, whipping wind. Snow still covered the northern flanks of some faraway hills and lay, dirty and melting, in most of the shaded hollows we passed. Mr. Nichols drove with his head back, squinting up at the sky. "We've got a late spring this year," he said. "And I'd sure like to see this weather keep just a little bit longer. Some people say frosty nights and warm, sunny days and you'll get sap. I say you'll get a little. What I ask for from the middle of March on to the last part of April—that's about the size of the season up here—is what we've got now. Cloudy days and a wet wind off northeast. That's when the sap runs. You can do some sugaring then. Yesterday, we filled up these tubs nine times, and I'm counting on doing every bit as good today. Sap should have been running all night long. My only fear is the wind will swing. Nothing dries up a run of sap like a southwest wind. But if the season isn't too far gone, another cold, damp wind out of the north somewhere will start it to running again. I can't explain why."

"The wonders of nature are a mystery," said Mr. Vreeland.

"They'll likely stay that way," Mr. Nichols said.

"How much sap does it take to make a gallon of syrup?" I asked.

"Right around forty gallons," Mr.

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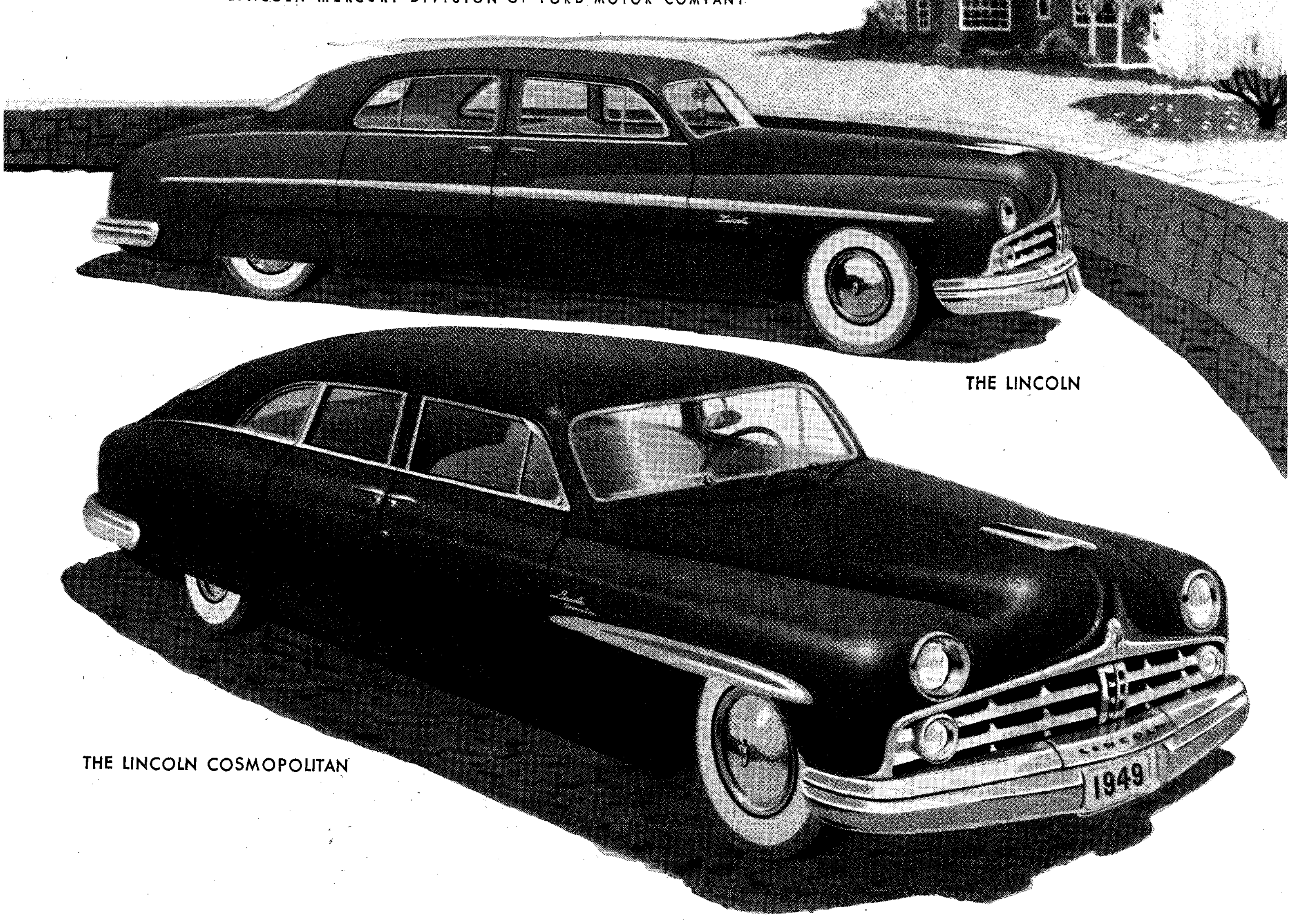

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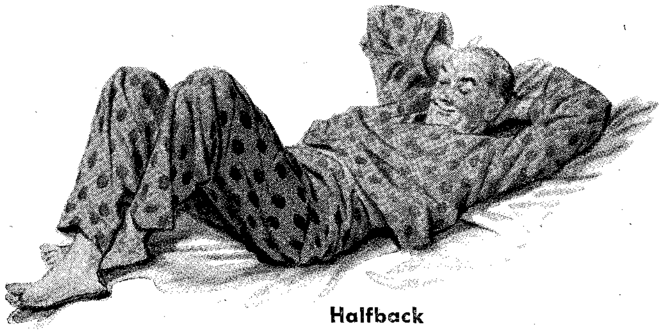

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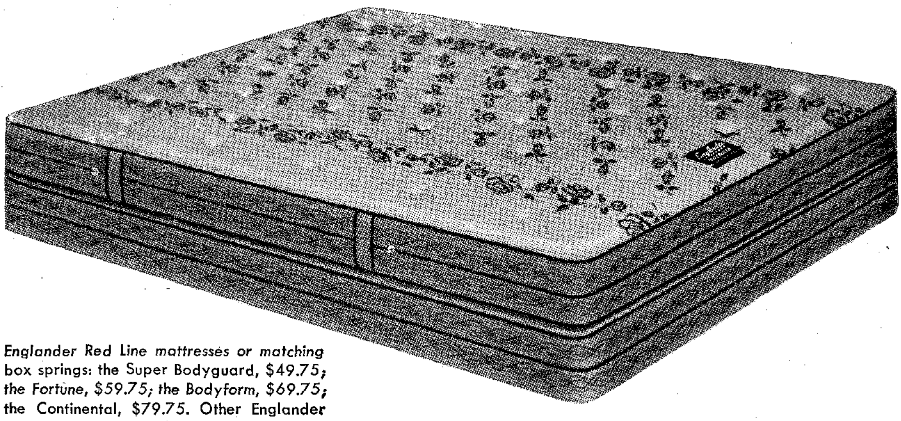

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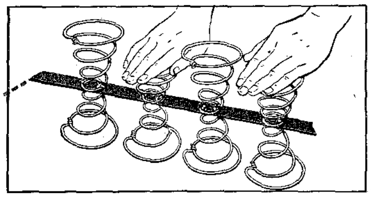

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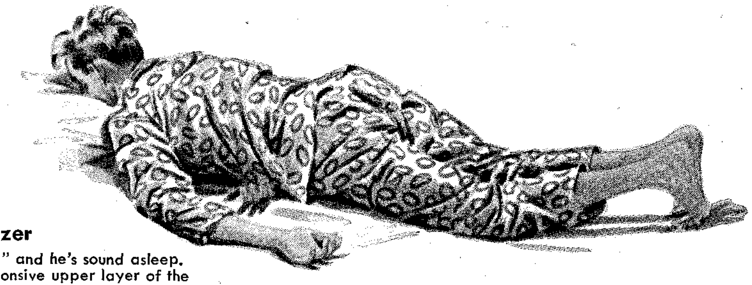
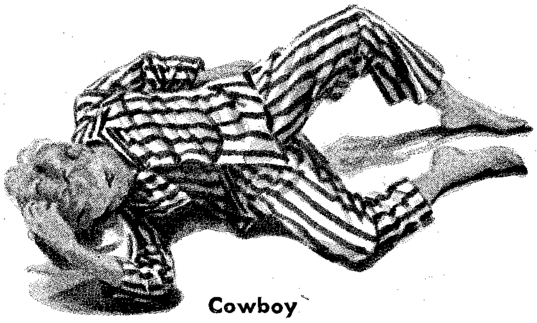


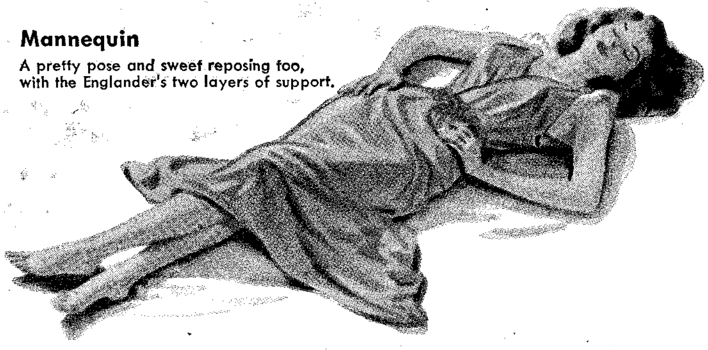
Bulldozer

One "dig" and he's sound asleep. That responsive upper layer of the Englander cradles every brawny contour; lower layer gives firm support.



Cowboy

He rides off to sleep with the greatest of ease on the Englander. So will you, partner.



Mannequin

A pretty pose and sweet reposing too, with the Englander's two layers of support.

© 1948, The Englander Company, Inc., Chicago, Illinois

Nichols replied. "There's a federal law says a gallon of syrup can't weigh less than eleven pounds net. That's only common sense. If it's any thinner, it'll go sour in a hurry. Evaporate the sap much thicker than that and it'll candy up. The only difference between syrup and sugar is a little water. I like to hold my syrup close to twelve pounds. At eleven, it doesn't have any too much body. I may make a little less syrup than I might, but I please myself. Last year I got better than six hundred gallons, and I figure on doing all right this year. That's my intention, anyway. You might call milk my regular business and sugaring my sideline. It is, so far as time goes, but syrup's come to be what Mrs. Nichols and I think of as our cash crop. We're counting on it more and more. When we don't clear two thousand dollars a season on it now, we're disappointed."

We were approaching the edge of the woods. Here and there among the trees I could make out the silvery glint of a sap bucket. A stone wall separated the trees from the field. Mr. Vreeland dropped off the wagon and trotted up ahead to open a gate for us. "There's a good many farmers will let cattle run in their sugarbush," Mr. Nichols said as we jogged into the sudden twilight of a stand of maples and stopped to wait for Mr. Vreeland. "I don't know whether they don't care, don't know better, or are just too dang lazy to put up a wall. Either way, they ought to be ashamed of themselves. I built this wall myself. It goes clean around my bush and I don't grudge a minute I spent on it. Next to cutting down the trees for the high price hard maple brings now, the surest way to destroy a good sugarbush is to let cattle at it. They tromp up the ground, they root out the sprouts, and they eat the seedlings. I've even seen them do real hurt to a grown tree. Our county agent was telling some of us a while back that there's less than a third as much maple syrup being made in this nation now as there was fifty or sixty years ago. Cattle and lumbering is the reason. The maple tree is getting extinct, he said. Well, not on my place it isn't. And it won't. My son feels the same way I do. Mrs. Nichols and I've got five children—three girls and two boys—but they're all scattered now, except for Ernest. That little brown house at the far end of the field we came up through is his. Ernest and I see eye to eye on most things. He's a good, clean-living boy." He turned and called back to Mr. Vreeland, who was having trouble fastening the gate,

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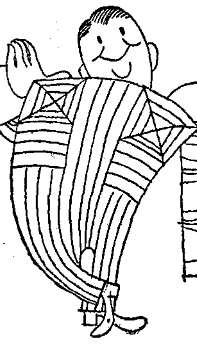

OAK FLOORS
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"Suppose you start right in over north of the pond, Victor, when you get finished there. On the way, you might take a look at that patch we gathered last evening. We'll be along shortly. I want to stop by the shanty first." Mr. Nichols reached into one of the vats, pulled out two five-gallon pails, and pitched them to the ground. "There're your pails," he added.

"All righty, sir," Mr. Vreeland said. "I'll get right over."

MR. NICHOLS shook the horses into a brisk walk and we drove on along the lane, the mud sloshing under the tires. "The sugar shanty's where we boil the water out of the sap," he said. "I've got a neighbor boy boiling days and another fellow at night. It doesn't pay to dawdle during sugaring. Let sap stand for more than a few hours and it goes cloudy. Bacteria get at it." The trees had begun to thin out. The lane ambled around a mammoth boulder, dropped down the side of a hollow, and came to an end beside a small and swampy pond. At the edge of it stood a brown frame shed with a steep roof and a chimney smoking like a locomotive. From beneath the eaves and through a crack in the door poured a fog of steam. We halted in a yard strewn with rubbish and uneven lengths of firewood.

"Used to be," Mr. Nichols said as we walked toward the door, "syrup was made in a big iron pot over an open fire. The old Indians invented maple syrup, and that was more or less their way. I figure the white man's improved the process some." Then he opened the door and dissolved into the clammy, reeking, stifling, shadowy room within. I followed and, by the watery light of a lantern seemingly suspended in space, made my way after him across a slimy dirt floor and past a craggy woodpile to the glowing door of a huge, low stove made of brick. "This is Marshall Rudd," Mr. Nichols' voice said, and another voice said, "Glad to meet you." The room slowly took shape; I saw a round-faced, shirtsleeved young man smiling at me through the haze. He was holding a long-handled spoon with a perforated bowl, and was leaning over a batch of sap that was bubbling and steaming in a shallow metal pan five or six feet across and at least fifteen feet in length. The pan just about covered the top of the stove. "This little firebox eats up close to thirty cords of hardwood in a season," Mr. Nichols said. "Another year or two and I'm counting on burning crude oil instead. Be cheaper and easier. Well, to give you an idea of how we work things, we dump our sap into one of those two storage tanks over there in the corner. Twenty-eight hundred gallons, each holds. There's a pipe connects them to this pan, so we can run in a little at a time for evaporating. Sap can't be boiled in much quantity. Cook too much of it and it'll darken on you. Try to go too fast and it won't weigh up to standard."

"What I try to average is about seven gallon of syrup an hour," Mr. Rudd said.

"That's slower than some," Mr. Nichols said, "but we don't figure sap is syrup here until it boils up to a temperature of two hundred and seventeen degrees. When it hits that, it's been evaporated down to the thickness I favor. From the smell of this batch, I'd say it's close to syrup now."

"Should be, about," Mr. Rudd said. He produced a thermometer and stuck one end of it into the pan. After a moment, he removed it, held it up to the light of the lantern, and said, "It's almost there. I'll draw off a gallon or so anyway and see." He rolled a ten-gallon milk can under a tap in one side of the pan, put a cone-shaped cloth strainer into the mouth of the can, and turned the tap. The syrup drained heavily out in a smoking, twisting stream.

"Maple sap is full of grit from the tree," Mr. Nichols said. "Sugar sand, we call it. I strain my syrup three times—once down here and twice back at the house—before we put it in tins. Plenty of good sap's been ruined because somebody didn't bother to strain it enough. I've seen syrup up for sale you could break a tooth on. If you were fool enough to eat it." He spat at the woodpile, mopped his forehead with a blue bandanna, and turned away. "Let me know how that batch tastes when it's cooled, Marshall," he said. "I've got a hunch it's overly thick and I may want to blend it out some with a thinner batch."

AFTER the humid gloom of the shanty, the gray light of day was blinding, and the wind cut savagely through the dampness in my coat. Mr. Nichols headed the team back up the lane. Just beyond the boulder, he gave the reins a sudden jerk, whooped at the horses, and whacked them across the rump with the lines. We lurched out of the ruts and careened up a brambly embankment. I forgot the cold and clung to the rim of one of the bouncing vats. "Duck your head!" Mr. Nichols shouted

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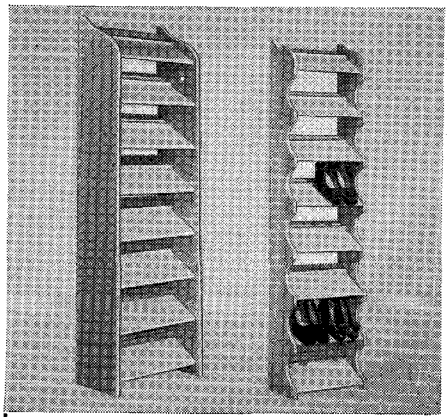

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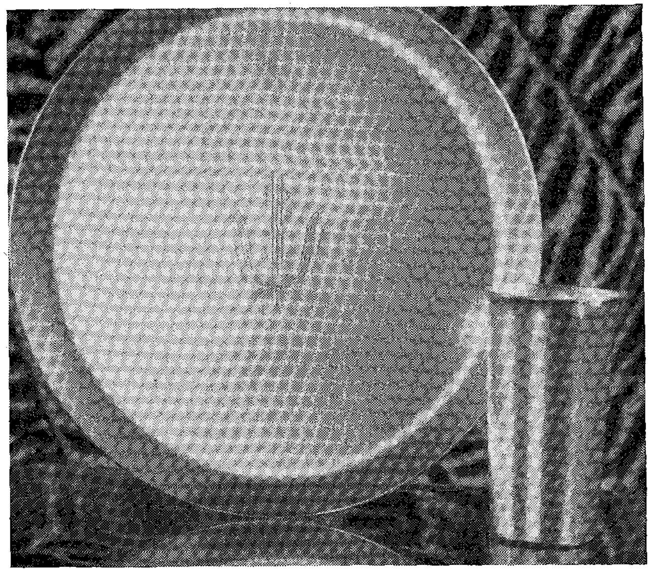
happily. "Those branches'll sting." We pulled up in a sloping clearing, surrounded by maples, a few hundred feet off the lane. Except for the hard breathing of the horses, it was as still as night. The tops of the maples stirred silently in the wind, now far overhead. On most of them, hanging waist-high against the trunk, were sap buckets with peaked, rooflike lids open at both ends. There were two buckets on a few of the larger trees, and on one giant I noticed three. "There's another poem I like," Mr. Nichols said. "It goes:

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

So drops the sap from the tree. I tap my trees about three inches deep, far enough to reach the sap but not so far as to touch the heartwood, and then plug in my spouts. The spouts I use are only seven-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, but, still and all, when the weather's right, I'll fill a bucket in ten to twelve hours, and my buckets hold a good fourteen quarts. And it's all sap. Those lids are to make sure I don't end up with a bucket of rain water. They don't bother so much about lids over in Vermont, I hear. The way some of those fellows tell it, there's sugar in the rain they get." He chuckled. "Well, let's have a look," he said.

Mr. Nichols jumped nimbly down from the wagon into ankle-deep muck, and I followed him. We pushed our way through a thicket of saplings to the nearest bucket. It was suspended, I saw now, from a hook that was attached to the underside of the spout and fitted into a small hole just below the rim of the bucket. Mr. Nichols crossed his fingers and removed the lid. A drop of sap hung like an icicle on the lip of the spout; it trembled, stretched, and fell, and another laboriously formed. The bucket was about two-thirds full. Mr. Nichols gave a grunt of satisfaction, raised the bucket to his lips, and took a small sip. Then he held it out for me to try. A limp moth miller, drowned in gluttony, and a few bits of bark and twigs were afloat in the sap, but I swallowed some of it. It was cool and tasted like faintly sugared water. "Sweet water is what the old Indians called sap," Mr. Nichols said, putting the bucket back on the hook. "I understand they'd drink it like water. I'd say there's no better way to get a walloping thirst. This sap here is sweeter than some. It varies with the tree. It's the same way with quantity. I've got trees I'm lucky to get one bucket from in a good run. You can't



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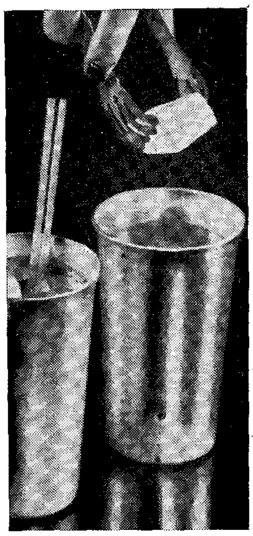

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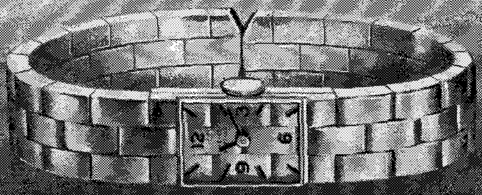

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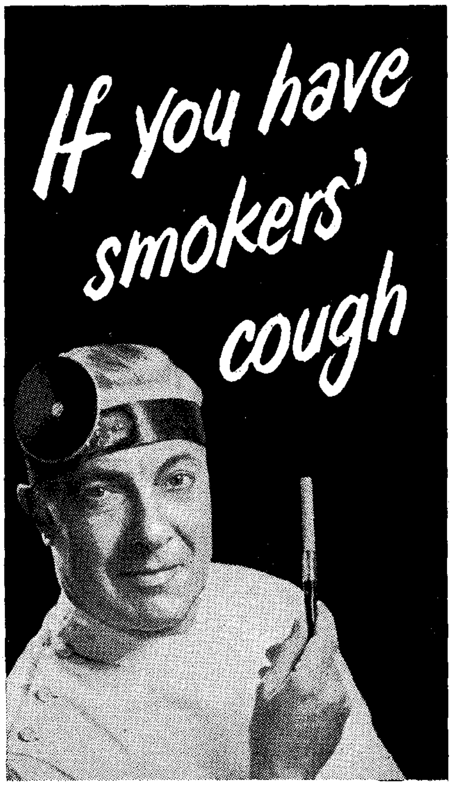
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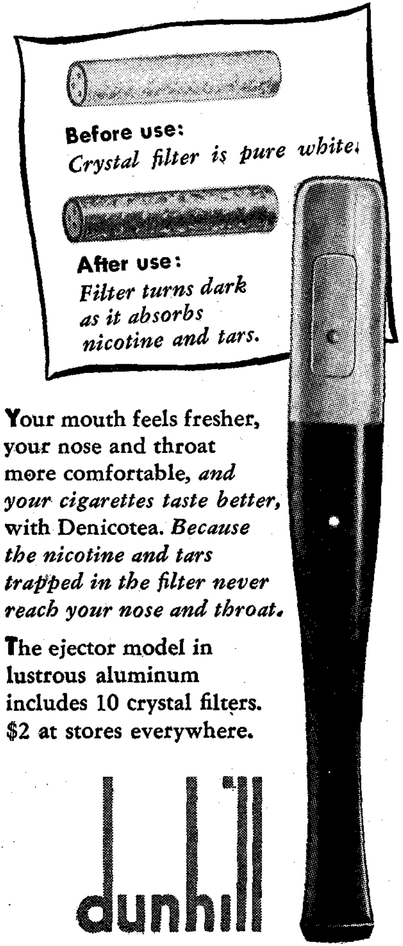

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always tell by the size of a tree, but you don't ever want to tap one too young. I wouldn't tap a tree under a foot in diameter. A tree that big is forty years old and can stand it. A three-foot tree can take two buckets, in my opinion, and I'll hang three buckets on a healthy five-footer. That's my limit. I don't grudge leaving a little sap to the tree."

WE walked back to the wagon. Beyond it, we could see Mr. Vreeland working his way around the clearing. His face was red and he was listing slightly, as though one of the big pails he was carrying were already full. I watched him take down a bucket from a tree, empty it into a pail, hang it back up, and plod on to the next. "I'll tell you something," Mr. Nichols said. He glanced at me, and then his gaze moved off among the trees. "I love these old trees. I could show you a couple are older than the United States of America. I've only sugared here for going on twenty-eight years, but this bush is about the realest part of my life. I can't say I ever really counted on getting it. I was born about twenty miles from here, in the town of Henderson. I was an orphan boy at eight, and I was in the Home at Watertown before a charitable lady adopted me out. She lived over near the town of Leraysville and she needed a boy for the chores. I learned myself to sugar on her farm before I was sixteen. The way it was there, if I wanted something sweet, I had to produce it myself, and she had a little stand of maples in her wood lot. After she died, I hired out. I guess I've hired out, farmed on shares, and rented pretty near all over Jefferson County. That's about all I had out of life until I got this place. These woods are what I liked about it first, and I've never left off. I get in bed at night and close my eyes and I can see every foot of them in my mind. I know the look of every last one of these trees like I know the look of my face." Mr. Nichols reached for the reins. He swung himself up on the wagon. Without looking at me, he said, "Whenever you get tired of riding, you can take a pail and give Victor a hand." —BERTON ROUECHÉ

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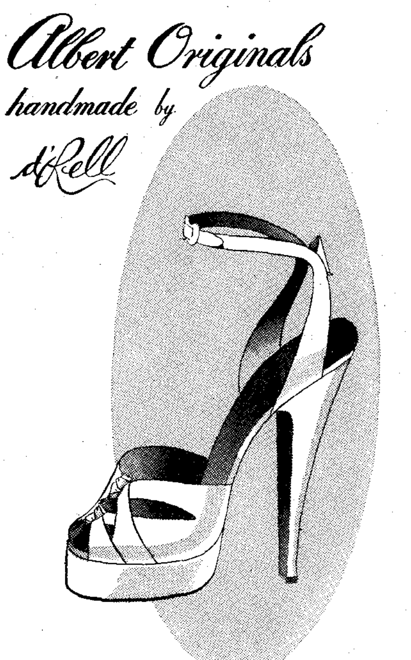

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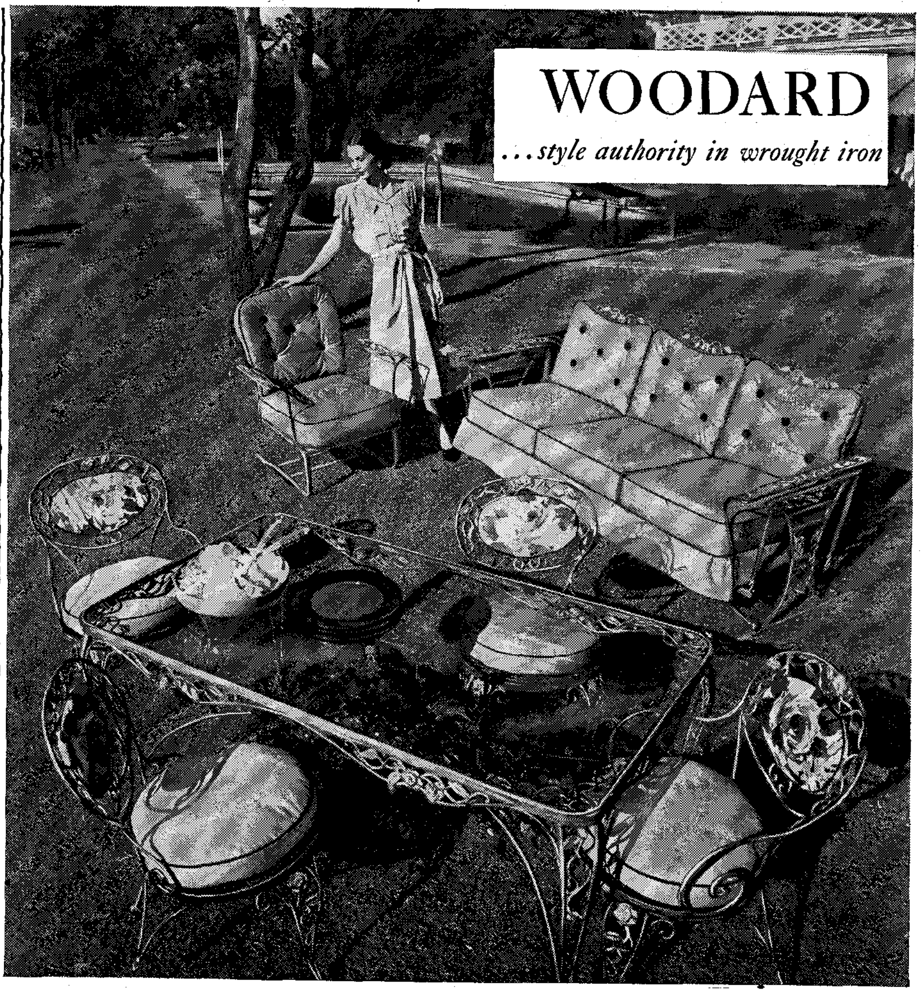
TABLES FOR TWO

Spring Fever

NEW night clubs and shows have been poking their heads up among the brownstones these past few weeks like some garish species of night-blooming flower. Maybe it's the season. At any rate, at Second Avenue and Fifty-eighth Street, where I seem to remember a dilapidated store of some sort, there has sprouted the Perroquet, a little bright-green box with baskets of spring flowers painted on the walls. Hugh Shannon, sitting at a light-colored piano, plays tunes from forgotten musicals and sings, with a nice, nostalgic touch, those old-fashioned delicate and charming lyrics, of the kind that hardly anybody writes any more. At the Ruban Bleu, there's now Paula Drake, a well-brushed beauty with an almost malicious wit, satirizing torch singers and members of what used to be the international set, and at the Royal Roost, a new, small, and noisy establishment at Broadway and Forty-seventh Street, the Three Flames are carrying on with their bouncy imbecilities. The Copacabana show, in addition to the usual lofty, well-stuffed girls, done up this time with bird cages and panniers of fruit on their heads, has Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin, two young comedians of the spontaneous-combustion type. The basic ideas of this pair are mainly derivative—during one part of the show, they engage in a long passage of Broadway attack-and-parry, like any number of their predecessors at the Copacabana, and in another they run around the stage as though they were demented, like the Marx Brothers, the Ritz Brothers, or practically any other set of brothers—but the suddenness with which they switch their dialogue or their routine, as if they had just thought of something much funnier to say or do, gives them an engaging impromptu air. Very roughly, what happens is that Martin tries to impersonate movie actors, only to be interrupted by Lewis impersonating actors nobody ever heard of; Martin tries to sing, only to be interrupted by Lewis getting the band to go on strike after a squabble with the pianist; Martin tries to dance, only to be interrupted by Lewis loudly cataloguing his own theatrical accomplishments to the audience, as if he were advertising himself in *Variety*. Lewis, who has a



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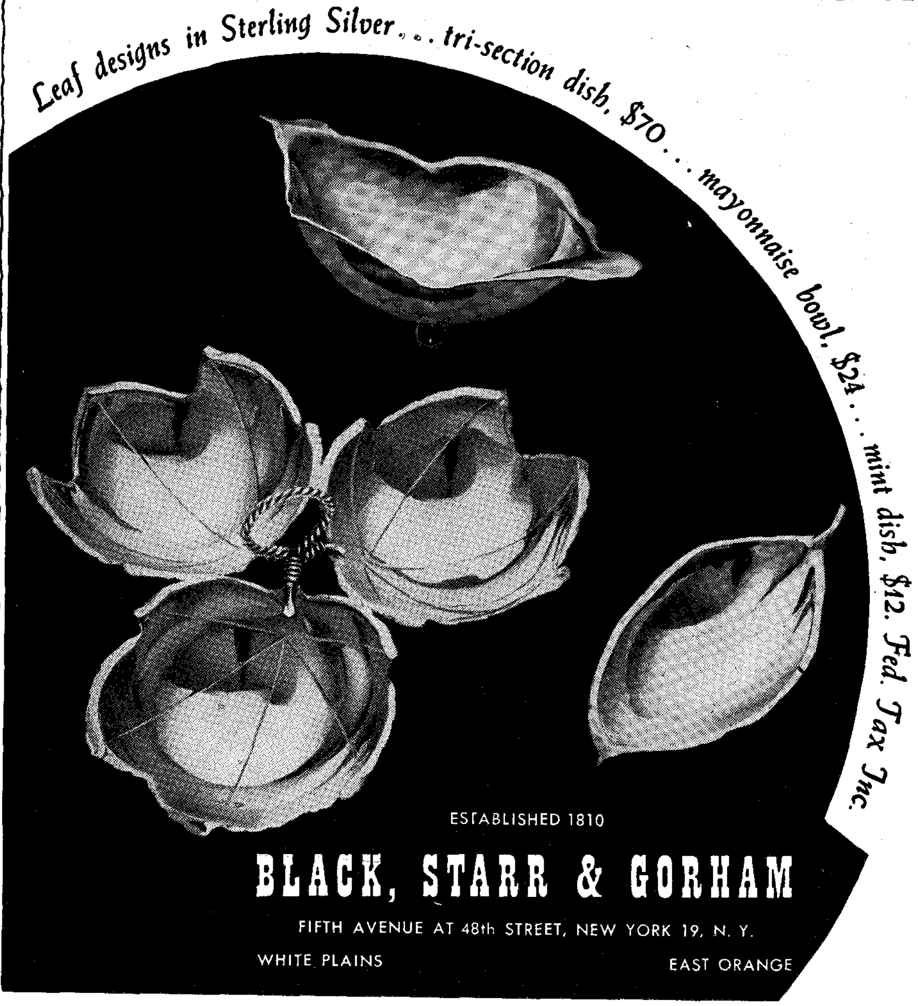

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lithe, catlike figure and a face composed entirely of mouth and eyes, is the more natural comedian of the two, but Martin, a handsome fellow, is no ordinary straight man, tossing balls for his partner to hit over the fence. I consider it a credit to the originality of these two that they can speak in Cockney, in Alabamian, and in corner-drugstore accents, and that they can put on false teeth and still be funny. The high point of the evening, for me, was when Lewis, having made himself objectionable to Martin by every conceivable diabolical device, finally darted about the room in an exuberant jitterbug dance while Martin vainly tried to sing "Ol' Man River," and—well, all right, but it *was* funny.

THE barnyard motif of the Royal Roost stops just short of cuteness, and there's enough blond wood and vivid coloring about to make the room look so clean and sunny that you're apt to forget it's an airtight basement. Most of the entertainment is provided by the Three Flames. These lighthearted musicians are as excellent when they play maudlin pieces, like "Blue Moon," as when they sing nonsensical pieces, like "Nicholas, Don't Be So Ridiculous." They reach their peak in both departments in the "Royal Roost Blues," a song that has had as many titles as the Three Flames have had employers and that so carries them away that you fear they may have to be confined. I am told by an avant-garde fellow who keeps in touch with such things that the Royal Roost is becoming the bebop palace of New York (my informant's term, not mine). I haven't made up my mind about bebop—I'm a bit arrière-garde myself—but I can report that Thelonious Monk, who is a remarkable pianist in any style he chooses, shows up at the establishment on Tuesday nights at the head of a frantic quintet, and that there is a bebop concert, conducted by a gentleman whose name appears in my notes as Symphony Sid, every night at eleven.

THE Plaza, to get back to the world of crystal and roses, is apparently so attached to Hildegarde that when she's gone, they keep a stand-in around to hold the franchise. To impersonate Hildegarde, as Florence Desmond does for fully half an hour these evenings, is a fairly standard practice, but to impersonate her in the Persian Room, under the eyes of the old grads and letter men, takes some courage. Miss Desmond, a British import, puts her hair on

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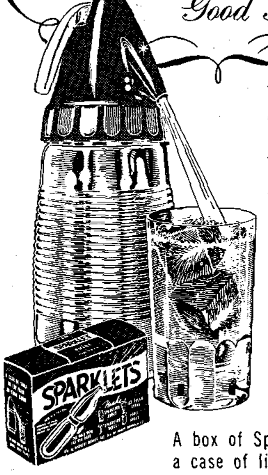

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top of her head and runs through Hildegarde's entire routine, from the jokes about the Hilton chain to the distribution of the roses. The only thing that's too much for her is the playing of the piano, but she has learned to bang out enough of the opening chords of the Rachmaninoff Prelude to give the shadows of her curls a chance to bob up and down on the ceiling. The mimicry is almost too perfect, for after a time you begin to wonder whether you are not really watching Hildegarde herself on an off night, when she hasn't the spirit to put much song-and-dance into her act. Miss Desmond also caricatures, with extraordinary accuracy, Tallulah Bankhead, Bette Davis, and other movie stars, tells several stories in dialect, and conducts an imaginary interview and theatre audition; she becomes, in fact, some seventeen people in the course of the evening. As if seventeen weren't enough, the Persian Room has also installed a ballroom team, Artini and Consuela, who waltz as smoothly as though they were on ice skates and are pleasantly free of occupational affectations. Consuela wears a street dress and a fancy hat, which make her look as crisp as a French governess in contrast to the usual tulle and feathers, and she and her partner perform all sorts of dances, from a Brazilian maxixe to a one-step of 1910, with precisely the right brevity and spirit.

STIMULATED, doubtless, by the commotion on the other side of the fountain, the Savoy-Plaza has reinstated a show in its Café Lounge, where once upon a time such people as Hildegarde (the real one) and Sheila Barrett used to appear. The Lounge has comfortable seats, practically no lights, and a good-sized dance floor; the show is a needless embellishment. There's a vivacious tap dancer, a novelty in these days of Agnes de Mille; a comedian named Cedric Howard, who does satisfying imitations of a French crooner and a Prussian officer and then spoils them by interpolating jokes; and Johnny Thompson, who's a sort of common denominator of all the personable young men who ever stepped before a microphone to sing. —F. L.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Joe J. Loghry of Springer announce the arrival of an eight pound girl Thursday. The baby Loghry is employed at the Jasperson dairy.—*Raton (N.M.) Daily Range.*

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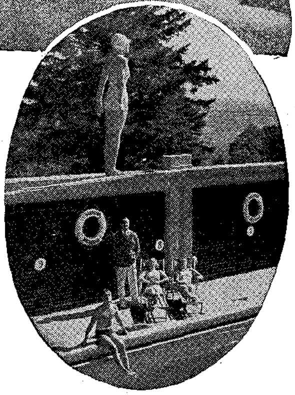

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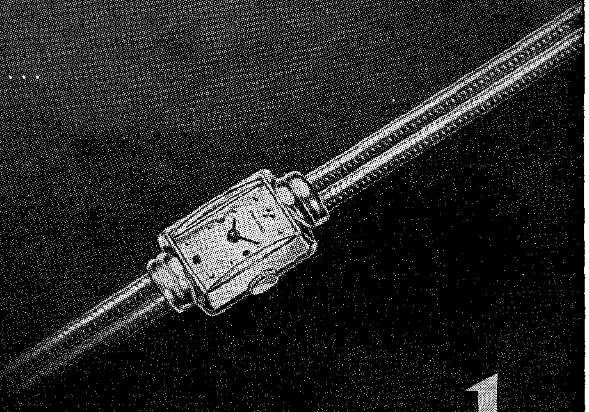

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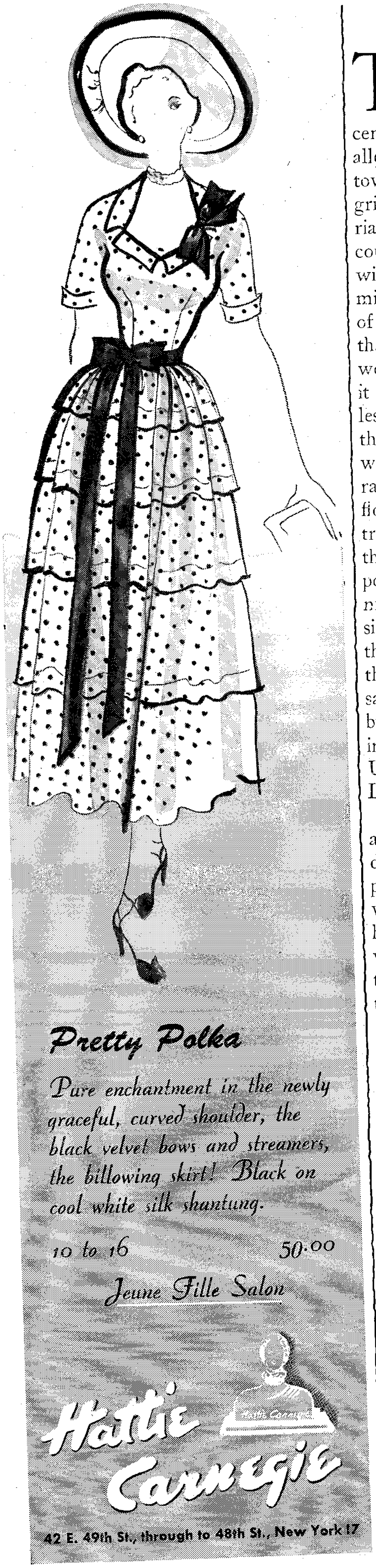
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THE NATURE OF A CRIME

THE technical school that I attended when I was sixteen was a typical specimen of nineteenth-century architecture. It lurked in a side alley off the main street of an industrial town in the north of England, and its grim façade suggested an unhappy marriage between a Greek temple and a county jail. The stone walls were black with soot from the chimneys of woollen mills, factories, and innumerable rows of mean gray houses, and the lettering that lauded the founders was almost worn away from the pediment on which it was carved. The entrance hall was less funereal. The pillars that supported the ceiling were covered with painted whirls and twirls in imitation of some rare species of Italian marble, and the floor was of Scotch granite. But this extravagance of style did not penetrate to the classrooms, which were as plain as possible, and even the comparative dignity of the entrance was diminished by a sickly, nauseating smell that came from the chemical laboratory. As one entered the building, the first object that one saw was a large, round clock, flanked by the portraits of two long-dead mayors in scarlet cloaks and massive gold chains. Under this clock, I used to wait for Lucy.

There were about fifty other girls among the four hundred evening students in the technical school. The day pupils numbered a thousand, but they were superior creatures, with whom we had no contact. Like the day students, we had to pay a tuition fee, for although the technical school was supported by the city, the mayor and corporation seemed to feel that students might prove ungrateful and irresponsible unless their pockets were tapped. The fee was kept at a reasonable level, but we all had to pay it. Most of us night students were earning our own living, and only in the evening, after a gobbled meal at home or in a cheap café, could we devote ourselves to the making of a career. The school had been established as a vocational school, and a great majority of the night pupils upheld its traditions by studying mining, chemistry, textiles, engineering, or shorthand. A number of borderline subjects had crept into the curriculum, though, and there was a little knot of utopians, to which I belonged, who studied the liberal arts and had high aspirations. We not only hoped to squeeze an entire high-school education into a two-year evening course but intended to thrust ourselves aggressively through the formidable barrier of the Senior Oxford examination, which regular high-school students overleaped only after five years of leisurely training. If we passed that examination, we would be eligible for entrance into one of the British universities. We knew we were engaged in an almost hopeless undertaking, since, after all, it cost money to go to college and we were poor, but the longing for a college education and the fame and fortune to which it might lead drove us doggedly forward. Even in buses or streetcars, we buried our noses in textbooks, and at night we all fell asleep clasping foreign dictionaries. All, that is, except Lucy. In class, she sat sucking her finger and looking with dreamy, unfocussed eyes at the blackboard, and at night she fell asleep, I felt sure, clasping a crucifix.

Lucy's ancestry and early environment were different from those of most of us. We came from industrial villages perched on the edges of bleak moors, or from the sullen back streets of the town, and we were mostly Nonconformist in religion, but Lucy's mother, after a firm training in English Protestantism, had married an Irish Catholic and adopted his country and faith, and Lucy had been raised on the soft green plain of central Ireland. Shortly after her sixteenth birthday, her mother had died, and her father had given her three pounds and a suitcase and sent her to our town to live with an elderly English aunt. Soon after her arrival in England, Lucy had gone to work in a department store, and one Saturday afternoon she had sold a pair of cotton gloves to Miss Benson, the librarian of the technical school. The librarian was an unusual woman, with the stern composure of a dedicated personality and the implacable will of the fanatic. Whenever she came upon a young person who seemed to her in need of a technical-school education—in a street, a café, a store, or on top of a bus—she pounced on the creature and almost forced him to enroll in the school. Once she had got him in, she tried by every possible means to keep him afloat, and her prim, didactic voice softened to an imploring note whenever an exhausted swimmer threatened to give up the struggle.

It was Miss Benson who thrust Lucy under my wing. It happened quite casually, one night during my second winter as a student. In the town, the lights from the shopwindows glimmered on crisp snow, the breath of passersby turned white in the frosty air, and the shouts of hawkers roasting chestnuts over braziers near the sidewalks mingled with the ringing of the bells of streetcars. I had bought some hot chestnuts and was eating them out of a paper bag as I ran up the wide school steps, joyfully unaware that I was about to meet a girl who would cause me to commit a crime I should remember all my life. I was going to stop in the library on my way to the art class, and I finished the chestnuts outside the library door, for the sight of a chewing mouth in the library positively maddened Miss Benson.

"I want you to do something for me," she said, coming over to me as soon as I went in. "I've got a new girl, Lucy Malone. Comes from Ireland and knows nobody. A timid, defenseless sort of child. She'll attend the same classes as you, and I told her I would place her in your charge. She'll take the examination when you do."

"You mean in six months from now?" I asked, appalled.

"She's had the equivalent of a high-school education in a convent, so she's hardly likely to be below *your* standard," Miss Benson said. "All she needs is kindness. Now, promise me faithfully you'll look after her."

I promised, faithfully but unwillingly.

"Now, where can she be?" Miss Benson grumbled. "I said half past six."

We both turned to look at the open doorway and saw a shy girl standing there, her smooth, dark head bent as if in deep shame.

"Come here, Lucy!" commanded Miss Benson.

"Yes, Ma'am," the girl said. She came diffidently to the desk, gave a tug at the skirt of her shabby frock, and bobbed a curtsy. I thought the gesture medieval, slavish, and absolutely disgusting. Miss Benson turned her over to me abruptly, and we set off for art class.

"How long have you lived in England?" I asked as I shepherded her along a musty corridor.

"About six months. Or maybe more," she said, as though time were of no consequence.

"Well," I said, deciding to be firm from the start, "in England we don't

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curtsy except to royalty. And don't call Miss Benson 'Ma'am,' either."

"No," Lucy murmured. Immediately, her soft, childishly sweet face puckered, the coral mouth trembled, and the luminous eyes brimmed over. I was seriously displeased by such signs of weakness in a person for whom I was to be responsible. "I didn't mean to hurt you," I said. "Miss Benson said I had to help you, that's all."

Lucy dried her eyes with a violently pink handkerchief and smiled gratefully. I felt as though I had been given a pet lamb. But before the evening was over, I realized unhappily that my first duty to Lucy was to get her out of art and into something else. Her drawing would have disgraced a crawling infant. I had no doubt of my ability to judge, for I had begun assiduously training myself to be an artist at the age of ten, and nobody had yet told me that my neat, laborious work hadn't a trace of originality in it. I was right about Lucy's drawing. After the first lesson, the art mistress took me aside and murmured that my friend shouldn't be in the art class at all. She was quite hopeless.

The next evening, I faced Miss Benson and explained the situation. "Nonsense," Miss Benson declared. "She's got to pass the Senior Oxfords in six subjects, and art's the easiest of the lot. All the examiners ask for is a minimum of competence in drawing, which anybody can acquire. You don't think she could learn enough physics or botany at this stage, do you?"

WINTER gave way to spring, and Lucy and I became good friends. Every evening, we met under the clock and walked along the chemically scented corridors to our classes hand in hand. I forgot that she was a Catholic and Irish, and remembered only that her sympathy and affection were unfailing. When I fell in love with the most beautiful boy in the school, a Narcissus with golden hair, she felt my unhappiness as if it had been her own, and when he strode coolly and indifferently into class, she would surreptitiously seize my hand to soothe the pain his presence gave me.

One warm June night, though, as Lucy walked with me to my bus station, she suddenly forgot that she was expected to be a consolation and a comfort, and burst into tears. "I'm so frightened," she whispered. "I can't sleep at night. I dream awful things. The examination's only a month off now."

I said I was worried, too, but I had to admit I could sleep soundly.

"It isn't only the examination," she went on. "I'm sure I'm going to lose my place in the shop. I'm nervous when customers come in, and I never make them buy anything at all. If I pass the examination, Miss Benson will get me a teaching post in a private school—she says you don't need to be clever or go to college; they aren't like the free schools—but I shall fail. I wish I could die."

A week before the examination, I went to Miss Benson and told her I was losing my nerve. Failure was inevitable, I said. We technical-school people couldn't possibly pass an examination planned for high-school students.

"Rubbish," Miss Benson snapped. She always enunciated with remarkable precision; now the words began to pop out like rifleshots. "High-school students spend half their time playing ridiculous games and jumping about in a gymnasium. They never learn to concentrate. They are invariably idle, infantile, self-centered, and incompetent. Please don't mention the word 'failure' again in my presence."

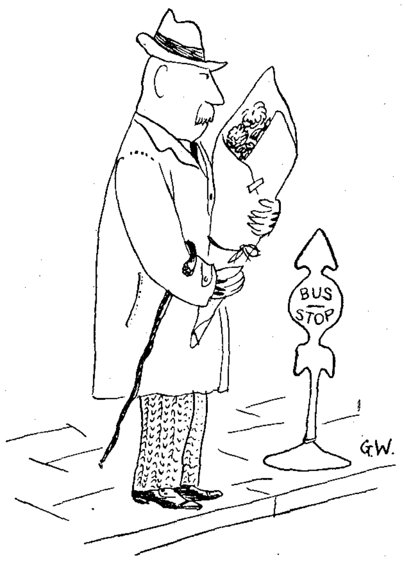
DURING the first half of July, the weather was alternately sultry and stormy. For several days, the sky would be gray, hot, and sullen; then rain would rush down till the earth steamed like a plum pudding. After every shower, the sun would emerge briefly and vast rainbows would curve across the sky; then the steely curtain would fall again. But the first morning of the examination was blue and serene. I had got a week off from my office, on the understanding that it would count as my annual holiday, and I felt almost cheerful as I stood under the clock waiting for Lucy. She finally appeared and came toward me, meek, terrified, like a lamb about to be butchered, but when we had entered the great examination hall and had sat down at adjoining desks, there was a wintry smile on her face. "At least we can sit together," she said.

The room filled. The double doors were shut and locked. Far off, behind a desk on a high platform, perched an observer in a black university gown. He was emaciated and white-haired, and his face resembled old ivory; he peered myopically down at the silent rows of students, his eyes searching for concealed dictionaries or hidden memoranda. The cutaway sleeve of his gown fell back, exposing a white cuff and the sleeve of a gray lounge suit. At last, his long fingers clawed at a bell on the desk. When the clangor had died, he sat back and began a persistent, meaningless chewing. Watching, fascinated, the steady movement of his empty mouth, I nearly forgot Lucy. Then, as four ushers marched down the aisles distributing papers, I glanced in her direction. Her hands were folded under her desk, her sleek black head was bent, and her lips moved silently in what I knew must be a prayer to the Holy Virgin.

When Friday morning came and we had finished all our examinations but art, I felt as though I had crawled out of a black tunnel. Yet I was not unhappy. I was sure I had been successful so far. I was aware of the thousand gaps in my hastily acquired knowledge, and the way the questions had avoided them seemed to indicate that the examiners were miracles of clemency or else that I was positively haunted by good fortune.

"The history and geography papers might have been set especially for you," Miss Benson said when Lucy and I stopped off at the library before going into the examination room. "Plenty of scope for generalizations, and very few facts required." Even Lucy, who spent her life anticipating disaster, was quietly confident. Miss Benson, to conceal her rapture, barbed her words and shot them at Lucy and me. "You still have the art examination. It's easy, but don't let conceit turn you into a pair of idiots on the last day."

When Lucy and I passed through the familiar double doors, the examination room looked different from the way it had. Many of the chairs and desks were gone, and the rest had been rearranged so as to widen the gaps between the rows; models for still-life drawings—each one an arrangement of a bread-board, a loaf, a blue jug, and a bowl of oranges—were set up on white stands at convenient intervals, and the sight of them calmed what fears I had had for



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myself. Nobody in the room, I reflected, could have had more experience in drawing such things than I. Lucy and I sat down in the back row. The black-gowned gentleman took his place on the platform and again began his accustomed chewing of nothing. His eyes had acquired a glazed look, as though prolonged staring at students had afflicted them with cataracts. The quartet of ushers gave the necessary supplies to everybody and then marched out with the solemn step of churchwardens.

We were allowed to do our sketches in either water colors or pastels, and Lucy and I were using pastels, as experience had taught me they were easier to handle than water colors; you could obliterate your mistakes. After I had worked for an hour and a half, I was so cheerful I could hardly keep from whistling. I had finished, and I could sit back for thirty minutes and watch the rest struggling. I glanced at Lucy's desk and my heart swung against my ribs. Her drawing was a wretched, withered, unhappy piece of work, on a level of execution to which even Lucy had never before descended. I was absolutely certain that as soon as she had printed her name on that appalling sketch, she would be doomed. As the knowledge of what I must do darted into my consciousness, I felt an evil exaltation, a maddening excitement. I looked at the drowsing, chewing figure on the platform and at the rows of absorbed students; then, with the agile hands of a pickpocket, I snatched Lucy's drawing and gave her my own. A second later, she was staring down aghast at what lay on her desk and I was working with shaking fingers on her lopsided jug. Nobody had noticed anything. In a state of high fervor, I began plumping and ripening the fruit, polishing the jug, and straightening the breadboard. By the time the bell rang, I had obliterated every trace of Lucy. I printed my name on the sheet and glanced at her. Her face looked strained and exhausted as she printed her name on the drawing I had given her. I bowed my head to conceal my elation. A sense of satanic power made me almost dizzy.

In the street, Lucy linked her arm in mine. I could feel her trembling. "We could be sent to prison," she whispered.

"If you never speak of it, who's to know?" I asked her. "And don't tell the priest in confession, either. It's *my* crime, not yours."

We went into a café for lunch, but neither of us felt like eating, so we

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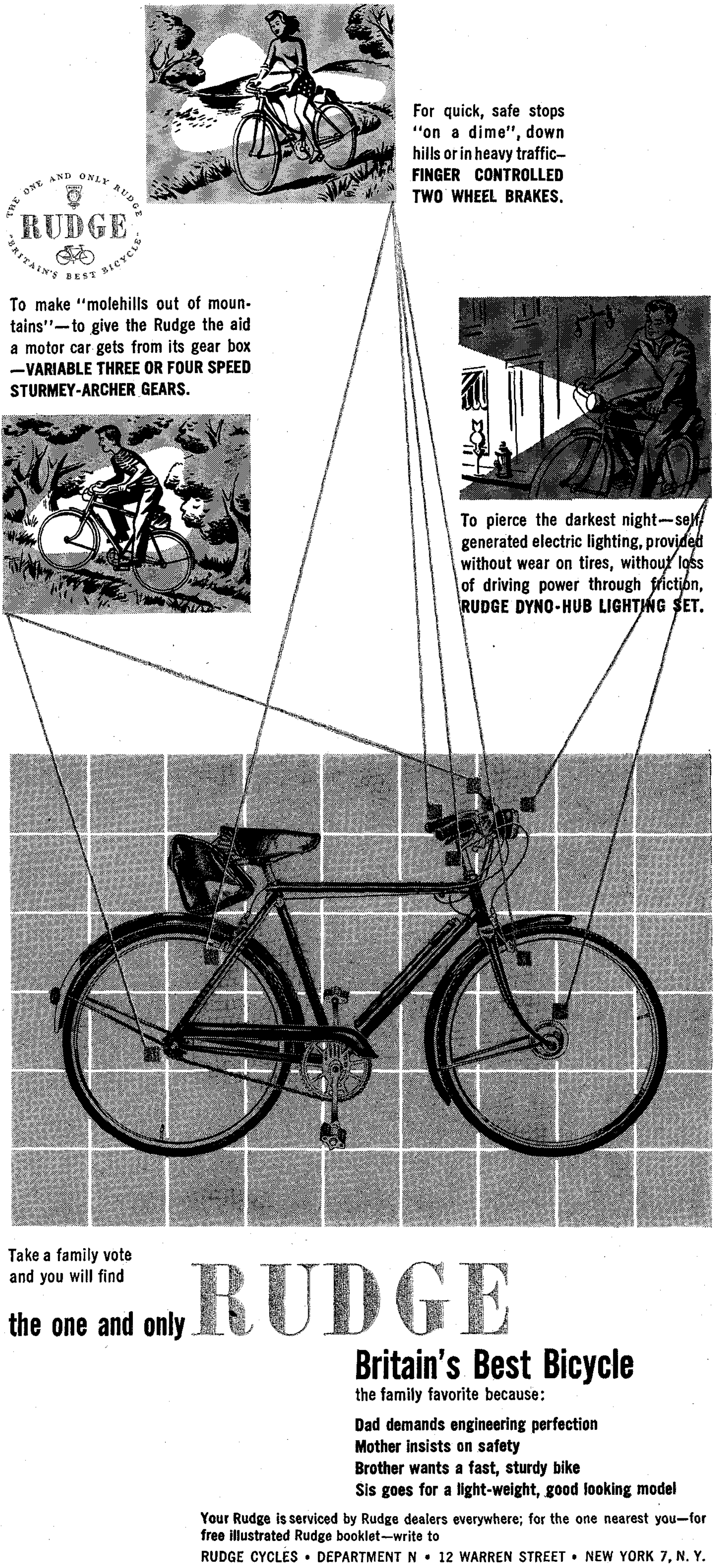
ordered coffee. The waitress gave me, I thought, a suspicious stare, and suddenly my excitement vanished and I was filled with a cold, hard despair. I drank the coffee and ordered more, and reflected that this was, no doubt, the way habitual thieves and forgers nourished themselves, swallowing cup after cup of strong coffee to steady their nerves while the virtuous members of society consumed sliced mutton, ice cream, and apple tart. When we left the café, I said goodbye to Lucy and went home. I knew that Miss Benson would be expecting me to come and tell her about the examination, but I was afraid to go into the library and face her honest eyes.

That night, I lay awake for a long time thinking over what I had done. I acknowledged that my love and pity for Lucy provided me with no excuse whatever. I knew that only by individual honesty could civilized life continue. If students began cheating in examinations to save their friends from failure, the whole educational structure would collapse and England would be in a state of chaos. The cunning way in which I had broken the law, and the acute pleasure I had felt in breaking it, proved I had an inborn talent for crime. One thing led to another; I might shortly find myself travelling on trains without a ticket, and end by stealing from the petty-cash box in the office. It was said to be almost impossible for a hardened wrongdoer to reform; a taste for crime soon turned into an unconquerable habit.

FOR a week, I stayed home nights and examined the state of my soul. Then, one morning, I got an envelope addressed in Lucy's babyish handwriting. It contained a celluloid picture postcard—Lucy had a passion for celluloid—depicting a gilt-haloed Virgin in a blue gown. On the back was written, "With fondest love from Lucy." I put the picture carefully in my coat pocket, and as I went to work, I decided on my future course. If I should be found out and threatened with public disgrace, I would swallow an enormous dose of aspirin. My parents should never have to watch their daughter being marched off to a reform school. I knew I should probably weep as I swallowed the aspirin, but I should have the comfort of knowing that my family would be overwhelmed with grief and not with shame. With this resolve, I went back to begin a brief summer course at the technical school and listen to Miss Benson's plans for my future with a spaniel sub-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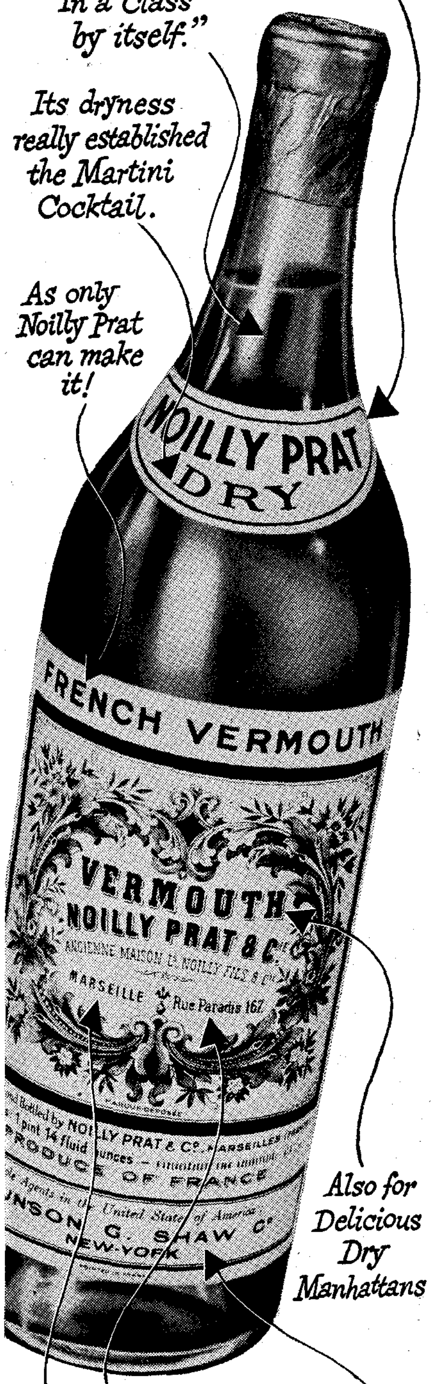

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missiveness that almost matched Lucy's. When I was alone with Lucy, who was also going on with her studies, I continued to be stubbornly shameless, but she quickly saw through the pretense of crookedness. "You needn't worry yourself sick," she said one day. "I feel certain God has forgiven us."

The results came through on a rainy Friday several weeks later. Lucy had been missing from the school for nearly a week. I had written her a letter, but she hadn't answered it. When I walked into the library that evening, Miss Benson came racing across the room like an athlete. "I told you so," she cried. "You got through! We've done magnificently this year. We heard this morning." She flung her thin arms around my neck, then suddenly recollected her dignity and set me free.

"And what about Lucy?" I asked.

"Failed. She fell down in three out of six subjects. It's very bad," Miss Benson said. "She lost her job yesterday, too, and she came in this afternoon to say she's going back to her father in Ireland. I told her the examination results and she didn't seem upset. She sent you her love and congratulations, and said I had to tell you that all your worries were over now. Have you been terribly anxious, child?"

"Not particularly," I said.

"By the way," Miss Benson said, "she passed in art. I was right, you see. It proves what I've always said about these art examinations—with a little application any fool can get through."

—Winifred Williams

•

Alliance, Neb. (AP). Gov. Thomas E. Dewey did not try to shoo a wandering dog away from the speaker's platform here Saturday as reported previously.

Instead he said hello to the dog and asked "would you like to come up and join us?" The terrier was similar to one he had as a boy in Owosso, Mich., he remarked to the audience.

Dewey supporters had expressed concern that earlier reports—that the governor tried to shoo the dog away—might give the wrong impression. They said the governor certainly is a dog lover.—*Lincoln (Neb.) Evening Journal.*

How does he feel about women and children?

•

REMARKS WE DOUBT EVER GOT MADE

(WITH A CATCH IN THE VOICE)

[*From the European edition of the Herald Tribune*]

"It was an open, olive-drab, Ford-make jeep, French registration number 5958 RP 1, motor number 206720," Miss Dietrich said with a catch in her voice.

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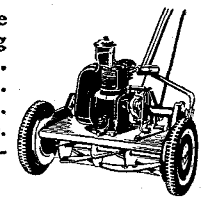

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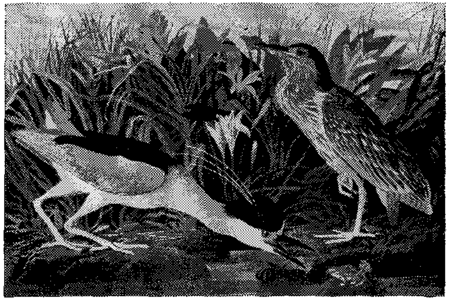

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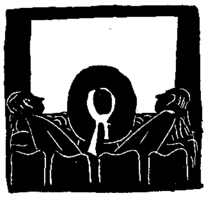
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Island Uproar



PICTORIALLY, there's a gentle, pastoral air about "The Brothers," an English film dealing with life on one of the Western Isles of Scotland, but the figures who move against its soothing landscapes are no more placid than the Hudson Dusters. A good many of the islanders are in the illicit-whiskey business, two of the more prominent families are engaged in a feud, at least a dozen of the citizenry have been involved in the murder of an informer for the tax collector, and all hands have a weakness for dramming. When a chaste and beguiling lady orphan is introduced into these lively surroundings, the result is close to catastrophic, since the local bloods take the same forthright attitude toward sex as they do toward liquor. Among those whom the orphan unduly agitates are the Macrae boys, in whose house she is a servant; Willie McFarish, the boys' deadly enemy; and Old Man Macrae, who is convinced that the lass is up to no good when she skips out evenings without a by-your-leave. She has her most potent effect upon John Macrae, the elder of the boys, who, when he can't get her, decides that nobody else will and persuades his brother to take her out in a boat on a misty morning and drop her over the side. Evidently because this climax violated the American censorship code, which insists that no young sport can drop a virtuous character over the side of a boat and go unpunished, an absurd and wholly unlikely passage, full of happiness and virtue triumphant, has been tacked onto the end of the piece.

Except for that bit of untidiness, though, the picture is a good one. There are some very funny scenes, such as one in which the heads of the clans of Macrae and McFarish exchange magnificent insults as a prelude to a rowing contest, and another, in which, over a jug of the hard stuff, a Scot haggles about the size of his daughter's dowry with her suitor, who drives a most unsentimental bargain. In the role of the orphan, Patricia Roc is handsome and persuasive, but it is the men in the cast, among them Will Fyffe, Maxwell Reed, Finlay Currie, and Duncan Macrae (his name is, I as-

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sume, coincidental), who provide the film with its many high spots.

"ANNA KARENINA," another English film, isn't anywhere near as successful as "The Brothers." In this version of the story, Tolstoy's observations on nineteenth-century mores have been reduced to a kind of cinematic baby talk, and the crowded plot of his novel has been rearranged into a neat and simple triangle, in which only Anna, her husband, and her lover are particularly conspicuous. In addition to Anna at home, Anna at the races, and Anna at the opera, we are offered quite a bit of Anna in Venice, participating in a gloomy holiday with her sweetheart, a gentleman preoccupied with thoughts of his old regiment and his favorite horses. After that, the picture just goes drearily on and on, until the proceedings and Anna are extinguished by the St. Petersburg-Moscow express. Vivien Leigh, in a part that Greta Garbo twice undertook with fine results, seems a bit too practical to be mixed up in romantic derring-do, and Kieron Moore, as her lover, is purely decorative. In the role of Karenin, however, Ralph Richardson is altogether convincing. It's too bad that his talents were wasted on this overstuffed item.

IT is a fairly safe bet that any movie in which the hero and heroine call each other Useless and Snapshot is going to be hopeless. That is how Clark Gable and Lana Turner address each other in "Homecoming." The film recounts how Mr. Gable, playing a middle-aged Dr. Kildare, gets rich as a surgeon before the war while neglecting the welfare of his community as a whole. He presently turns up as a very hot thing in the Army Medical Corps. During his tour of duty in the service, he keeps running across Miss Turner, who is supposed to be a nurse. Miss Turner is a widow, and she loves humanity. She presently enlarges her affections to include even Mr. Gable. Against some of the most patently contrived backgrounds of battle you ever laid your eyes on, she talks him into admitting that there is more in medicine than money. Having enlightened him, Miss Turner confesses that she wants him to hold her in his arms. At this point, Paul Osborn, who wrote the piece, evidently remembered that he had saddled his hero with a wife at a previous point in the script. Taking the easy way out, he has Miss Turner killed off in the Battle of the Bulge, which, of course, enables Mr. Gable to go home to his spouse, full of

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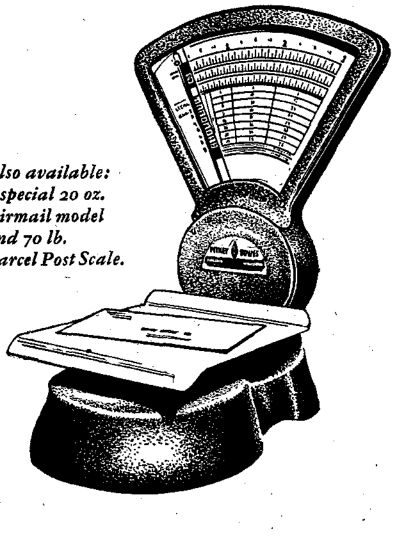

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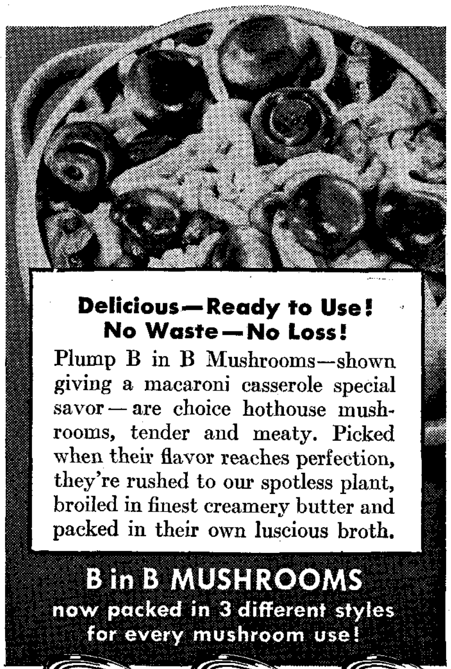

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determination to be more useful around town. Only inclement weather would warrant your sitting through fifteen minutes of this.

SOME years ago, in "The Constant Nymph," Joan Fontaine had an actress's field day playing a budding beauty enraptured by a composer (Charles Boyer). In "Letter from an Unknown Woman," she tries to repeat the trick, this time with a pianist. It is in *Alt Wien* in 1900 that we come upon Miss Fontaine peering around corners at her next-door neighbor, an eminent musician. She is a gawky young thing, full of gauzy adolescent dreams of love. When she is older, she finally meets and is carried off by the musician, but after a few ecstatic days he departs, promising to return in a couple of weeks. He doesn't, of course, and soon all she has to remember him by is a rotund baby. She escapes from this unpleasantness by marrying a wealthy character who likes to duel, but she still loves her pianist. By the time all this foolishness is over, there has been more weeping and moaning than you would imagine possible. The object of Miss Fontaine's affections is Louis Jourdan—a Frenchman, like Mr. Boyer. He does pretty well as a rake and a bounder. Miss Fontaine, I'm sorry to say, didn't move me to tears, but I can't accuse her of not trying hard.

"WHO KILLED SANTA CLAUS?" is a French item, in which the wonderful Harry Baur and several other good actors try to make sense out of a confused script that involves a murder on Christmas Eve, a baron who pretends to have leprosy because he wants to be alone, and a young lady who sits around dewily waiting for a prince on a white horse to come and get her. Unless you have more of an appetite for whimsey than I have, I'd say no. . . . "Kings of the Olympics" is an edited version of the German account of the 1936 games. In this one, our boys get all the attention. The photography is superb.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

◆

Drivers on the coast highway feel encouraged with the development of the road improvement north of Agate Beach, where a Portland contractor has a $279,810 Williams and third, Mrs. Eula Folduce 31 curves to five, and giving the traveler a better view of the ocean.—*Lincoln County (Ore.) Leader.*

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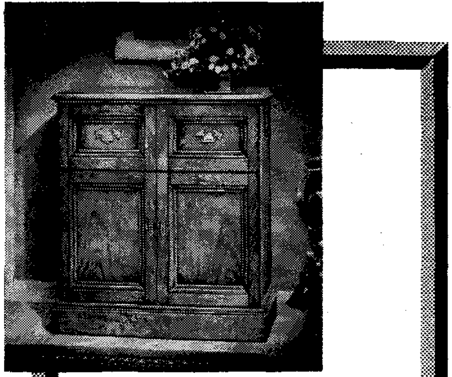
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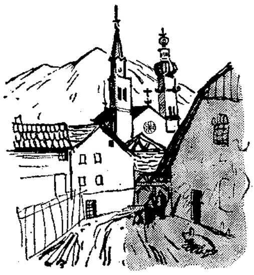
LETTER FROM GERMANY

MUNICH, APRIL 26



HITLER'S wide, ribbonlike Autobahns, which haughtily bypass even the most unoffending villages and, for that reason, make as dull travelling as a ride through a tunnel, were, of course, designed to handle military traffic. Eighteen months ago, the olive-drab color of most of the vehicles on them continued to identify them with their original purpose. In the last year, however, during which the gasoline ration for German civilians was increased and the Army Post Exchange Service facilitated the purchase of American cars by our occupation forces, the military color scheme became adulterated by the iridescent pastels of a stream of Buicks, Plymouths, and Fords, which grudgingly shared the road with ten-year-old Opels, Eifels, and BFWs, battered and sputtering but still mobile. Even Army jeeps often blossomed out in bright blues and yellows, either in summary rejection of the old O.D. and what it stands for or just for the hell of it. Then, a few weeks ago, the trend started suddenly to reverse. Practically any afternoon these days, almost interminable convoys of tanks and two-and-a-half-ton trucks, carrying camouflage nets and loaded to the rear curtains with armed soldiers, can be seen snaking along the Munich-Berlin highway, usually headed for Grafenwöhr, the six-mile-square former Wehrmacht training ground, which happens to lie only fifteen miles from the border of the Russian Zone. The riders in these caravans are silent. Not even the prettiest *Fräulein* pedestrian draws any of the hooting and kidding that are usually the spontaneous reaction of a bunch of G.I.s, and the white, set faces, peering out at the sunlight, are barely recognizable as those of the good-natured youngsters seen last in the PX haggling over the number of Milky Ways due them for the week. None of this sombre traffic means a thing, one learns if one makes official inquiry. The troops have been here all along and are simply on their way from one station to another, as any troops might be in the most uneventful circumstances. The movement is "strictly routine" or "just in case." But one thing is sure—it is no fun to watch.

It is hardly consoling, either, to know that along the same Autobahn, on the other side of the border, beyond Hof, the Russians are going in for the same sort of maneuvering, using the same type of American-made two-and-a-half-ton trucks, towing what look suspiciously like American-made howitzers. At least, they were carrying on in this fashion several weeks ago, when, overcome by the desire for hard currency, they opened their zone briefly to visitors to the Leipzig Fair, who were allowed to buy goods for dollars or Swiss francs. It is probable that quite a few of the foreigners who went to Leipzig with their pink passes in hand did not go to plod about in the fog and unheated buildings of the fairgrounds. The Russians seemed willing to accept this circumstance, and no heavy hand fell on the shoulder of the visitor who poked around the back alleys of the city in a manner not usually expected of guests. For example, it was not at all difficult to find outspoken Leipzigers who had no reservations about calling their present rulers brutal animals or who were eager to tell, with a snicker, how the Russian soldiers had removed all the faucets from Leipzig houses, explaining that they wanted to have running water when they went back home. The German residents also liked to point out how bad the transportation situation in their zone had become since the Russians took up and shipped elsewhere the rails and ties for all but one set of tracks on each line.

One reason the authorities had no desire to keep the Leipzigers under wraps is that the Leipzigers look, on the whole, fatter and healthier than their fellow-Germans in the cities of the Western zones, since their ration is a fraction higher. The explanation is that the territory under Russian domination is mostly good farmland and there are more calories to go around—enough, in fact, to permit the Russians to ship food *out* of their zone. In addition, instead of letting the Germans collect the food grown by farmers, as is the practice in the American area, the Russians have kept control of this critical matter themselves, which discourages any farmer considering the advantages of the black market from giving way to temptation.

As for the status of the other freedoms, the Berlin *Sozial Demokrat* turned up on the Leipzig newsstands during the fair, for the first time in many months. There was also a Hessian pamphlet containing a translated article

American Education Fellowship
American Veterans Committee
Americans for Democratic Action
Ass'n for the Advancement of Colored People
Association of American Colleges
Catholic Association for International Peace
Emergency Committee of Atomic Scientists
The Evangelical Church
Friends of Democracy
The Legislatures of 17 States of the United States
National Education Association
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You ask, if all this strength has been marshaled for World Government, why don't we have it? A good question. The answer is simply that all of these organizations were founded for other purposes—religious, educational, social. World Government is only an added purpose—not their main goal. United World Federalists exists purely and simply, and for no other purpose, to rally public opinion behind this great idea and to funnel it into channels calculated to achieve a federal world.

If you are opposed to appeasement and unilateral disarmament, and believe that Peace can never be maintained without world law and the governmental agencies through which it can be administered and enforced, then you should join United World Federalists.

We need numbers, and the power and might that come only through numbers. Our voice has been raised in the halls of Congress. Overseas, in thirty-seven countries of the world, other right-thinking people are pursuing the same course. Already France and Italy have a World Government section in their constitutions. But America must lead the way. Hers is the mighty voice that must *lead*—and it is the American people who are that voice.

Join with us, Now, Today. Together we can bring about the greatest single revolution in thinking the world has ever seen—the Thinking that believes War is the solution to no problem and that only Law, and the enforcement of Law, can bring enduring world peace.

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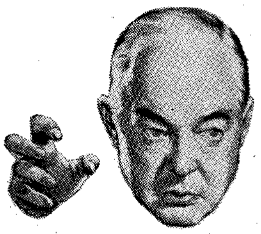
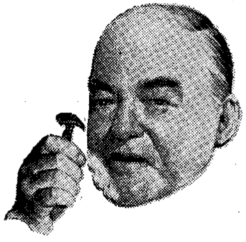


1—"A SMOOTH villain, they call me. Well, sir, the villainy is my own contribution. But . . .



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by Henry Steele Commager praising the Anglo-American concept of individual freedom. It seemed safe to assume, however, that both the pamphlet and the *Sozial Demokrat* would be out of sight the week after the fair. The *Leipziger Zeitung*, the local paper, was not available, having been banned in the winter for conduct unbecoming a publication in Communist territory. Between the disappearance of the *Zeitung* and the opening of the fair, the Leipzigers' only sources of news were kiosks full of biographies of Lenin, Ilya Ehrenburg's reports on the United States, and the Soviet-licensed *Berliner Zeitung*, whose leading headline every third day still seems to be "*Marshall Plan Gefährdet Freiheit*" ("Marshall Plan Endangers Freedom").

In regard to freedom of assembly, the Russians are suspicious of gatherings of more than three people. In Leipzig, any group that wants to get together for an afternoon of, say, finger painting is expected to announce its intention publicly, so that other lovers of culture, including, possibly, a watchful member of the provincial M.V.D., may share in the fun. Even the weekly *Tanzstunde*, or waltz evening, at a hall in one part of the city was finished off not long ago by an announcement that henceforth a thousand-mark admittance fee would be collected at the door from each *Tänzer*.

All in all, though not every piece of the puzzle fits into the pattern of outrage so widely accepted by the Western world, it comes as no shock to see, as one approaches the zonal border from the west, the bent figures of refugees darting in and out of clumps of trees on their way to another kind of *Freiheit*. However, it is also part of the picture that at the border there are usually several cars, a bus, or a truck full of Germans on their way *into* Russian territory—to visit relatives or to attend to small business transactions, but unquestionably entering of their own free will a land from which one has almost come to believe that no traveller returns.

A SURPRISING, in fact, a confounding, phenomenon in Germany today is the complacency with which many Germans—though not nearly all—view the possibility of an immediate war between the United States and Russia. Here and there, this attitude is the result of a confused idea of where a large part of such a war would be fought, but even the more perceptive Germans often seem almost enthusiastic over the increasing bitterness between the Russians and the Western powers. In spite of the considerable progress the Germans in the American Zone have made these last months in converting the rubble of their cities into bricks and in removing, bit by bit, as many traces as possible of the second World War, a great number of patched-up buildings are still marked with the initials "LSR," in white, and an arrow that points to the *Luftschutzraum*, or air-raid shelter, in the cellar. If you ask why these melancholy reminders of dreadful days have been left untouched, you are likely to get an incredible jovial wink and the answer that a fellow would, after all, be a *Dummkopf* to do away with anything so likely to come in handy before the year is out. Indeed, this fellow who is not a *Dummkopf* actually gives the impression of feeling that he has again managed to put something over on those foolish Americans.

One explanation of this apparent insanity is that the Germans figure they couldn't possibly be any worse off than they are right now, and another is that their stomachs are influencing their thinking. After all, the talk runs, the Americans could hardly starve a prospective faithful ally, could they? The advantages to be derived by the Germans in the American Zone from the present contretemps between the United States and Russia were pointed up nicely the other day when the Russians announced that the food ration in the Soviet Zone would be raised to well over two thousand calories a day, which caused the Americans instantly to declare a dividend of three ounces of fat and a pound of sugar for the next ration period in Bizonia. As a German acquaintance of mine remarked shortly thereafter, in terms that he unquestionably hadn't picked up from his instructor in English at the University of Tübingen, "If this is war, brother, that's for me." He also confessed to a certain smugness at the fact that the Americans are beginning to come over to the side that, as he sees it, turns out to have been right all along. According to the German way of thinking now, the ambitions of Nazi Germany had nothing to do with expansion at the expense of unoffending neighbors, the prerogatives of the Master Race, "the final solution of the Jewish problem," or, indeed, with the burning determination to conquer the world. The career of Germany under Hitler was, instead, a major, heroic phase in the now worldwide struggle between God and the Bolsheviks. The accumulation of certified documents at Nuremberg indicating that there may have been less ennobling influences at work are embarrassing, but, fortunately, it is not difficult to find representatives of Germany's recent enemies who are now willing to look the other way, too. "You know, I don't believe the Germans killed any six million Jews," an American newspaperman in Frankfurt remarked one day last week. "Maybe two million," he said, "maybe even three million," and he shrugged his chubby shoulders. On the barbed-wire fence surrounding the crematorium and the mass grave at Dachau, there is a sign that reads, "This Really Happened." It appears to be in some danger of being replaced by one that reads, "So What?"

THERE have been times lately when it seemed as if the "So What?" sign were hanging in the Nuremberg courtroom. There was, specifically, the morning when the tribunal hearing the Krupp case decided that members of the firm—who had hopefully and illegally begun building tanks (then officially referred to as "artillery power tractors") as early as 1926, whose president had written Adolf Hitler in March, 1933, that "the recent turn of political events is in line with the wishes that I myself and the Board of Directors have cherished for a long time," and who between 1933 and 1939 had provided their Führer with millions of marks' worth of tanks, armored turrets, guns, and submarines—could not, on the kind of evidence presented, have had anything to do with planning and preparing for an aggressive war. There was also the day that terminated the trial of fourteen of the leading figures of the Nazi Race and Resettlement Office, which, in its prime, had resettled out of existence some five hundred thousand people. Six of the defendants were set free and the others sentenced to various terms of imprisonment, of which only one was for life—sentences that one of the three judges, Daniel T. O'Connell, now returned to his job on the Massachusetts Superior Court, condemned in a separate opinion as being too harsh. It was a matter of some astonishment, therefore, when, a few weeks ago, the tribunal presided over by Judge Michael A. Musmanno, of Pittsburgh, reared back and condemned fourteen out of twenty-two members of the S.S. Einsatz Kommandos to be hanged by the neck until dead. Possibly the really astonishing thing is that such sentences should not have been considered inevitable. These were men who, in the lands to the east

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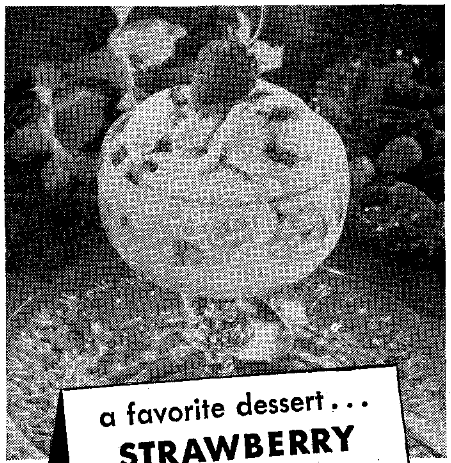

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of Germany, had planned, ordered, and supervised the deaths of more than a million human beings. (Their counsel offered the defense that it wasn't *quite* a million—a form of numerical exculpation that is seemingly becoming quite common in Germany today.) At the trial, their carefully itemized reports back to the main office were introduced: "Killed by our group between November 2 and November 8 [1941], 15 political officials, 21 saboteurs and looters, 414 hostages, 10,650 Jews." "In the course of the greater action against Jews, 3,412 were shot this week." "In Simferopol, the Krymchaki and gypsy questions were solved, in addition to the Jews." "There are no more Jews in Estonia." What seemed to distress the court most about these men of such achievement was the fact that they were not just uncomprehending thugs, products of underprivilege, ignorance, or some kind of congenital insanity. They were from average German homes and mostly equipped with good German educations. Among them were eight lawyers, a university professor, a dentist, an art expert, an opera singer, a distant relative of Franz Schubert, and a Lutheran minister (resigned), who, in reply to a rather naïve question from the presiding judge as to whether he had ever thought of offering spiritual comfort to the human beings he was about to destroy, answered that that would only have been casting pearls before swine.

The guard unit in the Nuremberg courthouse changed recently when Company C of the 370th Infantry Battalion took over the job. As the Einsatz Kommandos—most of them rather small, thin-nosed, pale-eyed men who had devoutly embraced what Alfred Rosenberg described as the New Faith and the superiority of pure Nordic blood—stood up to hear their sentences, they were flanked on one side by Staff Sergeant J. L. Henderson, of Houston, Texas, and on the other by Pfc. Joe Dodds, of Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Sergeant Henderson and Private Dodds are both nearly six and a half feet tall, proud, alert, and colored. They did not by the barest smile offend the terrible dignity of the occasion, but one could not escape the impression that they were enjoying their work. —ANDY LOGAN

•

JOURNAL'S END

Lives of great men point a moral:
  We should prosper in our primes
And, retiring, wreathed with laurel,
  Sell our memoirs to the *Times*.
—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Stravinsky, New and Old

THE works of Igor Stravinsky continue to appear on local programs with unusual frequency as this exceptionally long musical season goes on. Last week, in the course of an interesting series of productions at the City Center, the Ballet Society introduced Mr. Stravinsky's most recent ballet, "Orpheus," with choreography by George Balanchine and costumes and scenery by Isamu Noguchi. The story, as you may have deduced, is the legend of Orpheus and Eurydice. The score is a fine one, dramatically shrewd but tender, and it has a subtle tonal texture that should make it memorable in its own right. Mr. Balanchine's choreography, which does not follow the fable too literally, is arrestingly graphic, and so are Mr. Noguchi's sets and costumes, though perhaps a few of the scenic devices and props are excessively bizarre. The performance was first-rate. Maria Tallchief and Nicholas Magallanes, in the principal roles, and Leon Barzin, the conductor, made brilliant contributions.

The showing of "Orpheus" that I attended was prefaced by "Renard," a "ballet burlesque" for singers and dancers that Stravinsky wrote about thirty years ago. It was neatly staged but seemed, at best, a rather flimsy divertissement. To wind up the bill, the company offered Mr. Balanchine's lively and engaging classic ballet on Bizet's Symphony in C, an agreeable piece of music that the composer turned out very early in his short career.

THE National Finals of the Rachmaninoff Piano Contest were held last week at Carnegie Hall, with the finalists, five young pianists who had eliminated a good many rivals, playing various pieces, accompanied by the N.B.C. Symphony, under Fritz Reiner. The winner (the judges were not obliged to pick one if they thought none of the contestants was ready for the prizes—a concert tour and a recording contract) was Seymour Lipkin, a twenty-year-old, who offered the first movement of Tschaikowsky's B-flat-minor concerto. Performing in competition must have made the youthful musicians

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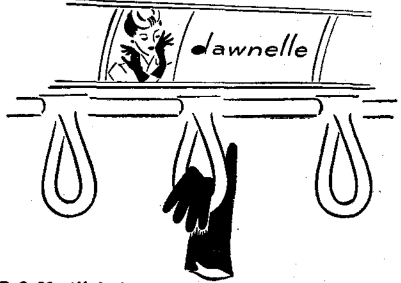

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uncommonly tense, and I'm sure that their excellences would have been more obvious under other circumstances. All five, however, handled themselves like accomplished performers. The choice of Mr. Lipkin for first place seemed to me a happy one. The prize, incidentally, was not awarded solely on the basis of the contest at Carnegie Hall; the judges had heard the five previously in solo auditions, which were taken into account, too. Mr. Reiner directed the orchestra and assisted the soloists efficiently, and it was pleasant to see him in action here again.

THE performance of Verdi's "Requiem" in Carnegie Hall, for the benefit of the New York Infirmary Building Fund, by the N.B.C. Symphony, the Collegiate Chorale, and soloists Herva Nelli, Nan Merriman, William McGrath, and Norman Scott was a searching and powerful presentation of that masterly work. Equally remarkable were the singing and playing of Verdi's "Te Deum" by the Chorale and the orchestra. In both cases, the conducting, by Arturo Toscanini, was nothing less than magnificent.

WELL, the Carnegie Pop Concerts are back with us, with food and drink available to everybody and smoking permitted in the loges. At the première last week, the able Pop Orchestra played items by Smetana, Bizet, and Richard Strauss, among others, under the energetic, intelligent direction of Laszlo Halasz, one of the many conductors who will appear on these programs this season. Maggie Teyte added a couple of Mozart airs, and some other songs, in a very fetching manner indeed. —ROBERT A. SIMON

CONCERT RECORDS

With Reservations

THERE are two new and somewhat special Bach albums out, each containing a remarkable performance and both, I'm sorry to say, marred by deficient recording. In the more noteworthy volume (Musicraft 90), Andrés Segovia offers his guitar transcriptions of six short pieces—four composed for the lute and two for the cello. The lute selections are a prelude in C minor (transcribed by Segovia into D minor); the Sarabande and Bourrée, both in E minor, from Suite No. 1; and a G-minor fugue, which Segovia has recast in A minor. The Courante from Suite No. 2 and the Gavotte from Suite No. 6 are the cello numbers, which round out the

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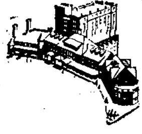

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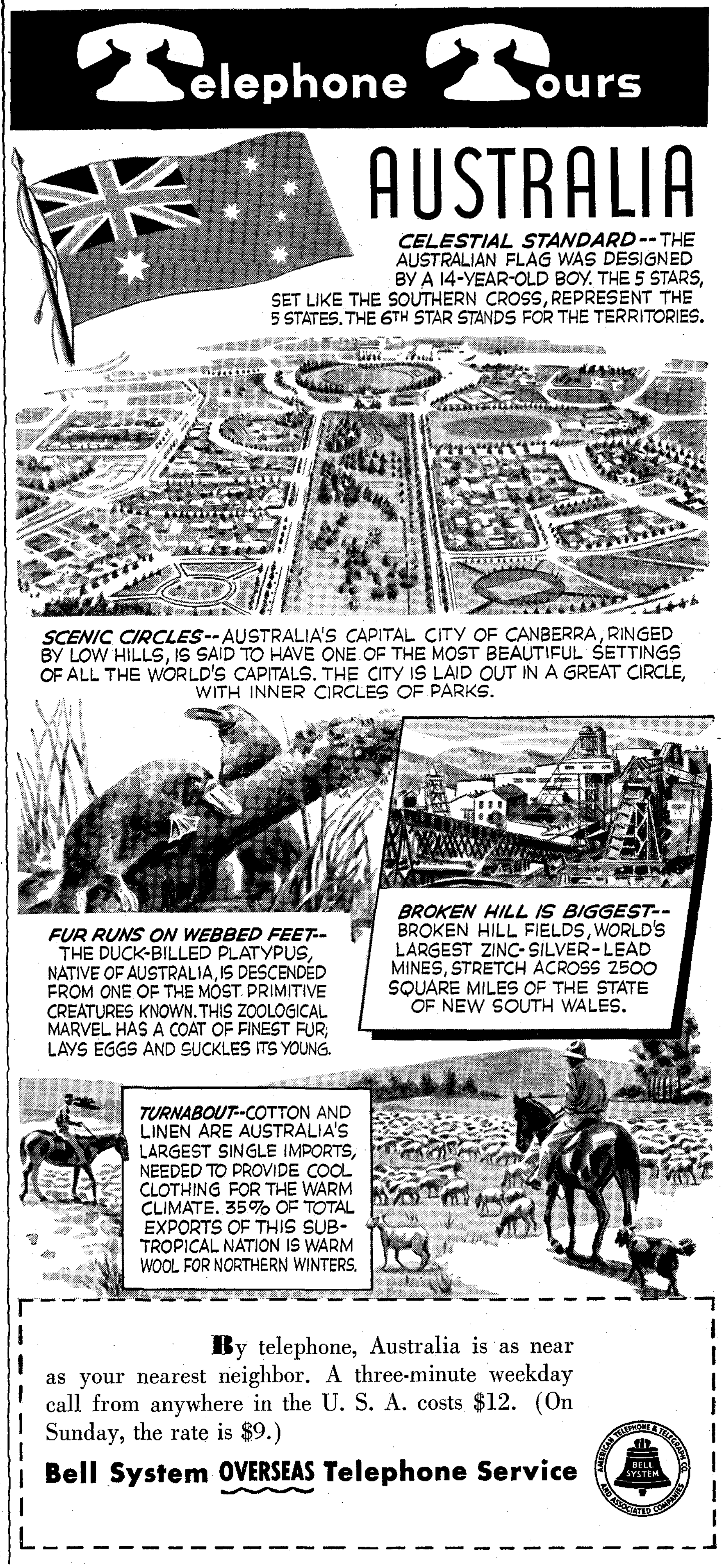
set. The collection is enormously appealing, and Segovia plays with such a fine sense of proportion and such exquisite feeling that the flaws in reproduction are doubly unfortunate. From the sound of things, the guitar was placed too close to the microphone—a mistake that often occurs when only one instrument is being recorded—and perhaps the volume was turned up a little too high. The deep chords are damaged by bothersome rasping vibrations, and the surface noise is excessive. Occasionally, snapping noises, undoubtedly the result of sudden releases of the strings in rapid passages, got onto the records, but these are not so annoying, since they were probably unavoidable.

Surface noise and faintness are the mechanical shortcomings of the other Bach album (Musicraft 5), a reissue of a set, unavailable for several years, in which three singers and an instrumental group present the "Coffee Cantata." This is not a major work. The text is a barely tolerable lampoon on the craze for coffee-drinking that overwhelmed Germany not long before the composition was written, in 1732. The music, though not stirring, is tuneful and accomplished. The entire performance, and particularly the singing of Ethel Hayden, a soprano, is superb. Her voice is a rare one—light, pure, penetrating, and wonderfully expressive. William Hain, tenor, and Benjamin De Loache, baritone, in the two other vocal parts, are also excellent. The instrumental ensemble was directed from the harpsichord by Ernest Victor Wolff. The contributions of Segovia and Miss Hayden are among the most satisfying I've heard on recent records, and it's too bad that they weren't passed along more efficiently.

ANOTHER album (Victor 1197) presents two seldom-heard Stravinsky compositions—the Octet for Wind Instruments and the music for "L'Histoire du Soldat," an odd and, in its day, rather revolutionary ballet. Both were written over a quarter-century ago, but they still rank among the more diverting products of this vigorous modern master. They are played by members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Leonard Bernstein. I'm not sure which of the items I prefer. The Octet, a cheerful work, is, I suppose, more nearly self-sufficient, but I was equally fascinated by the ballet music, a jerky, episodic confection, here delivered by seven instruments. The thing I like most about it is that it is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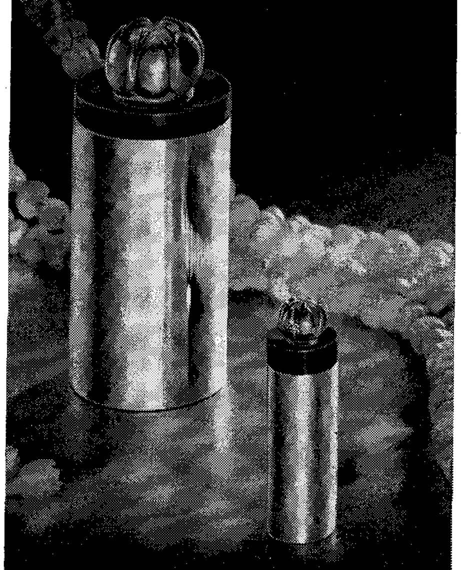

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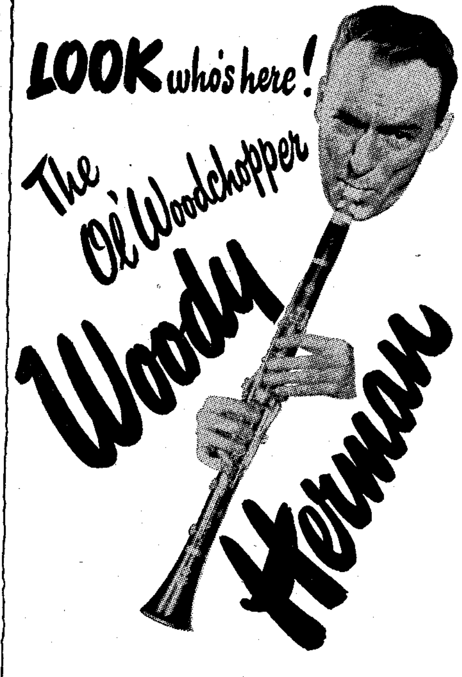
enjoyably picaresque, especially the soldiers' march, tango, waltz, ragtime, and devil dance. I have a hard time, in the case of an erratic piece such as this, judging the skill and expressiveness of the performance, but I can report that the music comes across strongly and is intelligently presented. This album, by the way, *is* well recorded.

THREE sopranos have just turned out an album apiece, and these, for one reason or another, are of unusual interest, too. To start with the best set, Lotte Lehmann has recorded her lovely renditions of eight of Brahms' eleven "Zigeunerlieder"—the first seven and the last one—in Victor 1188. They are, variously, gay, sad, and fervent, and so is Miss Lehmann, the peculiar charm of whose soprano embellishes them all. Her exemplary accompanist, Paul Ulanowsky, plays the piano.

Polyna Stoska, a Metropolitan Opera soprano whose only previous records (at least in this country) were those in the splendid "Street Scene" album (Columbia 683), issued a year ago, comes up with three German arias, sung to orchestral accompaniment, in Columbia set 294. She does "The Aria of the Composer" from Richard Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos;" Marietta's "Lute Song" from Korngold's "Die Tote Stadt;" and the recitative and aria "Leise, Leise, fromme weise" from Weber's "Der Freischütz." Miss Stoska's personality, a delightful one, is apparent throughout her work. The very tough going in the Strauss piece trips her up once or twice, but she brings to it an excitement that makes it restlessly alive. Her attractive Korngold excerpt is the most impressive of the three; the Weber selection, the longest in the set, is also well done.

The Gramophone Shop has issued a series of recordings by Lorri Lail, a mezzo-soprano of French and Irish parentage and Swedish citizenship, whose records have never before been distributed in this country, and who is scheduled to make her first concert appearance here in the fall. In the album (G.S.C. 4), which was made in England by His Master's Voice, Miss Lail takes on songs by Wagner, Gluck, and Robert Franz, with piano or, in a couple of instances, harpsichord accompaniments. There are fifteen items in all, three in French and the rest in German. After listening to them several times, I came to the conclusion that although Miss Lail has a pleasing voice and a remarkably effortless style of singing, she doesn't get much meaning into



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her performances. They sounded pretty much alike to me and left me cold.

NOW I'd like to comment briefly on a couple of massive works. A two-album Victor job (Nos. 1194 and 1195) of Handel's beautiful "Messiah," released one Easter after the Columbia version (No. 666), is superior to its forerunner in one respect (the artful contrasting of small and large vocal groups in the choruses) and inferior in another (less competent solos, except for those by Heddle Nash, a first-rate tenor). The project, executed by a chorus, soloists, and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, is under the sure command of Sir Thomas Beecham. He explains, on the first of forty-two twelve-inch sides, his regard for the work and his very positive ideas about its presentation—a bracing introduction.

The other big enterprise is Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, whose final movement, set to the text of Schiller's "Ode to Joy," calls for four soloists and a sturdy chorus. You will find this monumental composition presented in Victor album 1190 by forces marshalled under another stern and experienced leader, Serge Koussevitzky. There is, to begin with, the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Then, there is the Berkshire Festival Chorus, under Robert Shaw. Finally, there are four able soloists: Frances Yeend, soprano; David Lloyd, tenor; Eunice Alberts, contralto; and James Pease, bass. The performance is arresting in most respects, but the pulsating emotional values of the symphony are sometimes realized only dimly.—D. W.

•

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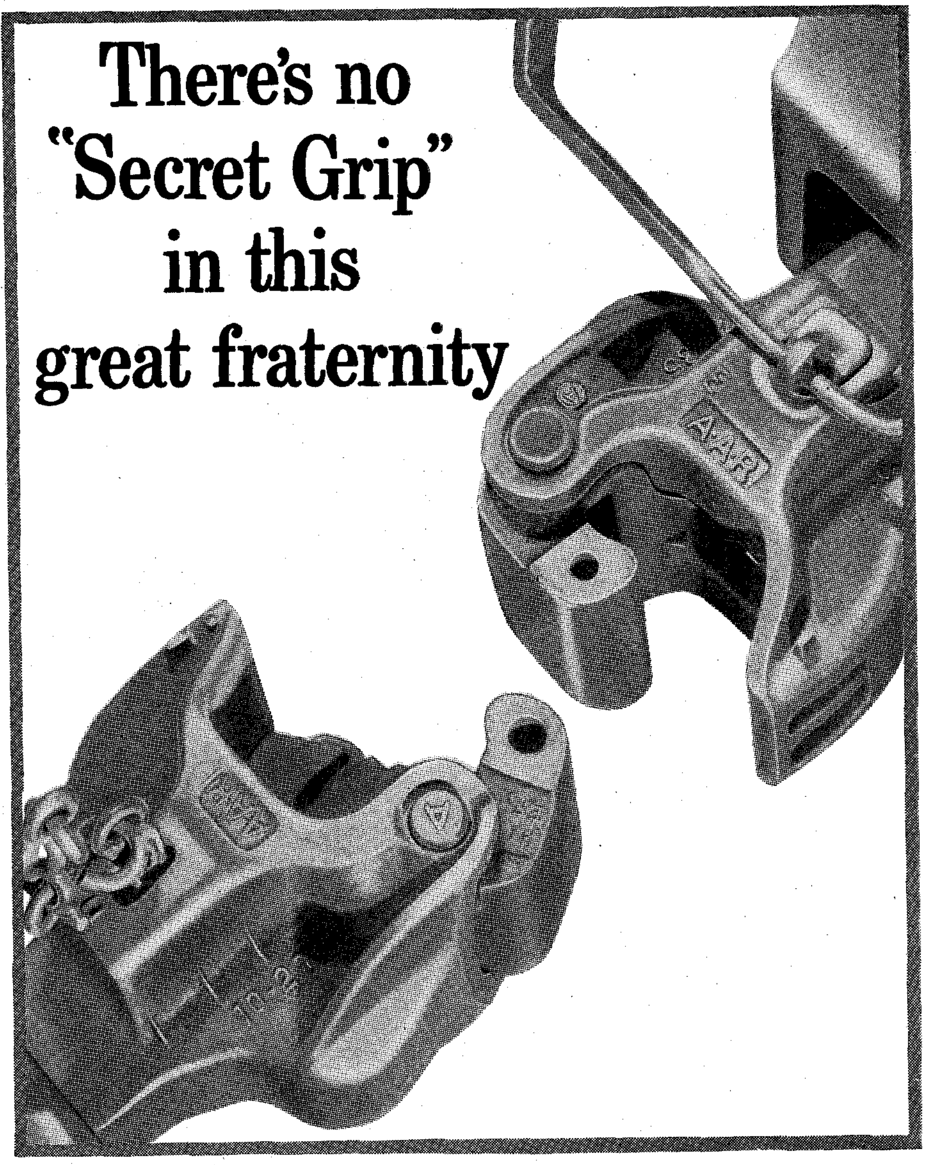
[*From the Jackson (Miss.) Daily News*]

When the curtain of C. H. A. at Port Gibson, Miss., unveiled the "ONE WOMAN THEATRE" recently, it was the HI-Y presenting Beatrice Boyett who swung the audience like a pendulum between laughter and tears as she ran the scale of emotions throughout an evening performance with versatility, meddling with the sensibilities of her cooperative and responsive audience that swayed spontaneously as she studded the program with humorous, dramatic, and serious dramaturgy. Attainment of the terminal point met challenge, as zealous approbation to continue, proved a barrier to grapple the boundary line she had signaled for the "curtain-drop," therefore structure of succession was adroitly executed. Finality, however, united with entreaty to present the ensuing day's chapel program, which was affably accorded, weaving additional drama, the requisiteness of personality and charm, while as a last decree, interview with students of restricted confidence and defective speech proved a stimulating fundus.



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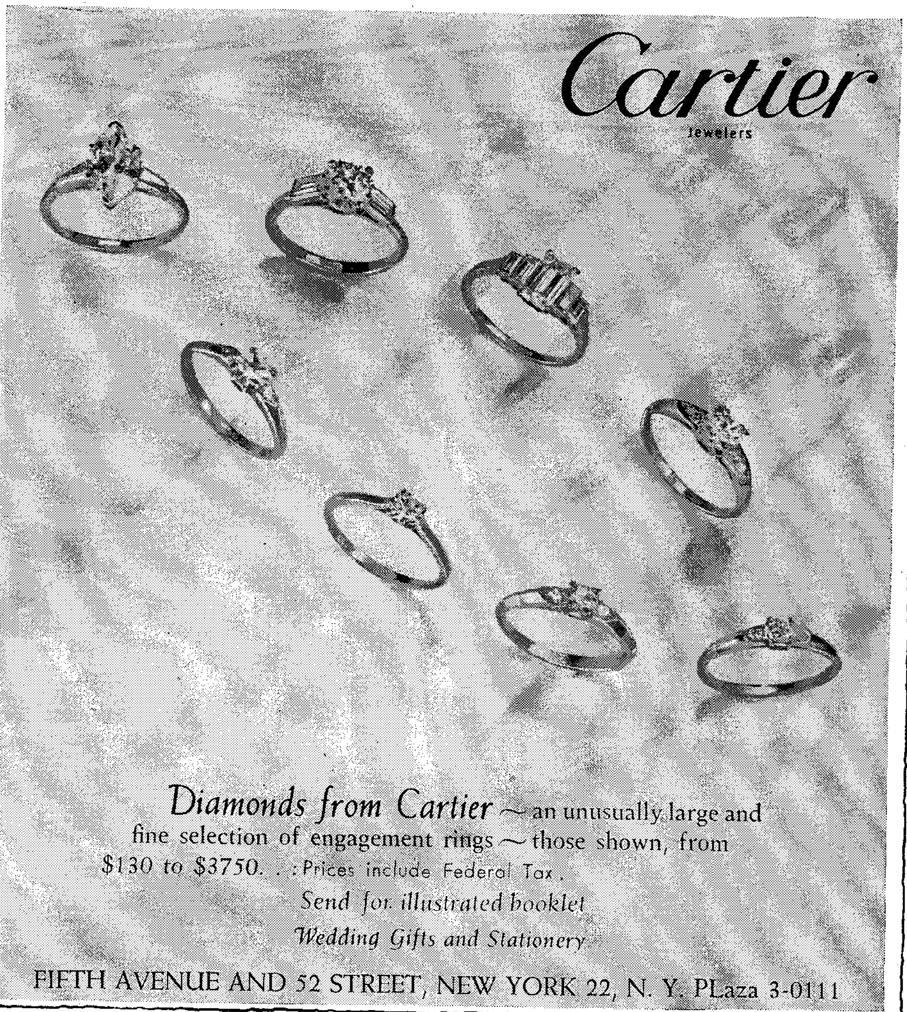

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OF ALL THINGS

WASHINGTON observers who thought they had seen everything are now confronted by an entirely new spectacle. Congress is offering the Defense Department more money than it wants.

•

A lively movement is under way to make Associate Justice Douglas the Vice-Presidential candidate on the Democratic ticket. Mr. Truman's friends are watching with interest, approval, and the hope that Mr. Douglas's supporters don't get mixed up about what nomination they are booming him for.

•

The merry month of May was welcomed in New York in the pleasantest way possible. Children were seen going to the parks with their toys and adults were marching along the avenues with their ideologies.

•

The Brooklyn youngsters who thought they could get better grades in algebra by firing on their teacher's house found that the plan did not work. These boys have learned that a shooting war seldom solves any problems.

•

General Eisenhower is now a resident of New York. Ike has said goodbye to the Army forever, he hopes, and is firmly entrenched in private life, he believes.

•

Senator Glen Taylor was arrested in Birmingham for trying to enter a building by the entrance reserved for Negroes. The Senator was charged with disorderly conduct and showing disrespect to the Honorable James Crow.

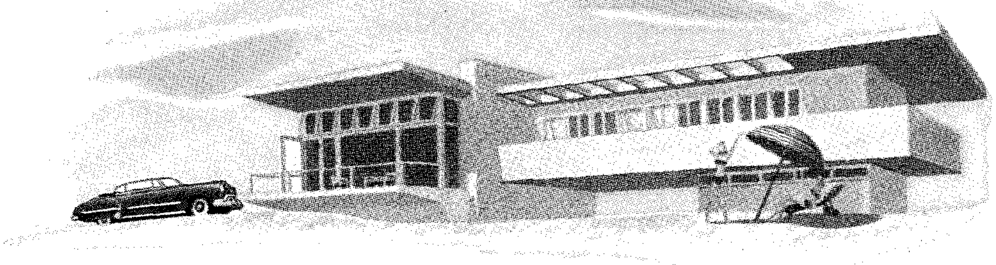
•

The Bureau of Labor Statistics continues to give us bad news about the high cost of the necessities of life. It must be obvious that the only way for Congress to deal with this grave situation is to abolish the Bureau of Labor Statistics.

•

The most dangerous sport ever invented has made its appearance on Capitol Hill. According to reliable reports, some congressmen are playing political football with the atomic bomb.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



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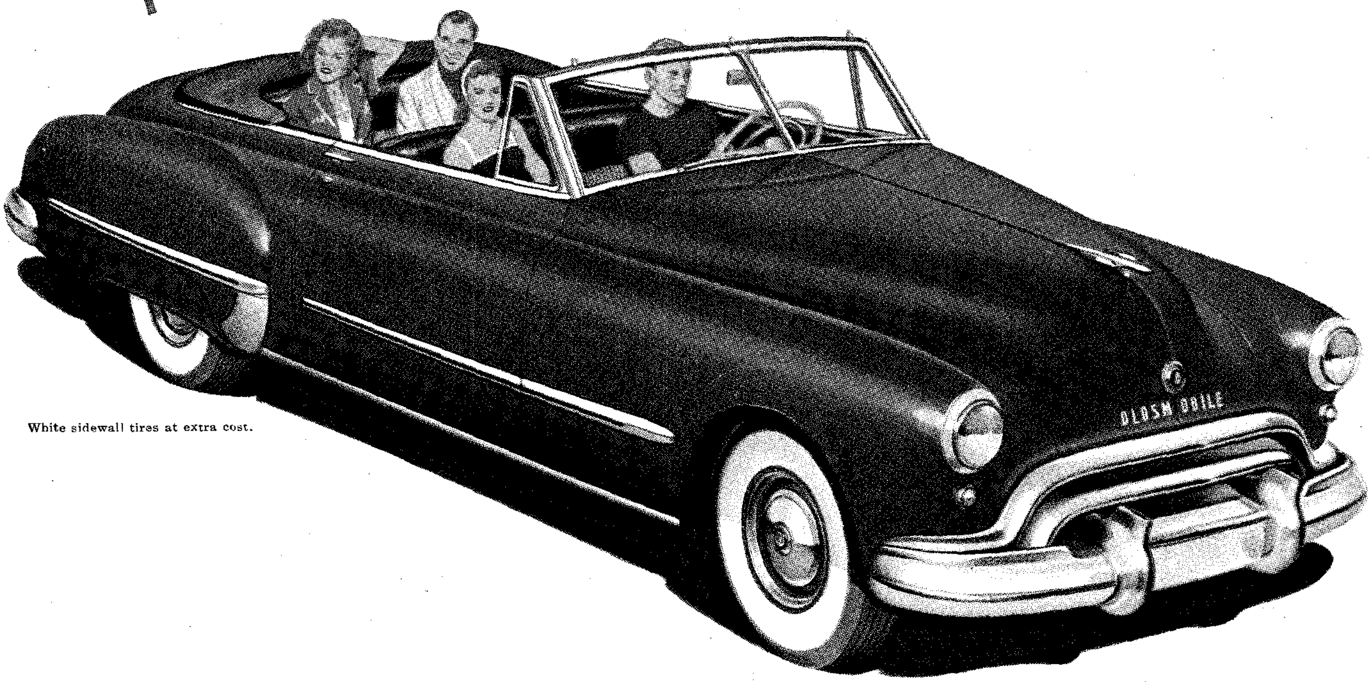

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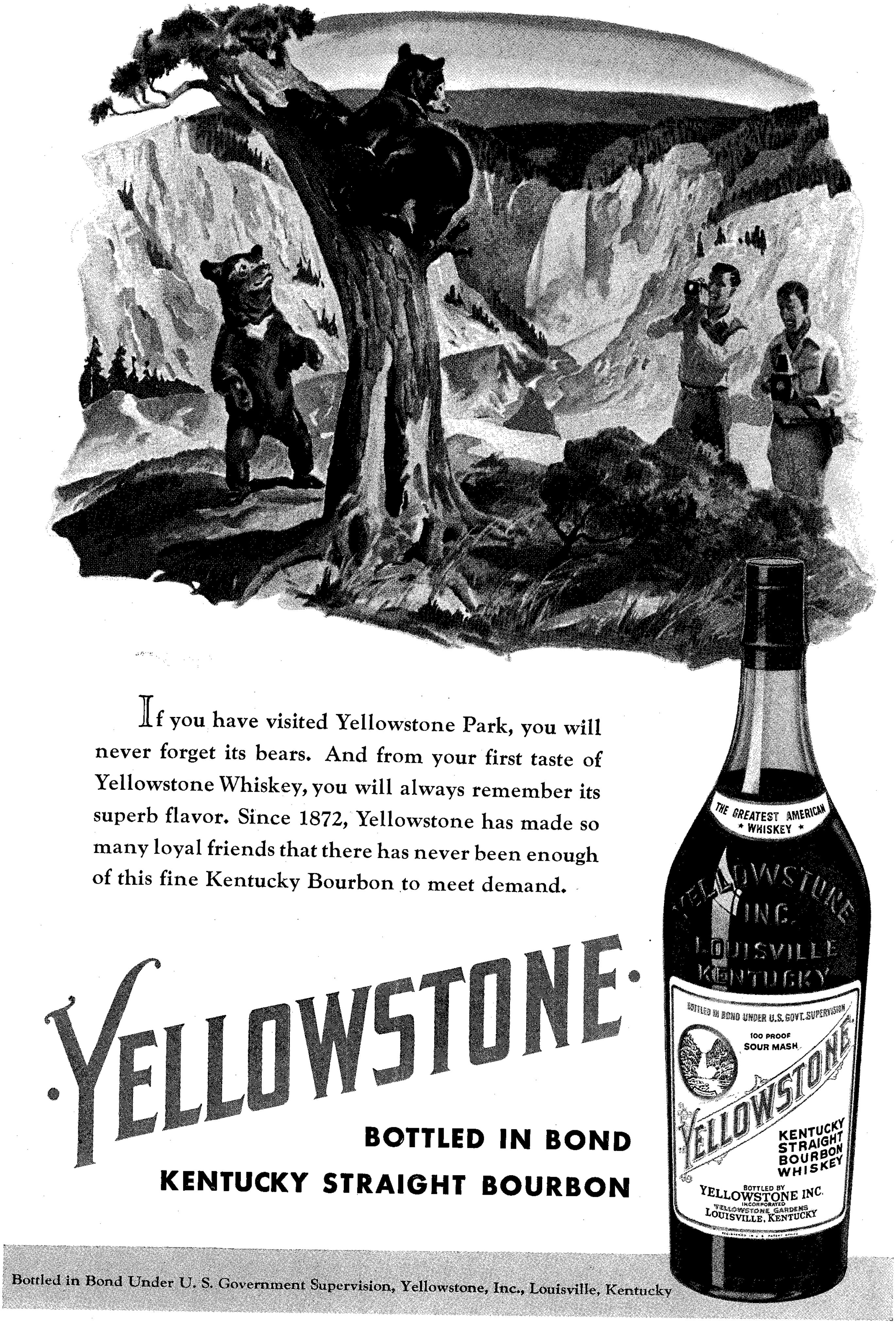
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Malabar Farm is the farm for me,
It's got what it takes, to a large degree:
Beauty, alfalfa, constant movement,
And a terrible rash of soil improvement.
Far from orthodox in its tillage,
Populous as many a village,
Stuff being planted and stuff being written,
Fields growing lush that were once unfitten,
Bromfield land, whether low or high land,
Has more going on than Coney Island.

When Bromfield went to Pleasant Valley,
The soil was as hard as a bowling alley;
He sprinkled lime and he seeded clover,
And when it came up he turned it over.
From far and wide folks came to view
The things that a writing man will do.
The more he fertilized the fields
The more impressive were his yields,
And every time a field grew fitter
Bromfield would add another critter,
The critter would add manure, despite 'im,
And so it went—ad infinitum.
It proves that a novelist on his toes
Can make a valley bloom like a rose.

Malabar Farm is the farm for me,
A place of unbridled activity.
A farm is always in some kind of tizzy,
But Bromfield's place is *really* busy:
Strangers arriving by every train,
Bromfield terracing against the rain,
Catamounts crying, mowers mowing,
Guest rooms full to overflowing,
Boxers in every room of the house,
Cows being milked to Brahms and Strauss,
Kids arriving by van or pung,
Bromfield up to his eyes in dung,
Sailors, trumpeters, mystics, actors,
All of them wanting to drive the tractors,
All of them eager to husk the corn,
Some of them sipping their drinks till morn;
Bulls in the bull pen, bulls on the loose,
Everyone bottling vegetable juice,
Play producers jousting with bards,
Boxers fighting with St. Bernards,
Boxers fooling with auto brakes,
Runaway cars at the bottom of lakes,
Bromfield diving to save the Boxers,
Moving vans full of bobby-soxers,
People coming and people going,
Everything fertile, everything growing,
Fish in the ponds other fish seducing,
Thrashing around and reproducing,
Whole place teeming with men and pets,
Field mice nesting in radio sets,
Cats in the manger, rats in the nooks,
Publishers scanning the sky for books,
Harvested royalties, harvested grain,
Bromfield scanning the sky for rain,
Bromfield's system proving reliable,
Soil getting rich and deep and friable,
Bromfield phoning, Bromfield haying,
Bromfield watching mulch decaying,
Womenfolks busy shelling peas,
Guinea fowl up in catalpa trees.
Oh, Bromfield's valley is plenty pleasant—
Quail and rabbit, Boxers, pheasant.
Almost every Malabar day
Sees birth and growth, sees death, decay;
Summer ending, leaves a-falling,
Lecture dates, long distance calling.

Malabar Farm is the farm for me,
It's the proving ground of vivacity.
A soil that's worn out, poor, or lazy
Drives L. Bromfield almost crazy;
Whether it's raining or whether it's pouring,
Bromfield's busy with soil restoring;
From the Hog Lot Field to the Lower Bottom
The things a soil should have, he's got 'em;
Foe of timothy, friend of clover,
Bromfield gives it a going over,
Adds some cobalt, adds some boron.
Not enough? He puts some more on.
Never anything too much trouble,
Almost everything paying double:
Nice fat calves being sold to the sharper,
Nice fat checks coming in from Harper.
Most men cut and cure their hay,
Bromfield cuts it and leaves it lay;
Whenever he gets impatient for rain
He turns his steers in to standing grain;
Whenever he gets in the least depressed
He sees that another field gets dressed;
He never dusts and he never sprays,
His soil holds water for days and days,
And now when a garden piece is hoed
You'll find neither bug nor nematode,
You'll find how the good earth holds the rain.
Up at the house you'll find Joan Fontaine.

Malabar Farm is the farm for me,
It's the greenest place in the whole countree,
It builds its soil with stuff organic,
It's the nearest thing to a planned panic.
Bromfield mows by any old light,
The sun in the morning and the moon at night;
Most tireless of all our writing men,
He sometimes mows until half past ten;
With a solid program of good trash mulch
He stops the gully and he stops the gulch.
I think the world might well have a look
At Louis Bromfield's latest book;
A man doesn't have to be omniscient
To see that he's right—our soil's deficient.
We've robbed and plundered this lovely earth
Of elements of immeasurable worth,
And darned few men have applied their talents
Harder than Louis to restore the balance;
And though his husbandry's far from quiet,
Bromfield had the guts to try it.
A book like his is a very great boon,
And what he's done, I'd like to be doon.

—E. B. White

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FICTION

THE GOOD YEOMAN, by Jay Williams (Appleton-Century-Crofts). An unorthodox interpretation of the Robin Hood legend. It is Mr. Williams' view that although Robin Hood was essentially an open-air romantic, some of his lieutenants, notably Little John and Friar Tuck, were serious political thinkers. Consequently, this account of life among the celebrated outlaws of Sherwood Forest is not so much a tribute to the golden age of archery as an attempt to show what feudalism looked like to the unfortunates on its underside. The climax of the novel involves an ideological split between Robin Hood, whose sporting instincts impel him to accept the King's offer of a general pardon and employment at court for himself and his men, and Little John and Friar Tuck, who decide to stay in the woods and try to organize the masses for an uprising against the nobles. Nicely done.

KISS TOMORROW GOOD-BYE, by Horace McCoy (Random House). A thug of considerable reputation and education escapes from a chain gang in an unnamed state and makes his way to an unidentified city, where he quickly asserts himself among the local roughs, who, in addition to recognizing his superior ability as a criminal, are rather impressed by the idea of being led by a man who holds a Phi Beta Kappa key. The problem that troubles the author, and over which he puzzles until the last page of the book, when the hero is killed by a lady friend, is how an honor student could let himself sink so low. A much more interesting question is what the French critics who found elements of greatness in Mr. McCoy's previous novel, "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?," will have to say when they finish this one.

THE MILL ON MAD RIVER, by Howard Clark (Atlantic-Little, Brown). All about the rise of the American brass industry. According to the author, we owe our present enviable position in the world brass market to men like the chief character of this novel, an energetic early-nineteenth-century New Englander, who, despite many grave discouragements, including the destruction of his factory by an arsonist in the hire of his English competitors, never loses faith in the American ability to excel the British in the manufacture of brass buttons and doorknobs. More impressive as an example of the lengths to which historical research can be carried than as a novel.

SO DEADLY FAIR, by Gertrude Walker (Putnam). A story of murder and illicit love that should establish the author as the American woman novelist who writes most like James M. Cain. The tenor of the narrative is unmistakably clear by the end of the opening chapter, when the two dominant characters, a penniless transcontinental wanderer and a young woman whose charms keep her in funds, have struck up a molten friendship and are en route together from Minnesota to California, where they plan to live quietly until the Minnesota police lose interest in the murder of the lady's preceding lover. Later events include the heroine's mysterious disappearance from their California hideout; her companion's condemnation to ten years in jail, because he is unable to explain the fire-blackened wedding ring and scorched shoes she craftily left behind; and their final acrimonious and bloody reunion in Westchester. All recounted in a rudimentary style that harmonizes splendidly with the elemental English spoken by the principals.

TWELVE O'CLOCK HIGH, by Beirne Lay, Jr., and Sy Bartlett (Harper). Fundamentally, this is the same story that was related several months ago in a novel called "The Gesture," by John Cobb. It has to do with an American air officer who takes command of a demoralized bomber unit in England and transforms it into a confident fighting organization. In Mr. Cobb's book, the officer was a major, who eventually died in combat. The hero presented here is a general, who suffers nothing worse than a graceful nervous breakdown, and even that is made bearable for him by the proximity of an attractive English girl. Literary honors go to Mr. Cobb, but the financial glories go to Mr. Lay and Mr. Bartlett, who have already sold their version of the tale to Twentieth Century-Fox.

GENERAL

THE SPANISH STORY, by Herbert Feis (Knopf). The most thorough ac-

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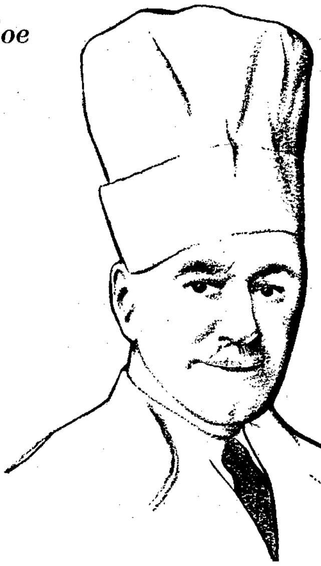
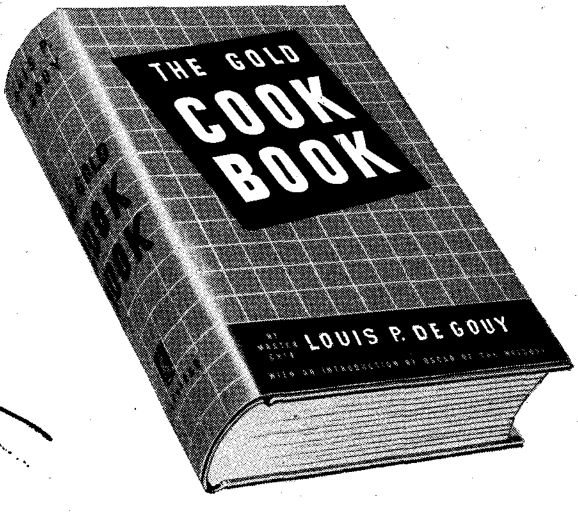
PORTRAIT OF A COOK BOOK

By Robert Beddoe





LOUIS P. DE GOUY, the world's most famous chef, once kicked young prince Leopold of Belgium in the pants to demonstrate who was master in the royal kitchen. Such culinary independence no doubt derived from his tertiary position in a line of illustrious chefs. De Gouy's paternal grandfather was chef of the Hudson Bay expedition, and his father was the indefatigable Jean, Esquire of Cuisine to Franz Joseph of Austria, in whose kitchen young Louis got his first whiff of destiny. De Gouy's most important training as a *cuisinier*, however, was with Maître Escoffier, the inventor of Pêche Melba and the best cook in France. Applying himself vigorously, the pupil soon succeeded the master and became Europe's most sought-after international chef.

De Gouy was known as chef of chefs when he arrived in America in 1911. The old Waldorf and the Knickerbocker welcomed him with open arms. His attitude toward food was a revelation to the home grown gourmets of that sensitive day, and wealthy Long Islanders cried for his services. At the homes of Mrs. Hattie Carnegie, Mrs. Richard Hudnut, Mrs. Temple Emmett, the Rockefellers and Mortimer Schiffs, De Gouy would chase the private cooks out of the kitchen and prepare a meal for 150 people all by himself. He moved to a home in the middle of the Southampton colony, and the clambakes he threw are still talked about in awed tones. When J. P. Morgan sailed on his regal three-year around-the-world cruise, De Gouy came along as chef of the *Corsair*, picking up new ideas on every shore.

Louis served in the first World War as head chef of the Fifth Army Corps, A.E.F. Back home again, after carrying off the cooking triumph of the war by fooling Clemenceau into thinking the horsemeat he was eating was a stateside filet, De Gouy became famous as a writer on food subjects. *Gourmet* magazine, journal of the nation's 78,000 gourmets, was his baby. He was the publication's guiding genius and Chef right from the start. Known to the trade as a chef's chef, his word became more or less law in recent years; half the big chef jobs around the country have been filled on the recommendation of De Gouy, functioning as a sort of one-man employment agency.

De Gouy possessed the rare and happy technique of translating ideas for the most involved and succulent dishes into formulas anyone could handle, but he authored 15 famous specialized cook books before he achieved the inspiration for one master volume which would contain all he had learned during fifty years of cooking. How well he succeeded with the GOLD COOK BOOK, recently published, can be told by the high brass of the nation's gourmets. Says Phil Townsend Hanna, of the Wine and Food Society (the nation's greatest gourmets): "In many respects it ranks with Francatelli and Escoffier, and in many others it is superior to both of these basic works." R. R. Fulton of Armour & Co. writes: "The GOLD COOK BOOK is the most complete and the finest book on culinary art I have seen, and I have examined nearly seven hundred cook books!" Gourmet Bertram Millhauser, movie producer, exults: "It's the only cook book I've ever read that gives me the feeling that I, too, can be a chef!" Even Duncan Hines would not be without the book in his model kitchen.

The GOLD COOK BOOK is perhaps the most fabulous cook book ever published, and represents Louis P. De Gouy's life work. There are 2,468 different recipes in the volume—more than 1,280 wonderful pages. De Gouy points out it is the gourmet's splendid luck that the world's nations have jealously refused to blend their cuisines, and insists that advantage should be taken of the really magnificent choice. From all the earth's cooking he has given us 130 soups and garnishes, 103 things to be done with eggs, 148 fish and sea-food preparations, 418 meat and poultry dishes, 395 vegetable dishes, scores of sauces and gravies, hundreds of hors d'œuvres, salads, dressings, desserts, candies, cakes, pies and pastries of heavenly taste and aroma!

The fragrance of soups, the crackle of roasts and chops, the cool bouquet of salads and the superb smell of hot breads pervade the book. De Gouy's "Beef Loaf My Way" is a tender and sturdy dish in which simple lean beef is graced with a roux and transformed into a gourmet's delight . . . without bread crumbs! Exciting "Apples Belmont," flamed with maple syrup, becomes an ineffable dessert! There are transcendental recipes and recipes for transforming foods like the lowly hot dog into epicurean dishes. There are indispensable chapters on frozen foods and pressure cookery. Yet the GOLD COOK BOOK is much more than a cook book; salted with anecdotes and amusing asides on the history of foods, it is a wise, witty, readable book by a richly experienced man.

Bound in gold cloth, snugly encased in a transparent, washable cover of *vitaloid* plastic, the GOLD COOK BOOK was made to be used and loved throughout the years. Oscar of the Waldorf, who wrote the introduction, says: "For many years it was necessary for the gourmet to travel extensively to acquaint himself with the delights of foreign diets. It is the ambition of this book to enable him to do this at home." Louis P. De Gouy's beautiful volume is the most *luxurious* and *comprehensive* cook book ever published.

The GOLD COOK BOOK is indeed a gift supreme! $7.50 at your booksellers, or order from GREENBERG: PUBLISHER, 203 East 57th St., New York 22, N. Y.

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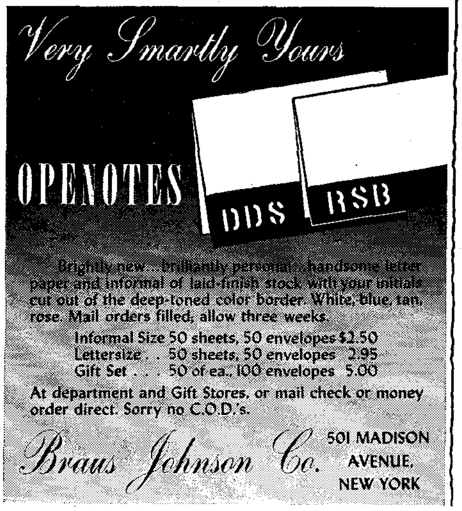
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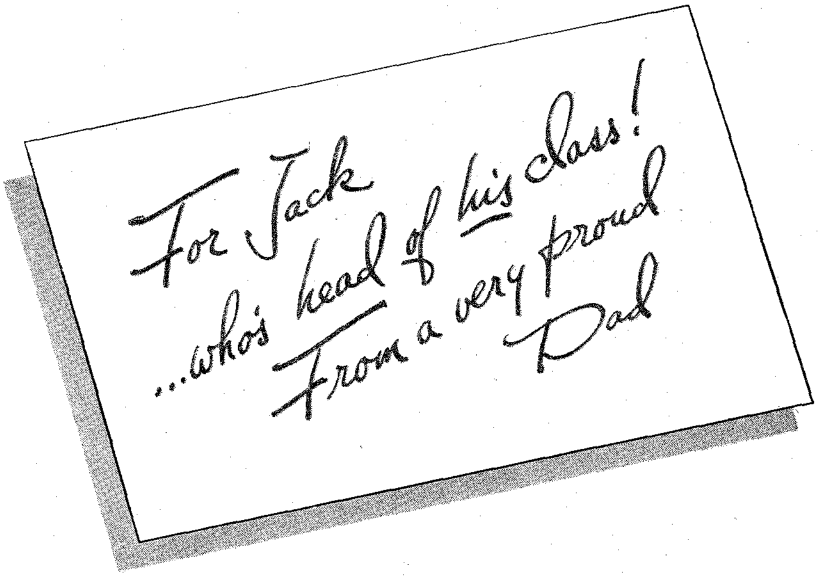
count so far of the relations between Franco and the Axis and Franco and the Allies from 1939 to 1945, by a former State Department man who was in charge of our economic dealings with Spain during the war. The book attests to the crucial importance Spain had as a potential ally of the Nazis and as a supplier of strategic materials like wolfram to the Allies—an importance that was somewhat played down by both sides for propaganda purposes. The details of the Caudillo's conniving and tightrope walking, and of the diplomatic card game that was played in Spain to insure his neutrality, make an exciting book and, as Franco is still sitting on top of his heap, one of continuing significance.

The Case for de Gaulle, by André Malraux and James Burnham (Random House). A short book composed of a dialogue that took place this year in Paris between the French novelist, who is chief apologist for General de Gaulle's Rally of the French People, and the American author of "The Struggle for the World" and "The Managerial Revolution." The conversation is exploratory; it is not exactly an argument, nor is it satisfactorily informative. M. Malraux does say that the de Gaulle movement is in no way Fascist, that he believes that a Europe vigorous enough to oppose Stalinist Russia can be achieved only if it is built around France, that the de Gaullistes are against any kind of Fourth Reich, and that they are convinced Europe's dilemma cannot be solved by any middle-of-the-road liberal elements, such as those that comprise the Third Force recently set up in Paris. On the matter of the practical politics of the de Gaulle movement, however, he is vague, and Mr. Burnham's long, often rhetorical questions do not help much, either.

George Horace Lorimer, by John Tebbel (Doubleday). A fervently admiring biography of the former editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, who took on the job in 1899, just after the magazine had been bought by Cyrus Curtis for a thousand dollars, and in a very few years made it a lively factor in American life, a field for new writers, including some of the best, a sort of thunderer for the Republican Party, and, of course, a roseate financial success. Mr. Tebbel, who argues that Lorimer was one of the country's greatest editors, could



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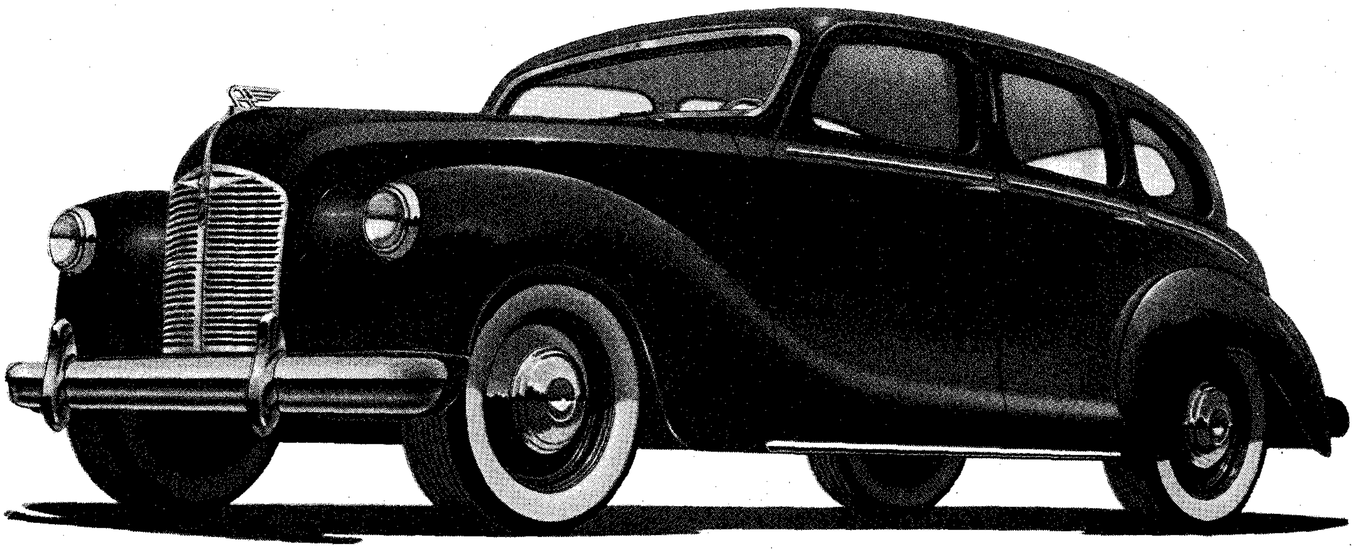

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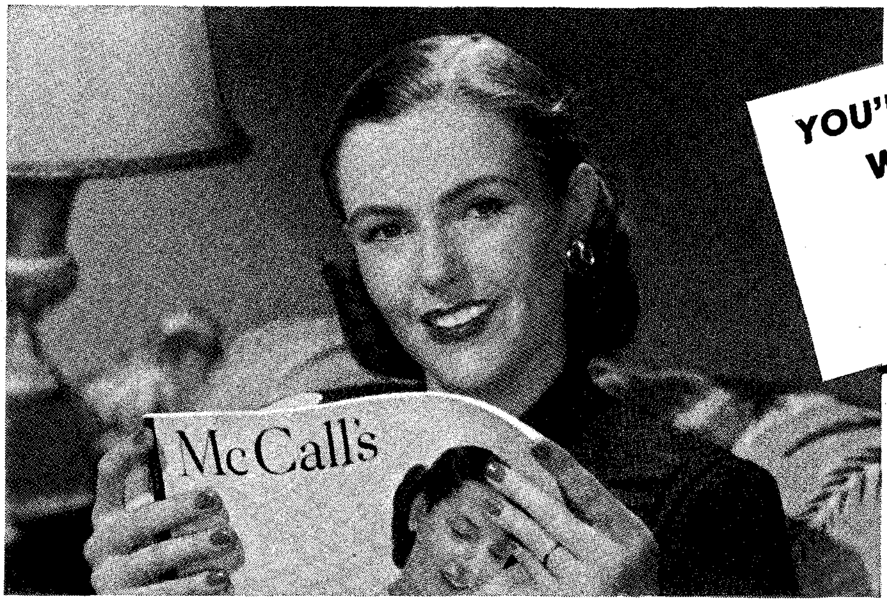

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have been equally convincing—and would have written a better book—if he had been a little more restrained and critical. He does manage to convey, however—mostly on the testimony of writers and reporters who worked for Lorimer—a good idea of the man's talent and personality.

INDIA CALLED THEM, by Lord Beveridge (Allen & Unwin-Macmillan). A memoir by the author of the Beveridge Plan—who has recently graduated to the peerage—that has to do mostly with his father and mother. The father, Henry Beveridge, a Scot who was born in 1837, spent half of his long life in India, where he rose to the magistrates' bench and, with the encouragement of his second wife, Lord Beveridge's mother, inaugurated an enlightened colonial policy that was far ahead of its time. The story of this couple is told mainly in their letters, a form of expression they treated as an art, written to each other and to relatives in England. A high-minded, very human document. Illustrated.

HYPNOTISM COMES OF AGE: ITS PROGRESS FROM MESMER TO PSYCHOANALYSIS, by Bernard Wolfe and Raymond Rosenthal (Bobbs-Merrill). An interesting popular book that sketches the history of hypnotism and discusses its latest developments. Freud made his first great discoveries through experimentation with hypnotism, but he later gave it up as a technique for psychoanalysis. Today, it seems, the analysts have gone back to it. During the last war, astonishing results were obtained with battle-shock cases by the use of hypnosis and trance-producing drugs, under conditions in which a prolonged psychoanalysis would have been impracticable. It was found that blacked-out incidents of combat and forgotten episodes of childhood were readily recovered and revealed, and that by this means it was often possible to clear up the neurotic symptoms of the patients.

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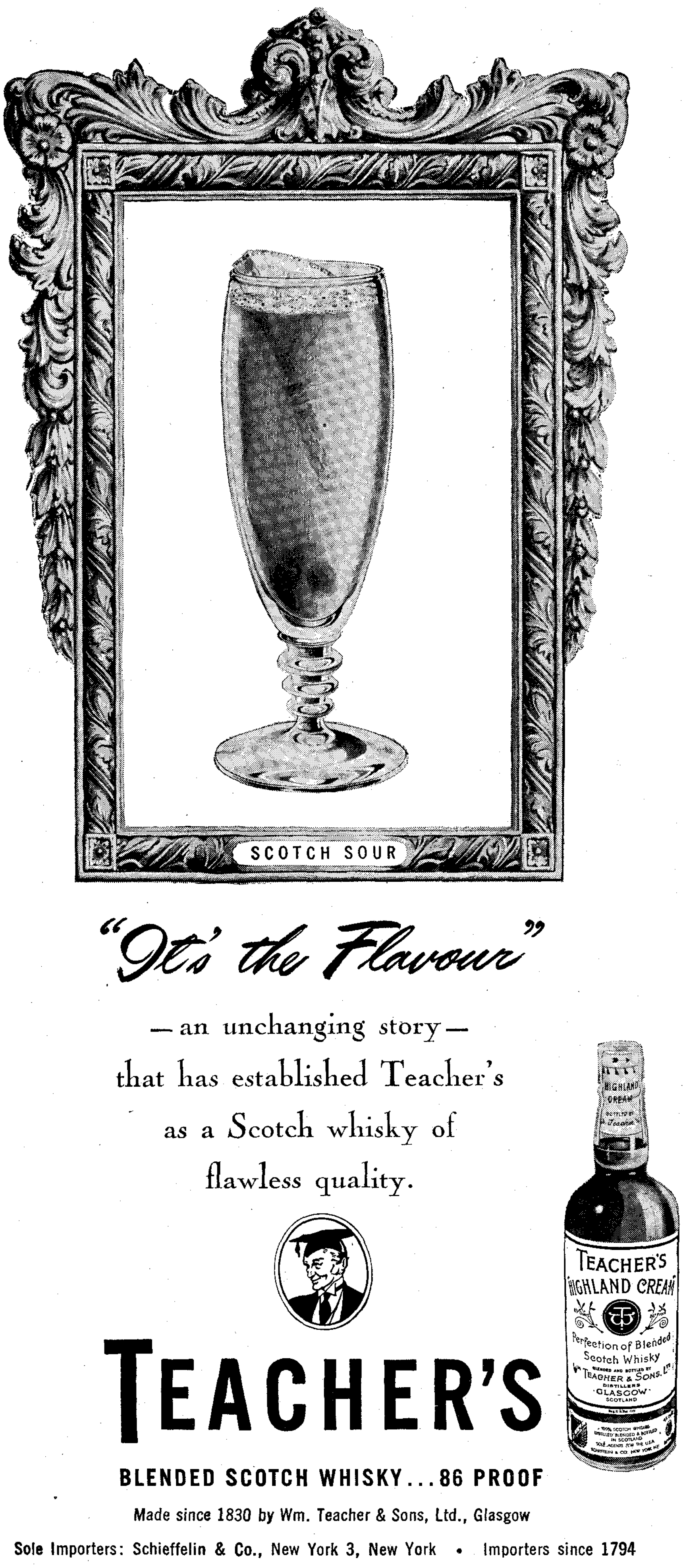

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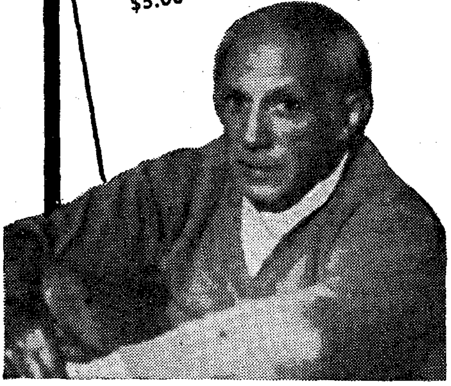

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by Edmund Bergler (Washington Institute of Medicine). A not too technical psychiatric study of the human conscience, which attempts to establish, by psychoanalytic technique, the existence of an "inner," or unconscious, conscience—as opposed to the conventional moral code that often goes by that name—from which no one can escape. Dr. Bergler, a follower of Freud, cites many case histories of normal persons, neurotics, and criminals, to show how every one of them is constantly under the influence of that "inner department of the personality," whether or not he knows or admits it. The book's thesis, that no one is immune to self-punishment for his acts, is one more instance of the psychiatrists' corroboration of ancient Judaic and Christian precepts.

THE ART OF FICTION AND OTHER ESSAYS, by Henry James (Oxford). Another example of the unsatisfactory, piecemeal way in which Henry James is being reprinted. James's literary criticism covered a great deal of ground, and one would like to have an omnibus of it. Professor Morris Roberts, the editor of this volume, has made a good enough selection—you have James on most of his favorite subjects: Turgenev, Balzac, Flaubert, etc.—but it includes only eleven essays out of the sixty contained in the volumes published by James, and none of his often excellent prefaces to other people's books or his many uncollected articles.

THE TWO WORLDS OF MARCEL PROUST, by Harold March (University of Pennsylvania). This book is not very profound from either the literary or the psychological point of view, but it deals sensibly with all the main aspects of Proust's personality and work, and it contains the most complete account of his life so far published in English.

INFORMATION ROUNDUP, by George Stimpson (Harper). A massive collection of odd data, by the author of "A Book About a Thousand Things." You can find out what animal bears its young in litters all of one sex (the armadillo), whether Nero fiddled while Rome burned (couldn't have, says Mr. Stimpson—must have either harped or luted), and how Samuel Pepys pronounced his name (Pipps, Peeps, Pepps, Papes, or Peppis). The material is arranged in question-and-answer form—some of the questions, such as "How did Cleopatra's nose affect the world's history?," sound very contrived—and there is an efficient index. One could probably make quite a nuisance of oneself with this stuff.

WORLD WORDS: RECOMMENDED PRONUNCIATIONS, by W. Cabell Greet (Columbia). A revised and enlarged edition of this useful book, which was originally compiled as an aid to speakers over the Columbia Broadcasting System. It gives the pronunciations of twenty-five thousand difficult proper names and words. Professor Greet has rather slighted the musical world. Neither Schoenberg nor Copland is listed, and though the pronunciation of Hindemith's name is given, nothing is done about Křenek's, with which we need help far more. There are, however, brief guides to the pronunciations of various languages, and it is usually possible to find light on such omissions by consulting them.

CHINESE HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, by George N. Kates (Harper). A fascinating volume on the much-neglected subject of the furniture used by wealthy Chinese families during an era that roughly paralleled the period between our fourteenth and nineteenth centuries. In discussing the luxurious domestic cabinetwork of the Ming and Ch'ing dynasties, Mr. Kates, a scholar who is here writing for the layman, reconstructs with remarkable clearness something of the life and appearance of cultivated households of the old Chinese tradition. The book's hundred and twelve handsome illustrations of nobly simple chairs, tables, desks, and chests are not only delightful but charged with valuable suggestions for modern Western designers.

ANDRÉ SIMON'S FRENCH COOK BOOK (Little, Brown). Not just a reprint but a revised edition of a work that is as pleasant to read as it is satisfactory to eat by. Crosby Gaige has added a preface and Frank Schoonmaker gives advice on suitable American wines to serve with M. Simon's imaginatively conceived menus, but the charm of the book lies in the author's easy good humor, which you feel must emanate from a perfect digestion.

A BOOK OF TROUT FLIES, by Preston J. Jennings (Crown). A reissue of a useful sporting manual that offers a lot of sound information on such things as the aspect, habits, and dates of emergence of our common stream insects. There are also many tips on how to make lures look like them. Black-and-white and colored illustrations.

VERSE

The Green Wave, by Muriel Rukeyser (Doubleday). Miss Rukeyser grows more subjective as time goes on. She is still a devotee of loose, erratic, and disjunctive rhetoric, and since her gift is in no way lyrical, her writing is increasingly complicated and heavy-handed. Six translations from the Mexican poet Octavio Paz and nine of *rari*, or love chants from the Marquesas Islands, are included.

New Poems, by Mark Van Doren (Sloane). Over the years, Mr. Van Doren has acquired an indefatigable habit of poetic jotting. He is, therefore, never out of a subject and never very firmly in possession of one. Many of his verses, however, have charm; the rest are least successful when they echo the style of that genius among jotters, Emily Dickinson.

100 American Poems: Masterpieces of Lyric, Epic, and Ballad from Colonial Times to the Present, edited by Selden Rodman (Penguin Signet Books). The editor has, in this unpretentious, paper-covered volume, cut out a quantity of anthology deadwood that editors of clothbound volumes have long left untouched. He has also given some neglected names their place and due, inserted some urban as well as rural folk songs, and brought his material up to date by including several members of the newest poetic generation.

Four Poems by Rimbaud, translated by Ben Belitt (Swallow). Belitt adds his own renderings to the French texts and the literal translations of "Les Poètes de Sept Ans," "Les Premières Communions," "Le Bateau Ivre," and "Mémoire." His versions seem, at moments, fairly free, but he often succeeds in getting over much of the tension and brilliance of the originals. Notes and a selective bibliography of Rimbaud material in English.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

That Which Is Crooked, by Doris Miles Disney (Doubleday). A chronological survey of the career of Wally Howard, a timid and pathological New Englander who acquires, back in 1899, a distaste for his many brothers. By the early nineteen-thirties, Wally has discovered the lethal properties of aconite and is putting

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that drug to use, and by 1946 he has arranged ways of disposing of various other relatives who happen to displease him. All very plausible, but too long-drawn-out and psychiatrically didactic to sustain any great feeling of horror.

SHE WALKS ALONE, by Helen McCloy (Random House). Unnerving doings on the freighter Santa Cristina, en route from the Caribbean to New York. A poisonous snake roams the craft snapping at people, one passenger is killed, and another puts in her time typing up a seventy-six-page document announcing that she is going to be, too. On her arrival in New York, the literary young woman, who happens to have a hundred thousand dollars concealed on her person, is chased to Washington by furtive-looking characters. All this monkey business is finally tied together by a Captain Urizar, police chief of a Caribbean port and obviously a man of talent. Not a very sensible story, on the whole.

•

In the second serious accident since the start of the block system, Miss Rusty Fields, 20, of 4021 Webb, was struck by an automobile as she stepped off a safety island at Grand River and Vinewood.

Witnesses told police Miss Fields was walking across the street against the red traffic signal when she was hit by a car driven by Rodney Terry, 25, of 1251 Haynes.

Miss Fields is in Providence Hospital with leg injuries.

Police Commissioner Toy was jubilant. "Grand River traffic is now back to normal," he said.

Some other officials still had their doubts, and there was talk of removing the safety islands and increasing the speed limit from 25 to 30 miles an hour.—*Detroit Times.*

That's a little more like it.

•

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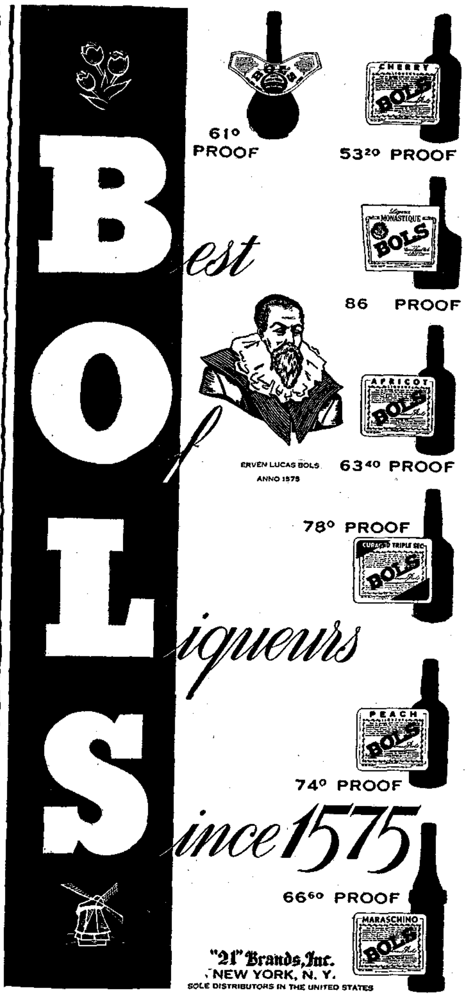
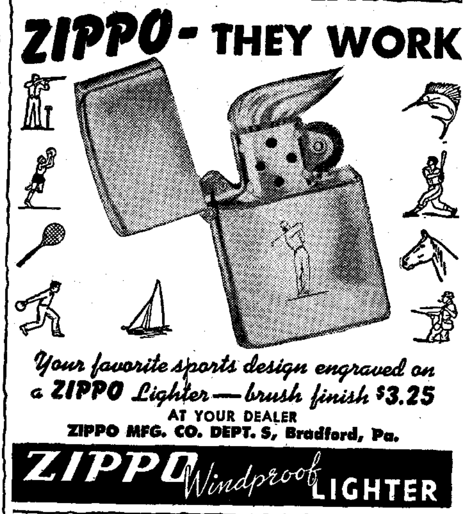
[*From the program of a style show given by the Chicago Wash Dress and Apparel Association*]

People are fed up with the long mental travail they have undergone since 1939. While the world is still in turmoil, while the possibility of a third world war still gnaws at the roots of peace, there is a swing to gayety. Most people feel that they are helpless, as individuals, to influence or alter the course of world events. In their helplessness they have decided to let the statesmen worry over world problems and have turned for escape to personal enjoyment, for one last fling, perhaps, before the dark curtain comes down once again. Let us hope they are wrong. Meanwhile, let's sell them wash apparel. Let's promote the "New Look" for all it is worth!

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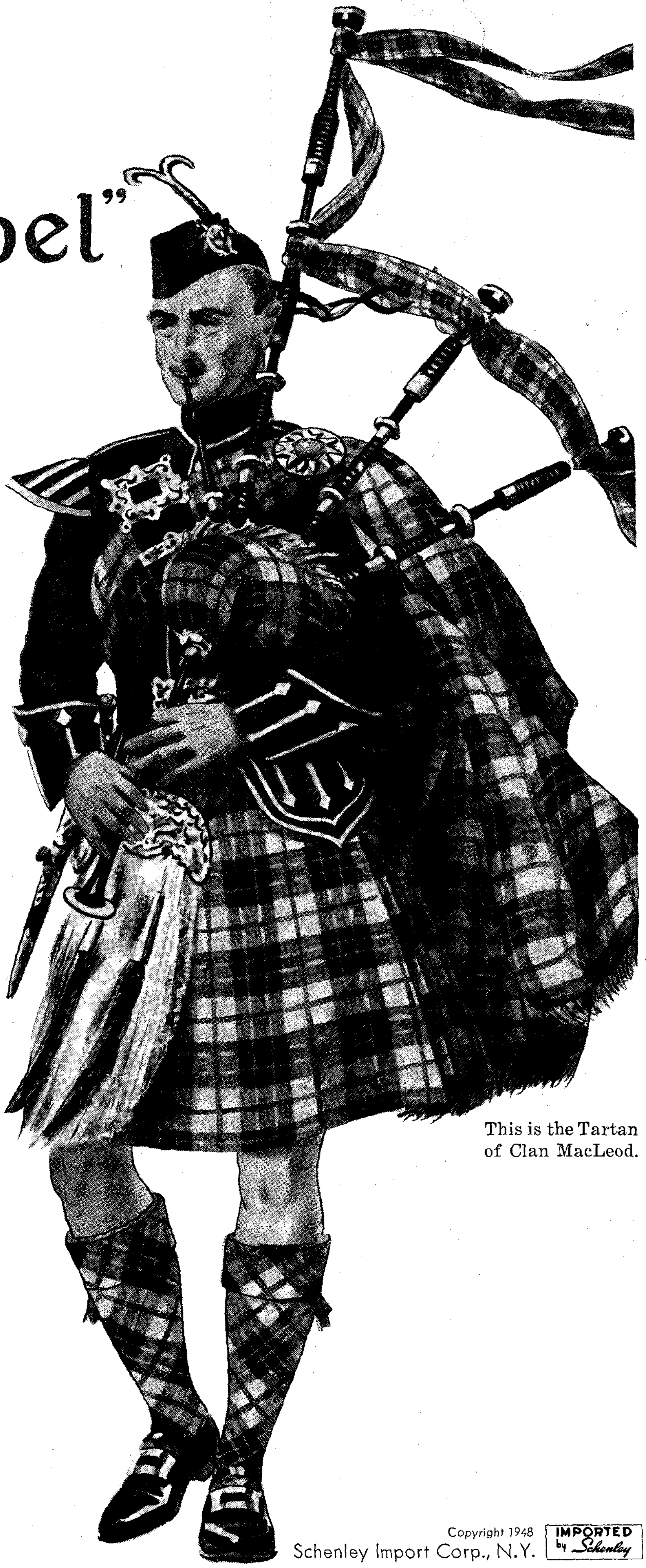

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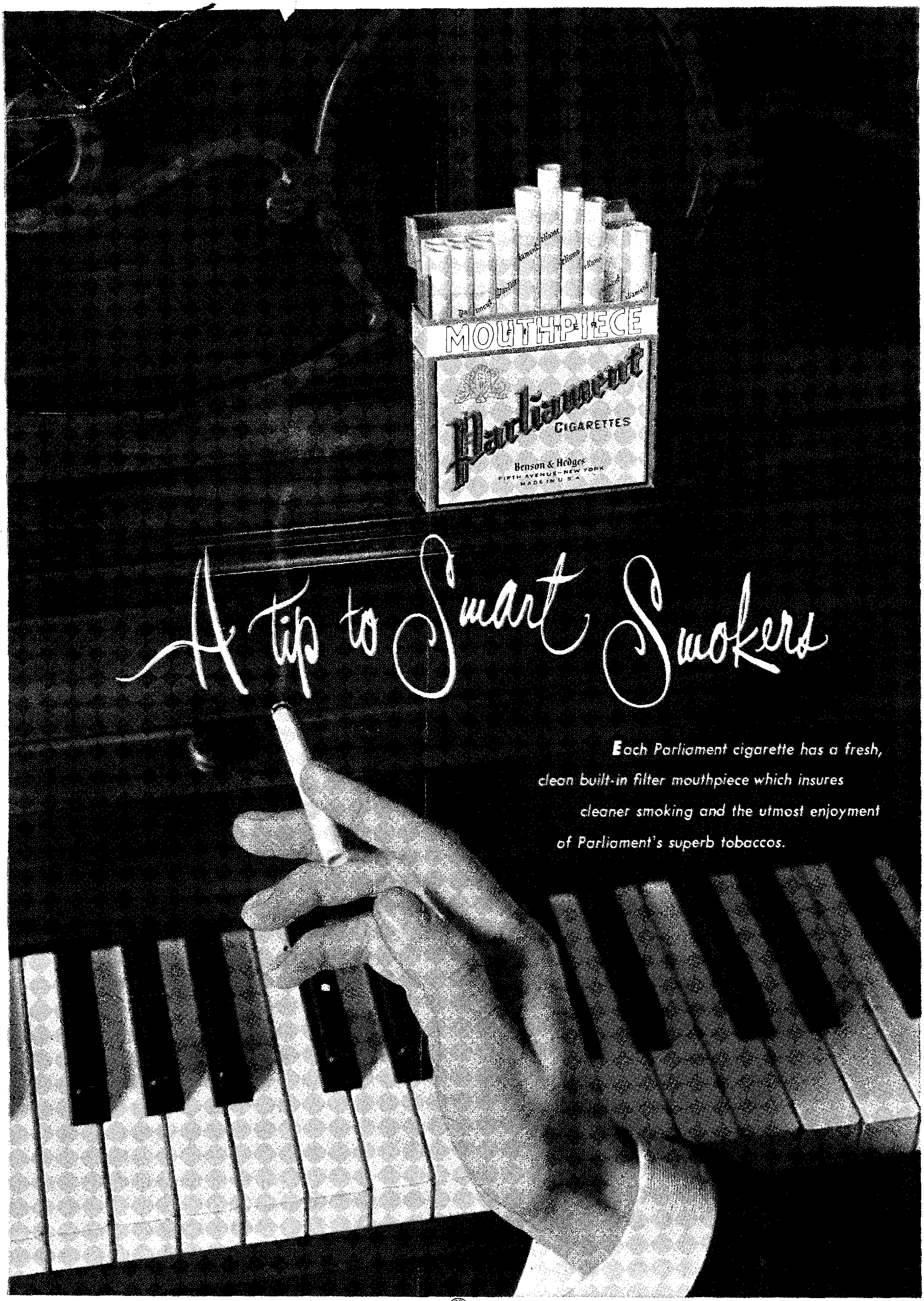
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